

# Fall Preview NEW YORK

FEATURING:

## Quentin Tarantino

p.30

## & Samuel L. Jackson

p.30

Back in  
the Saddle (6th time  
together!)  
With  
The  
Hateful  
Eight



PLUS:

Joseph Gordon-Levitt, Everywhere

Michael Fassbender, Too!

Rob Lowe, Ditto  
Kate Winslet as Steve Jobs's Genius

April Bloomfield's New Burger Joint

The Return of Grimes ...  
... and Duran Duran ...

... and New Order ...  
... and Keith Richards

(who's just glad to be alive)

Thespians: Keira Knightley, Bruce Willis, and Lupita Nyong'o

Martian: Matt Damon  
Picasso, Frank Stella, Dana Schutz  
And more ...

AND:

Christian Lorentzen on Jonathan Franzen's *New Tome*

+

What Our Critics Are Really Looking Forward To

ALSO

Who Shall Inherit the Times? p.40

The Slender Man Stabbing p.58

Gabriel Sherman on Trump's Long Game p.21





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OR  
THE MAKING OF THE  
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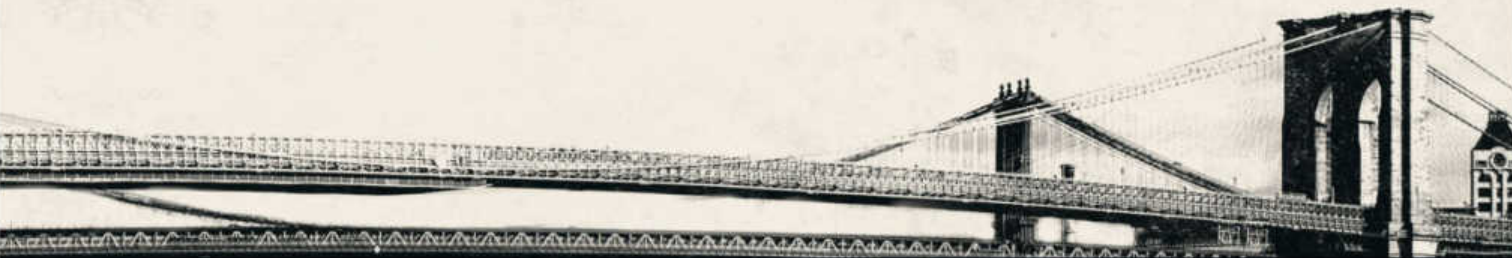


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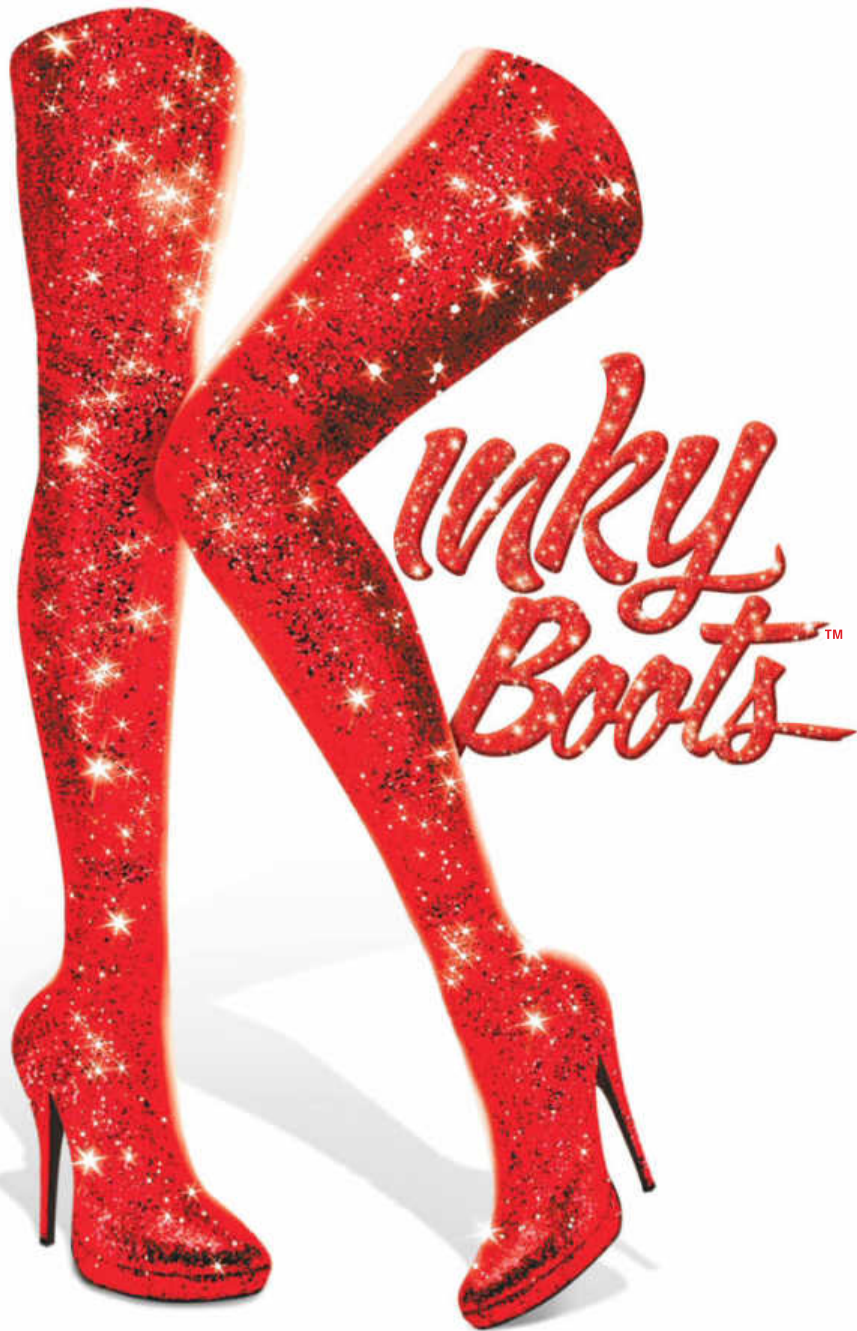
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FEATURES

**In Conversation:  
Quentin Tarantino**

On making his new Western, escaping '90s nostalgia, and becoming—relatively—mellow with time.

*By Lane Brown  
Photographs  
by Amanda Demme*

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+

**Tarantino's  
Leading Man**

Samuel L. Jackson still wishes he'd gotten that part in *Reservoir Dogs*.

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**The Heirs**

Three young members of the House of Sulzberger are, politely, battling it out to become the next publisher of the *New York Times*.

*By Gabriel Sherman*

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The novelist as pundit.

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Why did two 12-year-olds in a Milwaukee suburb try to kill their friend?

*By Lisa Miller*

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← *Quentin Tarantino*

STYLING BY COURTNEY HOFFMAN; GROOMING BY NICOLA HAMILTON FOR EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS MANAGEMENT USING KOH GEN DO AND SACHAJUAN K

# "A BIG, F



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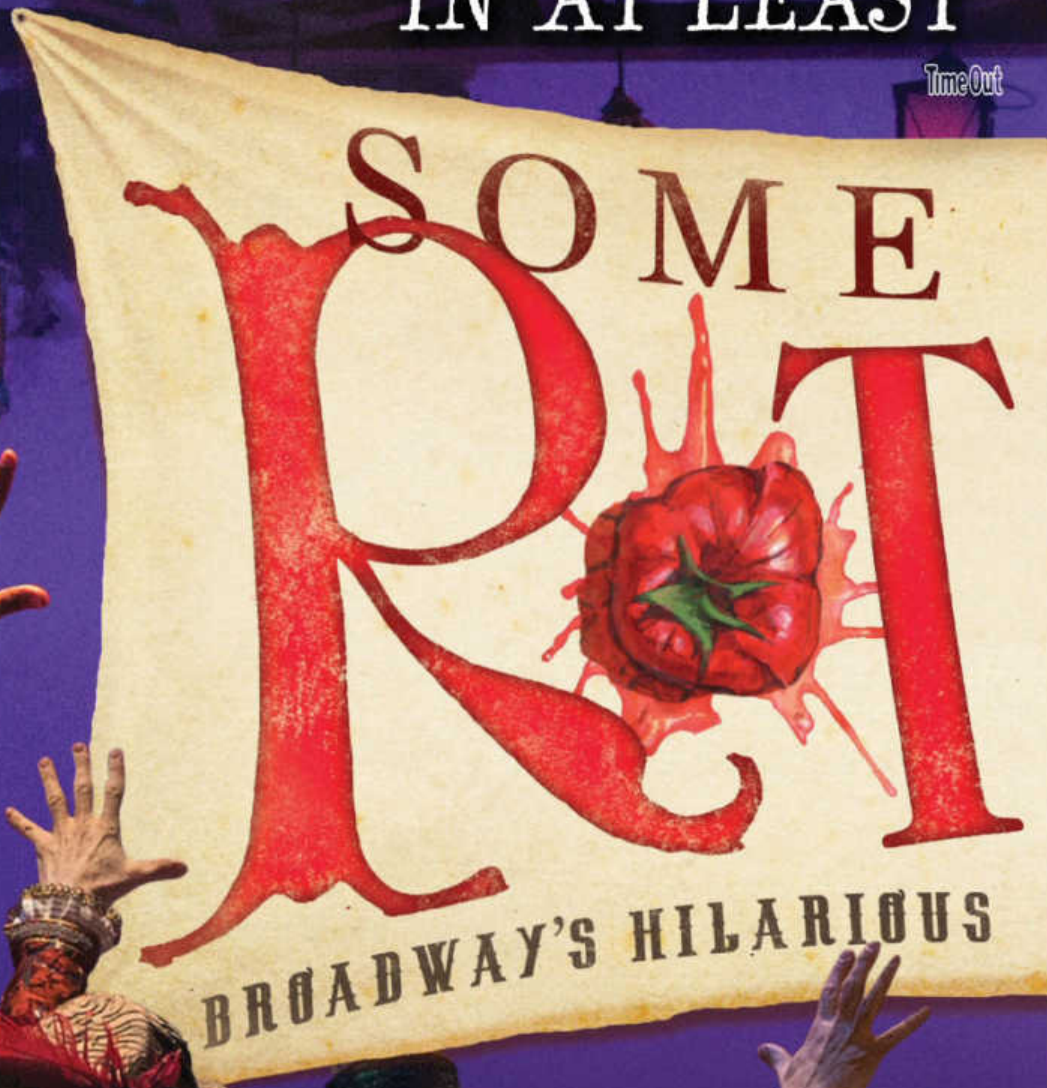


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FROM THE DIRECTOR OF *ALADDIN* AND THE CO-

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# AT HIT!"

NEW YORK POST

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New York

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AUGUST 24-SEPTEMBER 6, 2015



Matt Damon filming *The Martian*.

## FALL PREVIEW

**THE CULTURE PAGES:** **Movies (94)** Joseph Gordon-Levitt on meeting Edward Snowden; Matt Damon is back in space. **TV (108)** Viral-video phenom Rachel Bloom comes to TV; Wesley Snipes is a (network) star; where your favorite shows left off. **Pop (116)** Grimes, patron saint of the possible; Keith Richards goes solo. **Art (124)** Roy Lichtenstein at Gagosian and Pixar at the Cooper Hewitt. **Theater (130)** Mark Strong didn't need to learn Brooklynese to tackle Arthur Miller; Zola translated for Broadway. **Books (138)** How to make a book as artifact; new novels from Elena Ferrante and David Mitchell. **Classical & Dance (148)** Williamsburg is the place for contemporary classical; *Otello* at the Met. **Plus:** Our critics reveal what they're most looking forward to seeing, hearing, and reading this season. **STRATEGIST: Food (74)** A Pakistani banker turned baker with a penchant for warm biscuits; April Bloomfield's new burger; Jams returns. **Stores (82)** Printed Matter gets huge; Totokaelo comes to town; where to get a toilet that's a true throne. **Nightlife (88)** Milk punch on the Lower East Side; a rooftop *izakaya* in Flushing; Señor Frog's in Times Square.

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And the rival it could hurt most as we hurtle toward 2016  
*By Gabriel Sherman*

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*Styling by Rebecca Ramsey*

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ON THE COVER: *Samuel L. Jackson*. Photograph by *Amanda Demme* for *New York Magazine*.

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Comments



1 "Should she win the U.S. Open next month," wrote Kerry Howley in her cover story on Serena Williams, "she will have swept all four grand slams in a calendar year, cementing her reputation as the greatest women's player of all time and making her a serious contender for the greatest athlete of her generation" ("**The Unretiring Serena Williams,**" **August 10-24**). Some readers used the article as a launchpad for their own assessment of Williams's storied career, arguing that the tennis star is chronically underestimated by the media and sports fans. "Like many people who are the best at something," wrote commenter sraw, "Serena doesn't get enough credit because she makes it look easy." Writing for the website Mic, Jamilah King argued that the photographs accompanying Howley's story were a powerful rejoinder to the misogynistic online criticisms of Williams's body. "Her prolonged greatness became a particular focus this summer," she wrote, "with critics body-shaming her muscular physique on social media." Her recent wins "also cemented Williams' dominance in the sport. To cement her place in pop culture, Williams absolutely slayed in the *New York* cover story." Salon's Shannon M. Houston saw the photos as "**a perfect amalgamation of the athletic, the erotic, and the out-of-this-world.**" She continued: "If we weren't living in a time and place reeking from the foul odor of misogyny in every arena, including that of the sports world, her body would have no reason to be under critique or attack. The question of Williams' 'beauty' (read: usefulness to the (white) male, heterosexual gaze) would have never come up." The *Washington Post's* Robin Givhan wished that the images could have "**seen her power captured in a way that**

**does not rely on leaving readers gob-smacked over her washboard abs ...** the images, with Williams in bodysuits, swimsuits, and a clingy black dress, speak more directly to her muscular physique rather than her athletic grace."

2 "This is what cool looks like right now," wrote Alexis Swerdloff in her story on Shop Jeen, the "Generation Z-whispering web shop" ("**Shop Jeen Is So Scene,**" **August 10-24**). Some readers felt baffled by the appeal of the youthful brand run by two 20-somethings. "Tank tops that say **ASK YOUR BOYFRIEND HOW MY ASS TASTE,**" wrote commenter LvV. "I never wanted or even needed to say I was officially old. Today, I proudly state that I am officially old." "I'm not sure this is really all that different from the tight 'jailbait' spaghetti-strap tank tops that were around in the '70s," wrote whydoesntnymagrememberme. "**Aesthetic is different, but to some degree it's about the same stuff.** It strikes me that this society has gotten more conservative and overly serious since then, though." Commenter LGato argued Shop Jeen represented a societal shift toward even more commodification of youth: "I do not recall any previous generation ever being so obsessed with the young among us. They've always been with us, making the same mistakes and engendering the same sort of envy. **Seems to me they've simply now become an industry in themselves, spurred by the omnipresent media.**" "I agree with LGato that the media worships this silliness and makes an industry out of it," responded LaurieAG. "But you know why they do that? To get more hits from *that* generation." Gizmodo's Kate Knibbs couldn't tell whether the story was meant to be read as a criticism of the com-

pany or a celebration. “*New York Magazine* profiled young entrepreneurs running Shop Jeen,” she wrote, “and I’m not sure if it’s meant as a glowing profile or a provocation to generation-gap-induced despair. And look: It’s great that two women in their early twenties are establishing a successful retail business. Even if it’s a retail business selling horrible scene-kid flotsam of objectively low quality! That said—and I don’t know if it was deliberate or not—the interview reads like a demented Bret Easton Ellis story about two young, beautiful, meme-lovin’ sociopaths.” Still, many readers thoroughly enjoyed the read. “Will be quoting from this great Shop Jeen story all day/forever probably,” tweeted BuzzFeed’s Jessica Testa. Ana Lopez felt the women deserved credit for their success: “A new generation of #girlboss,” she tweeted.

3 Rebecca Traister’s column on the recent anti-abortion videos meant to attack Planned Parenthood and to “let us in on the fact that abortion is disgusting” argued that women are already aware of the realities of the procedure—and that no video could “reverse thousands of years’ of women’s needs, desires, and lived experiences” (“**The Big Secret of Abortion: Women Already Know How It Works,**” August 10–24). TexasMom3 thought the story spoke to her personal experience: “As someone who has had three miscarriages, one ruptured ectopic pregnancy, and three healthy children, I am just amazed by the outrage at abortion providers talking frankly about the medical aspects of aborted fetuses and how the aborted fetuses are treated. **All of my pregnancies were very much wanted and planned for, yet two of my fetuses went down the toilet, and the other two, which were resolved in the hospital, I’m sure had the same fate as the fetal remains at Planned Parenthood.** They certainly didn’t tell me what they were doing with them. I never asked.” Commenter ellen.michiel agreed that women know what they’re getting themselves into: “I underwent a legal abortion, in a hospital, performed by a gynecologist in sterile conditions. I didn’t need anyone to tell me what I was aborting. I was already the mother of two children. I had miscarried years before and fished the tissue the size of my thumb out of a toilet bowl, dropped it in a baggy and carried it to the hospital where I had a D&C to remove residual tissue and prevent infection. I also needed no help in making my decision. I was divorced and my responsibility was to the children I had. I have no regrets and had none then.”

➔ Send correspondence to [comments@nymag.com](mailto:comments@nymag.com). Or go to [nymag.com](http://nymag.com) to respond to individual stories.

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real goat, don't  
you think?**

—Picasso, 1950



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# Intelligencer

---

INSIDE: A \$300 ginseng root / Boris Becker sits poolside

---



## **Power:** **Gabriel Sherman**

**The Trump  
Expansion Plan**  
He's staffing up,  
and out to get one  
rival in particular.

AS THE REPUBLICAN-primary race moves into the fall, Donald Trump is exhibiting signs of becoming, if not a conventional candidate, at least a better-organized one. "I have a much more traditional campaign than people think," he told me on August 18, two days after his campaign released the first in a series of position papers he's set to unveil.

The bar is low—anything beyond winging it would signal a more traditional campaign. Trump knows this. His inaugural paper, which calls for Mexico to pay for a border wall and America to eliminate birthright citizenship, is so extreme that it appears to mock the concept of position papers, which is partially the point. "I don't think the people care about it, because they believe in me," he said. Nonetheless, it has been treated with enough seriousness within the GOP that it has dominated the conversation for days, and Republican Establishmentarians who had once expected the Trump surge to peter out by Labor Day are now coming to terms with the candidate's staying power and looking to the future with dread.

Inside the Trump campaign, the civil war that cleaved advisers into dueling camps is over. The new guard, led by Trump's 40-year-old campaign manager, Corey Lewandowski, has successfully sidelined longtime advisers Roger Stone and Sam Nunberg. Lewandowski, a former Koch-brothers operative from New Hampshire, is little known on the national scene but, crucially, is wired into the state's tea-party network. Trump has thrown his support behind Lewandowski, who in turn has marginalized the veterans. At the beginning of this month, Nunberg was fired. Days later, Stone quit (or was fired, if you believe Trump).

The purge at campaign headquarters also comes as Trump is staffing up in the field. In Iowa, where he's leading the polls by nearly eight points, his campaign is being run by Chuck Laudner, the canny conservative strategist and tea-party insider who drove Rick Santorum around the state in his pickup to win the 2012 Iowa caucus. Trump snapped up Laudner in February, after he'd kicked the tires on several presidential campaigns, and Laudner's team now totals ten paid operatives. "They say in Iowa I have the most people working for me," Trump told me. He's building similarly robust organizations throughout all the early primary states. "I have a *lot* of people in New Hampshire and a *lot* of people in South Carolina." (He also reminded me that he has a "lot of property in Nevada. Good property.")

No one—none of the rival candidates, none of their armies of highly paid political consultants, not even Fox News chairman Roger Ailes or his boss, Rupert Murdoch—has engineered a strategy to effectively handle Trump. Just last month, Scott Walker was confidently pitching himself to Manhattan fund-raisers as the candidate best suited to channel the party's rage. "Walker's basic theory of the race is that there's anti-Establishment, anti-elite sentiment out there in the country, and we need a candidate who can be the contrast to Jeb Bush both in the primary and the general," says one fund-raiser who met with him. Now Walker's Iowa campaign is flailing, and he's being forced to ape Trump's extreme talking points on immigration. "Walker is in third!" Trump told me with particular glee. "He was expected to win Iowa, and it's looking like he's not going to win it now."

If Trump's poll numbers hold, it's likely that rivals or their associated super-PACs will feel forced to release a barrage of attack ads against the man in front, spending precious resources far earlier than they'd expected. "The next step will be if these groups decide they have to take this guy down," says the fund-raiser. "They'll start focusing primary voters on the real Donald Trump with ads that say, 'This guy is a total fraud.' That could be highly damaging to him. But, unlike other troublemakers"—Herman Cain and Michele Bachmann, for example, both of whom briefly led some 2012 primary polls before collapsing under voter scrutiny—"Trump can say, 'Screw it, I'm not dropping out.'"

Trump's ability to self-finance his campaign allows him to stay in the race essentially as long as he's enjoying himself, and he's very much enjoying himself. "I only want to go all the way," Trump vowed when I asked him if he'd ever consider withdrawing. "I've already done everything." This may be bluster; he may underestimate the grind of a desperate presidential campaign. But Trump could continue to be dangerous to his rivals and his party long after the mania fades.

Given the way the primary schedule is set up—as many as 20 states will assign delegates proportionally before Flori-

da's winner-take-all primary on March 15—there's a good chance that no candidate will lock up the nomination until May. This means that even if Trump's poll numbers fall, he can remain a plausible-enough contender to keep the primary conversation on subjects like whether immigrants are rapists and television anchors are menstruating.

It's also possible that a Trump who is losing would be more erratic than the one who is winning. "His numbers are going to come down, and then he's going to panic," a Trump friend told me. "He doesn't believe it will *ever* happen. He has not confronted this in his mind," says another conservative who knows Trump well. So, if you think Trump has been unpredictable now, just wait. "The things that have already come out of his mouth are so much worse than so many things that sunk Herman Cain and the other flavors of the month last time," another Trump friend says. It's not hard to imagine Trump launching a kamikaze mission against the candidates left standing.

The candidate most imperiled by Trump's staying power is Bush, whose campaign had expected that Trump's childish antics would position the former governor favorably as the party's resident grown-up. Instead, the opposite has happened: Day after day, Trump is highlighting Bush's enthusiasm gap and laying bare the emotional distance between the Establishment front-runner and his more radical constituents. Trump's events, which have featured Aerosmith soundtracks and helicopter rides, make Bush's campaign stops seem about as exciting as Brookings Institution panels. A few days ago, when both candidates were in New Hampshire, Fox News cut to a commercial during a Bush speech in mid-sentence and teased an empty Trump stage, suggesting that even a vacant Trump lectern is more interesting than Bush talking. "He *really* lacks energy," Trump told me.

The Bush campaign and its supporters are now taking the fight to the medium where Trump dominates: television. On August 16, Bush's super-PAC, Right to Rise, announced it will be dropping \$10 million in ads in early-primary states. And yet, this is likely to goad Trump into a counterattack. "If Trump starts doing TV spots, he'd be a *huge* problem," says the fund-raiser. Trump told me he's prepared to counter Bush's ad buy with "whatever it takes."

While Trump assured me that he thinks Bush is "a nice person," he has told friends in private that his animosity is personal. According to one friend, Trump blames Bush and Mexican billionaire Carlos Slim for Univision's decision in June to cancel a \$13.5 million contract with Trump to televise his Miss USA pageant. Five days later, Slim scrapped a deal with Trump to develop shows in Mexico. Trump responded by filing a \$500 million lawsuit against Univision. "Trump believes it all goes back to Jeb," the friend says. "He thinks Jeb and his wife, Columba, are close with Carlos Slim and Univision got pressure from Slim operatives." In a move that further confirmed Trump's suspicions, Univision has hired Miguel Estrada, a Washington lawyer with deep Bush ties.

When—if?—Trump withdraws from the campaign, he will no longer have a ready landing pad on television. (His *Apprentice* deal with NBC has been canceled, too.) This is a prospect that is likely terrifying for Trump—and should, in turn, be terrifying for Bush. In a recent phone call with a longtime friend who has been acting as an informal adviser, Trump warned: "If I'm going down, then Bush is going down with me. He's not going to be president of the United States." ■

### Trump on Jeb Bush:

"I don't see how he's electable ... For him to get things done is hard. [He's] a low-energy person."

"You know what's happening to Jeb's crowd just down the street? They're sleeping."

"He was supposed to do well in New Hampshire? He's going down like a rock."

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# Craze: America's Alt-Viagra

The Chinese can't get enough of our ginseng root.

SOMEHOW, THIS SCRUBBY, tangled-looking root costs as much as a pretty good Swiss watch. Over the past decade, prices for wild ginseng—used both medically and superstitiously to treat an array of maladies—have been rising, and predictions for the 2015 harvest (beginning in September) indicate that they could reach as much as \$1,400 per pound. Security cameras are scanning parklands; poaching is rampant; and diggers are starring in reality shows like *Appalachian Outlaws* and *Smoky Mountain Money*.

CLINT RAINEY

## What exactly is ginseng?

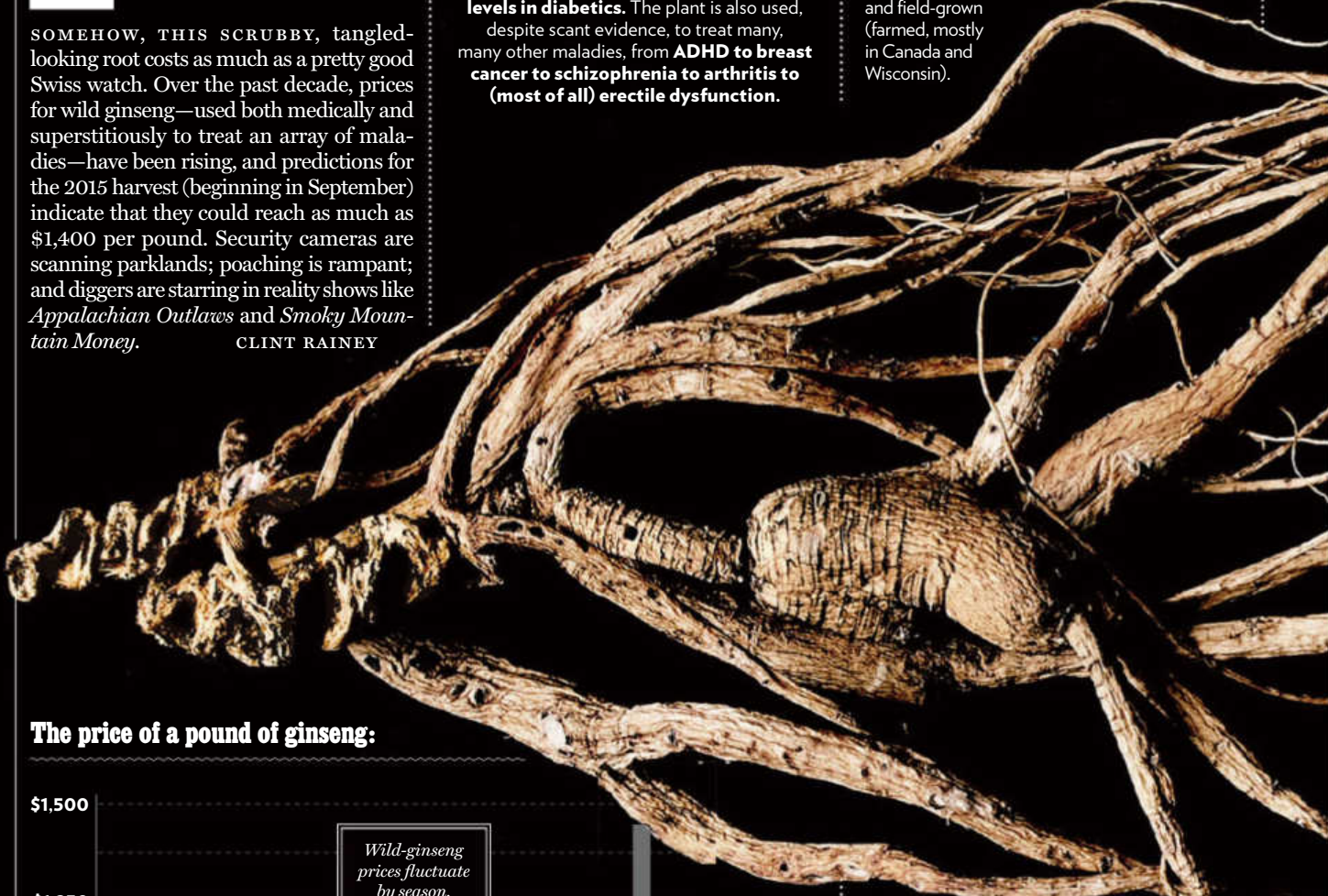
The roots of American ginseng (*Panax quinquefolius*) and its close Asian cousin (*Panax ginseng*) both have long-standing reputations as folk medicines, especially when harvested from wild plants. Studies have suggested that ginsenosides, the active ingredients in ginseng, can **boost immunity and mood, reduce some cancer risk, and lower blood-sugar levels in diabetics**. The plant is also used, despite scant evidence, to treat many, many other maladies, from **ADHD to breast cancer to schizophrenia to arthritis to (most of all) erectile dysfunction**.

## Where does it come from?

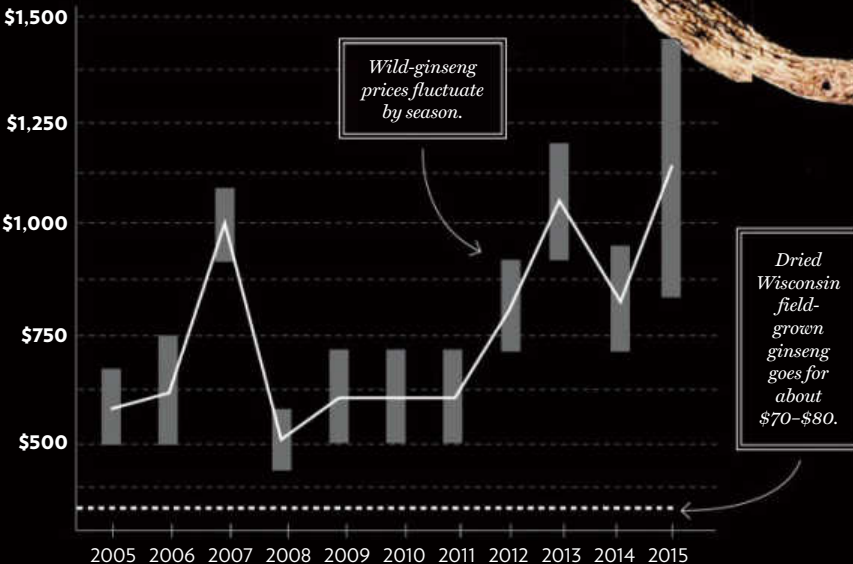


Wild ginseng grows mostly in the Appalachian and Ozark regions—**often in public parks**. The less domesticated the plant is, the more potent its enthusiasts believe it to be. There are four grades:

wild, wild-simulated (planted but left alone), woods-grown (with pesticides and cultivation), and field-grown (farmed, mostly in Canada and Wisconsin).



## The price of a pound of ginseng:



Ranges (and 2015 estimate) by TNA Wild Ginseng Co., a large online buyer.

## Why is it so expensive?

“The Chinese now have a lot more disposable income,” says Beyfuss. **And they have harvested their wild ginseng into near extinction**, which gives the American species cachet. (A surge in the supply of farmed ginseng—mostly from Canada, which has doubled its output since the 1990s—has kept those prices down.) The U.S. government is mulling trade controls to avoid a similar situation here. Already, wild-grown ginseng must be five years old to be legally harvested. But Beyfuss estimates that if the Feds try to protect wild ginseng by banning its sale, the black market will swallow the remainder up: “It would become extinct in five years with no incentive to replant.”

## Who buys it?

Ninety-five percent goes to Asia, mostly to buyers in China and Korea, who prize bulbous roots shaped like turnips that are typically found only in the wild. They will also pay a premium for a “**man root**”—a root shaped like a human figure with four limbs and, especially, a penis.

## Other desirable qualities in a root besides a penis:

A longer neck with **more rings** and **tight wrinkling**, both of which are said to indicate potency. Also, **no damage**.

Diggers must be very careful and can spend hours harvesting one plant. “Poke a hole in it with a shovel,” says Bob Beyfuss, America’s preeminent ginseng specialist, “and you’re screwed.”

The most expensive roots are **ancient**. A Chinese buyer in 2007 paid \$400,000 for a 300-year-old root weighing less than a pound. “The older it is,” Beyfuss explains, “the more energy

it has absorbed.” (Never mind that research suggests we know next to nothing about ginsenosides—including what determines potency, or even how many there are.)



**\$300**

*The price of this specimen, purchased at Happy JT Trading in Chinatown earlier this month.*

## How are crops protected from poachers?

### THEY'RE HIDDEN

“You don’t want to give yourself the problem of letting people know you have it,” says growing expert Michael Hunter. (Though some can’t resist the call of television.)

### THEY'RE WATCHED

Foraging in most parks is illegal; many have installed **24/7 surveillance**. Some growers guard the plants with dogs and automatic weapons.

### THEY'RE DYED

Agents from North Carolina’s agriculture department **mark forbidden plants** with a powder that glows under UV light. It’s reportedly helped convict 41 poachers.

### OR THEY'RE JUST FAKED

Counterfeit Wisconsin ginseng, made from **lower-grade roots** tagged with a knockoff trademark, has been catching on in China.

IN THE PAST FIVE YEARS,

**53 poachers**

HAVE BEEN ARRESTED IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS, AS WELL AS 336 IN WISCONSIN.



71 MINUTES WITH ...

## Boris Becker

On the eve of the U.S. Open, the tennis great turned coach is playing mind games with Roger Federer and relishing being back on the circuit.

BY PETER DE JONGE

**O**N A MONDAY IN MID-August, 47-year-old Boris Becker is hobbling across the lobby of the Marriott in Mason, Ohio, where the pro-tennis caravan has pitched its tent for the last hard-court tune-up before the U.S. Open. If his shockingly reduced gait (owing to two hip replacements and a steel plate in his right ankle) is the cost of hurling his 215 pounds at

passing shots like a goaltender, then it seems too high. But how do you set a fair price on seizing tennis immortality by winning Wimbledon at 17?

Becker has been cooling his heels in Ohio for two days, waiting for Novak Djokovic, whom he coaches, to arrive from Montreal, but there's no hint of impatience; in fact, after nearly two decades of wandering in the wilderness, his relief and pleasure at being back at

the red-hot center of the game is palpable. In his white Puma shirt and loose-fitting slacks, the German champion carries himself like an old-school Brooklyn wiseguy crossed with a beloved head counselor on the first day of summer camp. When he spots Martina Hingis by the Starbucks, he makes a painful detour to kiss her on both cheeks.

The previous afternoon in Montreal, Djokovic had lost to Andy Murray in a fiercely contested final, his first loss to Murray after eight consecutive wins. When I ask Becker if he's had a chance to talk to Djokovic about the match, he takes a sip of espresso from a tiny paper cup and says, "No. When I do, I will compliment him. Mentally, he was right there to the end. The winner gets always the flowers, and this time Andy deserved the win, but Novak didn't buckle and never gave in. And no disrespect to Montreal or Cincinnati, but at the end of the day, the only question people are going to ask is 'Did you win the U.S. Open?'"

Twenty months ago, when the world's best player named Becker his new head coach, the hiring was viewed with near-universal skepticism, even in the era of the celebrity coach. Ever since Ivan Lendl came in to sort out Murray in 2012, guiding the perennial also-ran to two majors and Olympic gold, elite players have been buying up former greats like Bosnian beachfront. Currently, five of the top ten men are coached by former major winners, including all of the top four. The notable exception, of course, is Rafael Nadal, coached since childhood by Uncle Toni, though his game has been in precipitous decline of late.

With three Wimbledon titles and six majors, Becker certainly had the résumé. He beat John McEnroe in a Davis Cup match that ran six hours and 21 minutes, scored 19 wins over players ranked No. 1 in the world, and came back from two sets down ten times. The issue was all the crap he'd gotten into since. That retirement is problematic for ex-athletes is a given, but Becker ran into trouble immediately, impregnating a model in the stairwell of the London Nobu hours after he lost his last match at Wimbledon—while his wife was pregnant. There was a very public and expensive divorce, followed a couple of years later by a conviction for tax evasion that nearly sent him to jail. The surfeit of time on Becker's hands is reflected in too many autobiographies (three in roughly a decade) and too many appearances on European game shows, on one of which he announced his engagement to his second wife. But according to a German sportswriter, the nadir, dignity-wise, was an unseemly tweeting war with TV personality Oliver Pocher, who married Becker's former fiancée.

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Surely, in the era of player as billboard and brand ambassador, such loudness would disqualify Becker as mentor to a 28-year-old new father and husband, but, to Becker's good fortune and the tennis world's surprise, Djokovic couldn't have cared less about any of it—and, based on the results so far, he was right not to. After a disappointing 2013 in which he lost two finals and the top ranking to Nadal, Djokovic is dominating again, with victories in three of the last seven majors (although Djokovic was the solid favorite in at least six of them). “At this level of the sport, matches are won by strategy, mentality, and willpower,” says Becker. “And that’s where I come in.”

Becker's most impressive work so far has been the way he guided Djokovic to the last two Wimbledon crowns. For Becker, Wimbledon is “home soil”—literally, because the village has been his primary residence for several years, and figuratively, because it's where he was born as a champion in 1985, when he won as an unseeded teenager. So before the 2014 tournament, Becker set about making Djokovic feel at home there. To prepare him for the routinely bad bounces of Centre Court, he had him practice on the far worse grass of Aorangi Park, and to keep fresh going into the second week, he had him not practice at all the first Saturday. He also employed his natural talent for gamesmanship, honed by half a dozen years playing high-stakes poker. “I wouldn't call myself a pro, but I've played with the best. Phil Ivey would know me. Daniel Negreanu would know me. In poker, you have to read the other guy. One of my strengths is reading the other guy.”

According to Becker, the semis and finals of majors are very similar to a poker game. “It's a lot about mood changes, momentum changes, how you deal with uncomfortable situations ... And I've been out of my comfort zone most of my life.”

Even Becker's latest autobiographical effort, *Boris Becker's Wimbledon*, seems

**“Tennis is the only sport I know of where you have your locker right next to your opponent. You see him naked.”**

like an ingenious, if shameless, attempt at psychological warfare against Djokovic's top rival, Roger Federer. In the book, published, for maximum effect, just before the most recent Wimbledon, he recounts a brief locker-room face-off between Federer and Djokovic (whose dislike for each other, he writes, is an “open secret”) before the 2014 final. “Tennis is the only sport I know of where you have your locker right next to your opponent,” he tells me poolside at the Marriott. “You see him naked. You see him go to the bathroom. You see him take a shower. Imagine doing that in boxing. Or in basketball. Or in football. Then, you go out and play for fame and glory and money. And because that's one of my strengths, I notice a lot of what happens before these matches, and if I can use it, I will.”

Becker says that when he and Djokovic arrived, Federer and his coach, Stefan Edberg, were already there, but not for long. “Obviously, they felt their privacy was compromised, so they went somewhere else,” writes Becker. “I felt a sense of 15-love, that we'd struck the first blow.” In other words, if it had been Becker sitting naked in front of that locker, he would have casually scratched his ass, held his ground, and stayed put. Considering the closeness of the match that followed, there's plenty of evidence to suggest that the encounter didn't actually mean a thing to either contestant, but what's telling is that Becker, who wrote the book on Djokovic's *payroll*, is trying to get into Federer's head *again* by recounting the story.

Djokovic's victory in the 2014 Wimbledon final—their first major win together—was hugely satisfying for Becker, who called it his most emotional moment since he stopped playing. “You need proof. A big scalp. Well, this was it. End of argument. At the end of the day, I was hired to win Slams.”

The challenge going into last month's Wimbledon was just as formidable, because Djokovic was fresh off a devastating loss to Stan Wawrinka in the finals of the French. Becker had very little time to get him over it. “That three-week period was really difficult, much harder than coaching a semifinal.” One canny thing that Becker did was get Djokovic back on the practice court with Wawrinka, booking two practice sessions with him at Wimbledon. “Now and then you have to shake Stan's hand and say, ‘Son of a bitch. You played better today.’ And that's okay.”

Kind of. But not if it happens again in New York. If Djokovic loses the Open, it's still a solid year, but it's not a year that will silence Becker's detractors. If Djokovic wins here, he shuts them up for good. Or, as Becker puts it in his streamlined English: “End of argument.” ■





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IN CONVERSATION:

# QUENTIN TARANTINO

THIS INTERVIEW was condensed and edited from two conversations, the first conducted July 29 and the second August 7.

Midway through postproduction on his eighth movie, the Western **'THE HATEFUL EIGHT'**—about a band of outlaws trapped in a saloon during a blizzard—the director discusses the country's legacy of white supremacy, Obama, and why he doesn't worry about a 'Transformers' future.

BY **LANE BROWN**

Photograph by **AMANDA DEMME**

**We're five months from the release of *The Hateful Eight* on December 25. How close to finishing are you?**

We've got a little bit more than an hour finished right now. I just got back from seeing an hour of the movie cut together.

**Are you happy with it?**

I'm not committing suicide yet. It is what it is. We're rushing and trying to get to the end. Then you go through it and try to make it even better. But first, you just get to the end.

Every movie I've ever done, there has always been some date we were trying to meet, whether it was with *Reservoir Dogs*, trying to meet the Sundance date, or *Pulp Fiction*, meeting the Cannes date. But we always pull it off. And this way you don't have that situation where you finish the movie and then the people who paid to make it get to sit around and pick it to death.

**So you don't get notes from the studio anymore?**

No, you do. Oh, yeah.<sup>1</sup>

**Is it different now, coming off *Django Unchained* and *Inglourious Basterds*? Those were the biggest hits of your career.<sup>2</sup> Did that box office change things?**

I don't think so, as far as me telling the





story I want to tell. But I learned a big lesson with *Grindhouse*,<sup>3</sup> and I try not to repeat the mistake. Robert Rodriguez and I had gotten used to going our own way, on these weird roads, and having the audience come along. We'd started thinking they'd go wherever we wanted. With *Grindhouse*, that proved not to be the case. It was still worth doing, but it would have been better if we weren't caught so unaware by how uninterested people were.

**You've talked at various times about how, when you're directing, you like to play your audience like a conductor does an orchestra. As time goes on and audiences become more sophisticated and accustomed to your style, does that become harder?**

Frankly, sophisticated audiences are not a problem. Dumb audiences are a problem. But I think audiences *are* getting more sophisticated—that's just a product of time. In the '50s, audiences accepted a level of artifice that the audiences in 1966 would chuckle at. And the audiences of 1978 would chuckle at what the audience of 1966 said was okay, too. The trick is to try to be way ahead of that curve, so they're not chuckling at your movies 20 years down the line. With *Pulp Fiction*, people were like, "Wow, I have never seen a movie like that before. A movie can do that?" I don't think that's the case anymore. I'm not talking ridiculously over anyone's head anymore. I think people watched *Django* and *Inglourious Basterds* and thought they were really out there, but they got it. They felt themselves on solid ground. It wasn't just, "What the fuck was that?" And people understand what I'm doing with genre. They're not befuddled. They don't think I'm doing it wrong. They get it.

**Speaking of genre, what is it about the Western for you? There aren't many being made right now.**

There are a few coming out. Antoine Fuqua is doing *Magnificent Seven*, starring Denzel Washington, so that's one. *Django* did so well I'm surprised that there's not even more.

One thing that's always been true is that there's no real film genre that better reflects the values and the problems of a given decade than the Westerns made during that specific decade. The Westerns of the '50s reflected Eisenhower America better than any other films of the day. The Westerns of the '30s reflected the '30s ideal. And

actually, the Westerns of the '40s did, too, because there was a whole strain of almost noirish Westerns that, all of a sudden, had dark themes. The '70s Westerns were pretty much anti-myth Westerns—Watergate Westerns. Everything was about the anti-heroes, everything had a hippie mentality or a nihilistic mentality. Movies came out about Jesse James and the Minnesota raid, where Jesse James is a homicidal maniac. In *Dirty Little Billy*, Billy the Kid is portrayed as a cute little punk killer. Wyatt Earp is shown for who he is in the movie *Doc*, by Frank Perry. In the '70s, it was about ripping the scabs off and showing who these people really were. Consequently, the big Western that came out in the '80s was *Silverado*, which was trying to be rah-rah again—that was very much a Reagan Western.

**So what is *Hateful Eight* saying about the 2010s?**

I'm not trying to make *Hateful Eight* contemporary in any way, shape, or form. I'm just trying to tell my story. It gets to be a little too much when you *try* to do that, when you *try* to make a hippie Western or try to make a counterculture Western.

***Hateful Eight* uses the Civil War as a backdrop, sort of like how *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* does.**

*The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* doesn't get into the racial conflicts of the Civil War; it's just a thing that's happening. My movie is about the country being torn apart by it, and the racial aftermath, six, seven, eight, ten years later.

**That's going to make this movie feel contemporary. Everybody's talking about race right now.**

I know. I'm very excited by that.

**Excited?**

Finally, the issue of white supremacy is being talked about and dealt with. And it's what the movie's about.

**How did what's happening in Baltimore and Ferguson find its way into *The Hateful Eight*?**

It was already in the script. It was already in the footage we shot. It just happens to be timely right now. We're not trying to make it timely. It is timely. I love the fact that people are talking and dealing with the institutional racism that has existed in this country and been ignored. I feel like it's another '60s moment, where the people themselves had to expose how ugly they were before things could change.

I'm hopeful that that's happening now.

**You supported Obama. How do you think he's done?**

I think he's fantastic. He's my favorite president, hands down, of my lifetime. He's been awesome this past year. Especially the rapid, one-after-another-after-another-after-another aspect of it. It's almost like take no prisoners. His he-doesn't-give-a-shit attitude has just been so cool. Everyone always talks about these lame-duck presidents. I've never seen anybody end with this kind of ending. All the people who supported him along the way that questioned this or that and the other? All of their questions are being answered now.

**Back to movies: Steven Spielberg and George Lucas have been pessimistic about the future of the film industry, worrying that if a few tentpoles flopped, it could cause the whole business to implode. Do you share their concern?**

My pessimism isn't about franchise filmmaking. That's been going on since I was born. You can talk about *Transformers* now, but you could talk about the *Planet of the Apes* movies and James Bond<sup>4</sup> when I was a little kid—and I couldn't wait to see those. Actually, when we're done here, I'm going to go see Guy Ritchie's *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.* I don't know why Spielberg and Lucas would be complaining about movies like that. They don't have to direct them.

**Some of their worry was for the smaller movies that are being crowded out of theaters by blockbusters.**

People say that every six years. We all agree that the '70s—or the '30s, depending on what you feel—is probably the greatest decade in cinema history, as far as Hollywood cinema is concerned. I think the '90s is right up there. But people said what Spielberg is saying all through the '90s, and they said it all through the '70s.

**So you're not worried at all?**

Not for those bullshit reasons you just gave. If you go out and see a lot of movies in a given year, it's really hard to come up with a top ten, because you saw a lot of stuff that you liked. A top 20 is easier. You probably get one masterpiece a year, and I don't think you should expect more than one masterpiece a year, except in a really great year.

**And in fairness to blockbusters, nothing stinks worse than bad Oscar bait.**

The movies that used to be treated as

**Footnotes**

1. "The last really good one I got was on 'Django.' We were struggling with the length of the movie, and I cut out a section that I thought might move things along. Amy Pascal at Columbia was like, 'In the script, wasn't there a scene where Schultz explains to Django the history of Siegfried and Brynhildr?' I go, 'Yeah, I thought I could lose that.' She said, 'No, I think that's kind of important.' So we tried it, and she was right. It was important. **That was a good note.**"

2. Tarantino at the box office:

<i>Reservoir Dogs</i> (1992)	.....	\$2,832,029
<i>Pulp Fiction</i> (1994)	.....	\$107,928,762
<i>Jackie Brown</i> (1997)	.....	\$39,673,162
<i>Kill Bill: Vol. 1</i> (2003)	.....	\$70,099,045
<i>Kill Bill: Vol. 2</i> (2004)	.....	\$66,208,183
<i>Grindhouse</i> (2007)	.....	\$25,037,897
<i>Inglourious Basterds</i> (2009)	.....	\$120,540,719
<i>Django Unchained</i> (2012)	.....	\$162,805,434



Tarantino filming 'The Hateful Eight.'

independent movies, like the Sundance movies of the '90s—those are the movies that are up for Oscars now. Stuff like *The Kids Are All Right* and *The Fighter*. They're the mid-budget movies now, they just have bigger stars and bigger budgets. They're good, but I don't know if they have the staying power that some of the movies of the '90s and the '70s did. I don't know if we're going to be talking about *The Town* or *The Kids Are All Right* or *An Education* 20 or 30 years from now. *Notes on a Scandal* is another one. *Philomena*. Half of these Cate Blanchett movies—they're all just like these arty things. I'm not saying they're bad movies, but I don't think most of them have a shelf life. But *The Fighter* or *American Hustle*—those will be watched in 30 years.

**You think so?**

I could be completely wrong about that. I'm not Nostradamus.

**What makes *The Fighter* something we'll be talking about in 30 years?**

Part of that is the explosion of David O. Russell's talent, which had always been there but really coalesced in that movie. I think he's the best actor's director, along with myself, working in movies today. And *The Fighter* had impeccable casting. As an

example, I really liked *The Town*, which also came out in 2010. It was a good crime film. However, next to *The Fighter*, it just couldn't hold up, because everybody in *The Town* is beyond gorgeous. Ben Affleck is the one who gets away with it, because his Boston accent is so good. But the crook is absolutely gorgeous. The bank teller is absolutely gorgeous. The FBI guy is absolutely gorgeous. The town whore, Blake Lively, is absolutely gorgeous. Jeremy Renner is the least gorgeous guy, and he's pretty fucking good-looking. Then, if you look at *The Fighter*, and you look at those sisters, they're just so magnificent. When you see David O. Russell cast those sisters,<sup>5</sup> and you see Ben Affleck cast Blake Lively,<sup>6</sup> you can't compare the two movies. One just shows how phony the other is.

***Django Unchained* had Jamie Foxx and Leonardo DiCaprio on the poster. *Inglourious Basterds* had Brad Pitt. With *Hateful Eight*, the top-billed cast is Kurt Russell, Sam Jackson, and Jennifer Jason Leigh. Was there ever pressure to get a bigger star?**

No. If there's a part that a huge star could play, and that star were interested in playing it, there would definitely be pressures to consider them. And I have no problem

doing that, unless I don't particularly like that actor. But just because somebody's a star doesn't necessarily mean my fans or their fans want to see us work together. There is such a thing as my kind of actor, and how well they pull off my dialogue is a very, very important part of it. This is a movie where a Brad or a Leo wouldn't work. It needs to be an ensemble where nobody is more important than anybody else.

**You have rescued a few acting careers. Do you become invested in those careers, and do you get upset when actors wind up back where they were before you cast them?**

Nobody ever really ends up exactly where they were. Maybe they don't have a resurgence like John Travolta did, where he became a superstar again, making \$20 million a movie. That's obviously the best-case scenario. It would have been nice if Pam Grier had gotten other lead roles in major movies, but the truth is it's hard for any

woman to get lead roles in movies, especially a black woman in her early '50s. She was actually very realistic about that. She was just doing cameos and bit parts in stuff like *Escape From L.A.* After *Jackie Brown*, she got that TV show about a bar. And she was in the Jane Campion movie, and on *The L Word*, which wouldn't have been the case without *Jackie Brown*.

**Unless you're Meryl Streep or Julianne Moore, it's a rough business for movie actresses older than, say, 28.**

I don't really know if I'm writing the kind of roles that Meryl Streep and Julianne Moore would play. Jessica Lange on *American Horror Story* is a little bit more my cup of tea.

**Since you're good at it, do you feel any responsibility to write roles for women outside of the typical Hollywood demographic?**

I don't have any responsibility at all. I've been making movies for 20 years, and as great as some of those decisions I made in the first ten years were, I probably wouldn't make them again. What I mean is, I really liked the scripts I wrote, and I really liked my characters, but I wasn't overenamored, and I wasn't that precious about them. Back then, I got much more excited by cool

3. **Tarantino and Rodriguez's tribute to '70s exploitation cinema, consisting of two horror films (Tarantino's *Death Proof* and Rodriguez's *Planet Terror*) released as a double feature and padded with trailers for imaginary movies, like *Werewolf Women of the SS*.**

4. **"After *Pulp Fiction*, I tried to get the rights to '*Casino Royale*' away from the Broccolis, but that didn't happen. That wouldn't have been just throwing my hat in the franchise ring; that would have been subversion on a massive level, if I could have subverted Bond."**



THE SISTERS IN THE FIGHTER



BLAKE LIVELY IN THE TOWN

casting. I liked the idea of taking an actor I've always liked but wasn't being used much anymore and putting him in the movie and showing people what he could do. But I don't feel that way anymore. Now it's all about my characters. I actually think my characters are going to be one of my biggest legacies after I'm gone. So I have no obligation whatsoever other than to just cast it right. I did a *Nightline* interview with some dingbat. It was me, Leonardo DiCaprio, and Jamie Foxx, and they were asking about stuff like that. I go, "Look, I like these guys, but I love my characters. Their job is to say my dialogue."

**What made you cast Jennifer Jason Leigh?**

I've always really liked her. I thought in the back of my mind that *Hateful Eight* was sort of like a Western *Reservoir Dogs*, and I thought there was something very apropos about that for where I am in my career—there was a full-circle quality. To me, something screamed '90s about this movie, and so I thought that this should have some of the really cool '90s actors, but now: pretty boy Mike Madsen from the '90s, but now. Pretty boy Tim Roth, with his blond hair; but now. And Snake Plissken [Russell], but now. So when I was looking for [the character] Daisy, I could have seen Jennifer Lawrence doing a good job with the role. I'm a very big fan of hers. I think she could end up being another little Bette Davis if she keeps on going the way she's going. I think her work with David O. Russell is very reminiscent of William Wyler and Bette Davis's.<sup>7</sup>

Having said that, though, Daisy should be a little older. She should fit in with the guys. Jennifer Jason Leigh came in and was really good. She went for a couple of things that other people just kind of playacted. She had to act like she got shot, and she just screamed bloody murder. I kept remembering Jennifer's bloodcurdling scream. If it had happened in a house, somebody would have called the cops.

**Are you nostalgic for the '90s?**

I'm not, even though I think the '90s were a really cool time. It was definitely a cool time for me. But almost like how Bob Dylan had to survive the '60s so he could be not just considered an artist of the '60s, I had to survive the '90s so that when VH1 does their *I Love the '90s* thing, they wouldn't mention me. I think the jury was out about that for a while. But if

I am going to be nostalgic about the '90s, it's for the lack of everybody being connected to all this technology all the time.

**Do you not stream movies?**

No, I don't. My TV isn't connected to my computer.

It's just a generational thing, but that doesn't mean I'm not depressed by it. The idea that somebody's watching my movie on a phone, that's very depressing to me.

**I just saw a guy on the subway watching *Django Unchained* on a phone.**

I can't even make myself watch a movie on a laptop. I'm old-school. I read the newspaper. I read magazines. I watch the news on television. I watch CNBC a lot.

**Do you still write your scripts by hand?**

Let me ask you a question: If you were going to try to write a poem, would you do it on a computer?

**That's true. I wouldn't.**

You don't need technology for poetry.

**What were your favorite movies this year?**

I didn't see anything this year. I've been making this movie for so long. I loved *Kingsman*. I really liked *It Follows*.<sup>8</sup>

**What did you like about it?**

It was the best premise I've seen in a horror film in a long, long, long time. It's one of those movies that's so good you get mad at it for not being great.

**How could it have been great?**

He could have kept his mythology straight. He broke his mythology left, right, and center.

**Are there any younger filmmakers you're excited about?**

Noah Baumbach. There's a Paul Mazursky quality to his films.

**But he's been making movies for almost as long as you have. Who else?**

I haven't seen all the Duplass brothers movies, but the ones I've seen I really liked. They did *Cyrus* and *Baghead*.<sup>9</sup> All that mumblecore stuff happened when I was in Germany doing *Inglourious Basterds*, so I didn't even know about it. Then I came home and started reading about it, like, *What the fuck is this shit?* So I watched *Baghead*. I said to my friend Elvis Mitchell, "Have you seen any of those mumblecore movies? I was curious and watched *Baghead*, and I thought it was really good." He goes, "You saw the good one. They're not all like that. You reached into a pickle barrel and grabbed the right pickle." I haven't seen *Hannah Takes the Stairs*.

**Who do you see as your competition right now? Are you competitive with someone like Paul Thomas Anderson?**

No. It's a friendly thing. This might come across as egotistical, but I don't really feel in competition with anybody anymore. I'm in competition with myself. David O. Russell can have the biggest hit of the year, and that doesn't take anything away from me. I couldn't have been happier that Rick Linklater was at the Oscars this year.

The last time that I felt competitive was when I was doing *Kill Bill* and my competition was *The Matrix Reloaded*. That was the sword of Damocles hanging over our heads. I saw *Matrix Reloaded* at the Chinese Theatre the day it opened, and I walked out of the cinema singing that Jay Z song: "S-dot-Carter/Y'all must try harder/Competition is nada." I was like, *Bring it the fuck on*. I was worried about *that?* Ho-ly shit.

**What do you make of the recent glut of superhero movies?**

I've been reading comic books since I was a kid, and I've had my own Marvel Universe obsessions for years. So I don't really have a problem with the whole superhero thing right now, except I wish I didn't have to wait until my 50s for this to be the dominant genre. Back in the '80s, when movies sucked—I saw more movies than I'd ever seen in my life, and the Hollywood bottom-line product was the worst it had been since the '50s—that would have been a great time.

**Would you have made one?**

No, I was still working at a video store! But I would have gone to see them. That was my time. I was in my 20s and would have been just like the guys at Comic-Con now who go see every DC and Marvel movie. But I'm in my 50s now, so I don't see all of them.

**These days, young directors make one good indie movie and suddenly they're drafted to do a superhero movie, or *Star Wars*, or *Jurassic World*. After *Reservoir Dogs*, you were offered *Speed* and *Men in Black*. How different would your career have been if you'd said yes to one of those?**

My career would be pretty good. I think it's less about the success of something like *Men in Black* or *Speed*, or the success of *Pulp Fiction*, and more about how to present yourself to the industry. Right away, I presented myself as not a director for hire. I'm not going to sit at home and

7. Wyler and Davis's collaborations 1938's *'Jezebel'*, 1940's *'The Letter'*, and 1941's *'The Little Foxes'* got her nominated for three Best Actress Oscars (she won for *Jezebel*).

8. The 2015 horror movie, directed by David Robert Mitchell, about a young woman befallen by a sexually transmitted curse causing her to be pursued by a slow-walking supernatural entity that adopts random human forms.

9. Mark and Jay Duplass's 2008 comedy about filmmakers whose attempt to shoot a no-budget horror movie is interrupted by a bag-headed villain.



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read these scripts you send me. I'm going to write my own. I'm not available for rewrites.

At a certain point, you don't get offered anything anymore. But when I did *Grindhouse* and it didn't do well, I started being offered scripts for big projects again.<sup>10</sup> It was like, *Okay, I get it. I'm on my ass, and they know that. I am definitely less confident than I've ever been in my career right now.*

**Are there any franchises you would actually want to direct?**

I could have imagined doing the first *Scream*. The Weinsteins were trying to get Robert Rodriguez to do it. I don't even think they thought I would be interested. I actually didn't care for Wes Craven's direction of it. I thought he was the iron chain attached to its ankle that kept it earthbound and stopped it from going to the moon.

**What kind of TV do you watch?**

The last two shows that I watched all the way were *Justified* and *How I Met Your Mother*.

**Was *Justified* how you became aware of Walton Goggins?**

I already knew him from *The Shield*. You know, literally watching him for six years do faux-Quentin dialogue let me know that he's got the right kind of tongue.

**Have you seen *True Detective*?**

I tried to watch the first episode of season one, and I didn't get into it at all. I thought it was really boring. And season two looks awful. Just the trailer—all these handsome actors trying to not be handsome and walking around looking like the weight of the world is on their shoulders. It's so serious, and they're so tortured, trying to look miserable with their mustaches and grungy clothes.

Now, the HBO show I loved was Aaron Sorkin's *The Newsroom*. That was the only show that I literally watched three times. I would watch it at seven o'clock on Sunday, when the new one would come on. Then after it was over, I'd watch it all over again. Then I would usually end up watching it once during the week, just so I could listen to the dialogue one more time.

**I think people will be surprised to hear that. *The Newsroom's* reviews were all over the place. Sorkin even apologized for some of it.**

Who the fuck reads TV reviews? Jesus fucking Christ. TV critics review the pilot. Pilots of shows suck. Why would it be surprising that I like the best dialogue writer in the business? (Continued on page 39)

10. Including *The Green Lantern*, *The Man From U.N.C.L.E.*, and *Westworld*: "They really, really wanted me for a remake of 'Westworld.' I was at a film festival in Manila, and Jerry Weintraub was the producer, and he was like, 'I'll fly to Manila.' Truthfully, I'd go see a *Westworld* made by me."

# TARANTINO'S LEADING MAN

Six collaborations in, no one understands the director's vision better than Samuel L. Jackson.

BY JADA YUAN

Photograph by AMANDA DEMME

**S**AMUEL L. JACKSON REMEMBERS the exact moment he met Quentin Tarantino, because, well, it's hard to forget the motherfucker who screwed up your audition for *Reservoir Dogs*. That was 24 years ago, and Jackson still calls Tarantino a motherfucker, though now "it's the endearing motherfucker, not the curse motherfucker," he says, as in their common greeting, "What the fuck, motherfucker!"

Jackson tells the tale of their first encounter with the kind of affectionate shit-talking born of deep friendship; they've just finished their sixth movie together (*The Hateful Eight*, out December 25). It was 1991, the year Jackson, a theater veteran just getting into movies, won Best Supporting Actor at Cannes for *Jungle Fever*. He'd shown up to casting for this unknown screenwriter's first feature having memorized a scene he thought he'd be playing with Tim Roth and Harvey Keitel. Instead, he got stuck reading with two bozos he'd never seen before, who didn't know their lines and couldn't stop laughing. "I didn't realize it was Quentin, the director-writer, and Lawrence Bender, the producer," says Jackson, "but I knew that the audition was not very good." He didn't get the job. "My agent and manager tell me that my expectations of everybody else being as prepared as I am is my biggest problem," Jackson tells me.

It wasn't until *Reservoir Dogs'* notorious premiere at the Sundance Film Festival the following January that Jackson saw Tarantino again. Half the audience had fled amid all that gleeful gore; Jackson went up afterward to shake Tarantino's hand. "He's like, 'Yeah, yeah, yeah, I remember you. How'd you like the guy who got your part?'" says Jackson. "I was like, 'Really? I think you would have had a better movie with me in it.'" (Let it be known that Jackson's well-honed Tarantino impression sounds like an unholy amalgam of Golum, Joe Pesci in *GoodFellas*, and the Looney Tunes Road Runner.)

Tarantino told him not to worry; he was writing something for him. Two weeks later, a brown paper package arrived. The images of two gangsters were printed on the front, and a note inside read, "If you show this script to anyone, we'll show up at your door next week and kill you." It was *Pulp Fiction*, whose Bible-quoting hit man "in a transitional period," Jules Winnfield, would make Jackson a household name at age 46. But only after someone in casting greeted Jackson as "Mr. Fishburne," and he got →





so pissed off he murdered his audition.

Tarantino has said that Jackson, along with Christoph Waltz, is “one of the greatest actors to ever say my dialogue.” If most actors come into Tarantino’s world with an 80 percent understanding of how to deliver what he wants, says *The Hateful Eight*’s Walton Goggins, “I think with Sam, it’s almost 94 percent there.” Since *Pulp Fiction*, Jackson has appeared in nearly every movie Tarantino has made—an honor not even Waltz or Uma Thurman can claim: the arms dealer Ordell in *Jackie Brown*; the piano player who gets blown up minutes into *Kill Bill: Vol. 2*; the narrator for *Inglourious Basterds* (“Quentin didn’t believe I could learn enough French to be the other black guy—I would’ve figured it out!”); and what may be the meatiest role of his 120-plus-movie career, a former Union officer turned bounty hunter in the lawless aftermath of the Civil War in *The Hateful Eight*. Jackson embodies the swagger and defiance that course through Tarantino’s revisionist realities—such as, this time, a black man being the central character of a classic Western. He and Tarantino are the cinematic equivalent of an old married couple, with a near-perfect collaborative streak—“except *Reservoir Dogs*,” Jackson can’t help but point out. Again.

At 66, Jackson radiates a self-assurance and contentment that ought to be bottled and sold at John Travolta’s Scientology meetings. We’re talking at a photo shoot in Los Angeles, to which he’s just returned after a three-week vacation cruising the Amalfi Coast and Côte d’Azur on Magic Johnson’s yacht. They live across the street from each other in Beverly Hills, go to the same church, and do this trip every year with their wives. Jackson always travels with 30 to 40 movies, usually old-school and emerging Asian cinema, which he watches with the guys while, he says, “the ladies watch whatever series that they didn’t binge-watch all year.”

Lunch arrives, and Jackson joins the photo crew, chowing on a lamb burger out of a takeout box. He tried veganism but abandoned it recently after “somebody threatened to fire me from a job if I didn’t gain 20 pounds,” he says. Group conversation lands on Japanese tidying expert Marie Kondo, and Jackson’s manager explains to him Kondo’s philosophy of picking up every object in his house, asking if it brings him joy, and, if not, thanking it for its service and discarding it. Jackson does a double take. “Do you know how long that would take me?” he says. “A long fucking time!”

The shoot’s stylist interrupts us to tell Jackson he can have that gray cashmere sweater he liked for the low, low price of \$375. He gives her all the cash he has, and

his assistant goes to the ATM to get the rest. “Something else I have to apologize to, to get out of my house,” Jackson says and pretends to talk to the sweater, Kondo style. “I’m sorry I brought you here. I know I only wore you once, but they took my picture in it. I have to let you go.”

This year alone, Jackson has shot *The Hateful Eight*; reshoots for *Tarzan*; Tim Burton’s *Miss Peregrine’s Home for Peculiar Children*; and Spike Lee’s *Chirag*, a hip-hop retelling of *Lysistrata*. It’s only their second movie together since *Jungle Fever*; they had a public falling-out when Lee criticized Tarantino’s use of the N-word in *Jackie Brown*, and Jackson took Tarantino’s side.



Jackson in ‘Pulp Fiction,’ 1994, and ‘Jackie Brown,’ 1997.

Jackson even squeezed in time for some Capital One commercials. “They’re hilarious. I used to watch Alec Baldwin and Jimmy Fallon do them and think, *How would I say that?* ‘What’s in your wallet? What’s in your wallet?’ So when they called, it was kind of like, ‘Really? For real? Okay!’”

The man has done so many movies—including two *Star Wars* prequels and his nine-picture deal with Marvel as superspy Nick Fury—that *Guinness World Records* lists him as the highest-grossing actor of all time. When I intimate that he doesn’t have to worry about money anymore, he scoffs. Those grosses belong to studios and producers. “Everybody worries about money, except for billionaire people,” he says. “There’s no *b* in my money.”

Yet all that activity somehow feels like bidding time between Tarantino movies. “Quentin and I have a kind of cinematic affinity,” says Jackson. They discovered it on the set of *Pulp Fiction* when Jackson was doing his usual binge of Asian movies. “Quentin would walk by my trailer, and he

would always hear the sounds of either kung-fu fighting or bullets going off, and he would look in the door and say, ‘What are you watching?’” says Jackson. They also realized they’d both spent much of their comic-book-obsessed childhoods in Tennessee in the care of their grandparents, and to this day they do regular movie nights at Tarantino’s house, because, says Jackson, “he’s got a bigger theater.”

“It feels, to me, that Quentin’s leading man is Sam,” says Tim Roth, an original *Reservoir Dog* and a member of the *Hateful Eight*. “And I think that’s an extraordinary circumstance, for a white man, however talented, to be able to write for a leading man, a black actor, and give him such a range of roles.”

Take, for instance, 2012’s *Django Unchained*, in which Jackson plays Stephen, an elderly house slave who’s risen to power by torturing his fellow slaves—or, as Jackson calls him, “the most despicable negro in cinematic history.” Jackson says some of the stuff he did as Stephen was so twisted Tarantino didn’t include it in the final cut. “He was like, ‘People hate you enough. I don’t know if I want people trying to kill you on the street.’”

*The Hateful Eight*, set seven or eight years after the Civil War, is in many ways a *Django* sequel. Jackson plays Major Marquis Warren, an ex-slave and veteran of the Union Army. He’s also the smartest guy in several very small rooms—a stagecoach and then a trailside watering hole, where Warren and his travel companions of questionable trustworthiness escape a blizzard and find themselves trapped with more untrustworthy outlaws who act as though the war isn’t over. The movie has changed since a copy of the script leaked, but its essence as both a shoot-’em-up and a whodunit remains. Tarantino and Jackson have taken to calling Marquis “Hercule Negro, like Hercule Poirot,” says Jackson, “because he is a bit of a detective.”

The cast, a collection of Tarantino all-stars—in addition to Roth and Goggins, there’s Michael Madsen and Kurt Russell—spent nearly six months in close quarters, much of it on an L.A. soundstage set to 34 degrees to mimic blizzard conditions. They’d sit in a circle drinking coffee, smoking, and telling stories “in various states of disarray and blood, waiting to go back into the fridge,” says Roth. Jackson gave everyone a vintage-style Colt 45 with the movie’s title engraved on the handle as a wrap gift. The cast is still so attached they have a months-long group text chain called the Hater Board where they all check in with one another two to three times a day. Jackson’s wrap text to them: “Go out hard, motherfuckers!”

As usual, Jackson is bracing himself for the barrage of complaints from people who say Tarantino uses the N-word too much, or that as a white filmmaker, he doesn't have the right to use it at all. He recalls how *Django* was rendered an "entertainment popcorn movie" as soon as *12 Years a Slave* came out, even though he thinks *Django* was far more disturbing. "Unfair comparisons were made between the two films, and it was more about Quentin using the word nigger 102 times in the movie," says Jackson, "and it's like, well, there's one song in *12 Years a Slave* where they say nigger like 300 times! But it's a song, so it's art?"

The actor makes a credible Tarantino defender: He was suspended from Morehouse College in 1969 for barricading the board of trustees in a building ("We had to let Martin Luther King's dad go. He was complaining of chest pains, and we didn't want to get charged with murder"). Jackson served as an usher at MLK Jr.'s funeral and was a member of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee. When anyone from Spike Lee to young black filmmakers criticizes Tarantino's choice of words, Jackson says, "I tell them, 'He's telling his story. If you've got a problem with that, then you need to write your story.' We're talking about people living in a specific time who speak a specific way, who still do speak a specific way in parts of the country. I grew up in the South in segregation. I heard it every day. And people who didn't say nigger said *niggra*, which was like, Why don't you just go ahead and say it? It sounds the same to me."

Though it was written in 2013, the movie's exploration of how the Civil War didn't end racism is unexpectedly relevant now. Jackson, for one, thinks that taking down the Confederate flag is an ineffectual gesture. "People still got it on their license plates. It's just part of the fabric of the South," he says. "I don't mind knowing who the enemy is if they want to announce it."

The afternoon is waning, and Jackson wants to use the remaining hours to fix his golf swing. Then he's headed to New York to catch the opening night of *Hamilton*, followed by the premiere of *Show Me a Hero*, David Simon's new HBO show, starring his wife of four decades, LaTanya. He's also planning on catching *Straight Outta Compton* in the theaters. Jackson likes to sit with a real audience for most movies, especially his own. He claims to have seen 2014's *Kingsman: The Secret Service*, in which he played a billionaire ecoterrorist, eight or nine times. "I'm 66! I can show my ID at the theater and get a discount. And I do!" he says, clapping his hands together loudly. "I'm not too proud. I've earned it." ■

## Quentin Tarantino

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

**You've been criticized for the same things for your entire career, namely, your use of violence and the N-word. Do you listen to any of that anymore?**

Social critics don't mean a thing to me. It's really easy to ignore them, because I believe in what I'm doing 100 percent. So any naysayers for the public good can just fuck off. They might be a drag for a moment, but after that moment is over, it always ends up being gasoline to my fire.

**You've won two Oscars for writing. Does it bug you that you've never won for directing?**

No. I would have liked to have won Best Director for *Inglourious Basterds*, but I've got time. And I'm very, very happy with my writing Oscars. I will brag about this: I'm one of five people who have won two Original Screenplay Oscars. The other four are Woody Allen, Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, and Paddy Chayefsky. I actually didn't know that until somebody wrote it on a website. I went, "Holy shit!" Those are the greatest writers in the history of Hollywood. Now, Woody Allen has us all beat. He's won three, so if I win three, I'll tie with Woody.

**You've talked about retiring after ten movies. If you stick to that, you have two left after *Hateful Eight*. What would you like to accomplish with them?**

It would be wonderful to make my tenth movie my best movie—go out with a big bang, or with a small chamber piece after a big bang. I think about that every once in a while, but it's not a real consideration. I just make one thing at a time. There are a few movies I'd like to do, but once I'm done with *Hateful Eight* and I've had a little time to myself, anything I think I'm going to do now, I know it's what I won't do later. I've got to leave myself open for the right story that talks to me.

**So all the potential movies you've mentioned through the years—*Killer Crow*,<sup>11</sup> *The Vega Brothers*,<sup>12</sup> the *Django/Zorro* crossover movie<sup>13</sup>—those will probably never happen, right?**

No. I don't think I'm going to do *Killer Crow* anymore, but that's the only one that could possibly be done.

**Is *Kill Bill 3* also off the table?**

No, it's not off the table, but we'll see.

**Your influence is everywhere now. How does it feel to watch other people's movies and TV shows and see them using your tricks?**

That's great. That means I'm doing my job. I'm a legit filmmaker of my generation who's leading the pack. Hitchcock saw his techniques done by other people, and that was all great. Spielberg saw his techniques copied—that just means you're having an impact. Before I ever made a movie, my mission statement was that I wanted to make movies that, if young people saw them, it would make them want to make movies. That is one thing I can definitely say I've done.

**Do you have a favorite imitator?**

That was more of a thing in the '90s, whether it was *The Usual Suspects* or *Eight Heads in a Duffel Bag* or *Two Days in the Valley*. The one I thought was the best was by this director who never did anything else, C.M. Talkington, who did that movie *Love and a .45*. And there's a really terrific Hong Kong movie called *Too Many Ways to Be No. 1*.

**But beyond just that post-*Pulp Fiction* boom in crime movies in the '90s, your influence is huge: anti-heroes on TV, everybody's dialogue is full of pop-culture references, and out-of-order storytelling is so common now that nobody flinches the way they did when *Pulp Fiction* did it.**

If you want to give me credit, I'll wear it, but I'm not going to take it. I'm not that presumptuous. There's a little part of me that thinks everything is influenced by me, but that's just my own megalomania.

**Most of your characters are motivated by revenge, but you've been very forgiving lately. Bruce Dern's reps allegedly leaked the *Hateful Eight* script, and he's in the movie anyway. Ennio Morricone criticized *Django Unchained*, but he's scoring *Hateful Eight*.<sup>14</sup> Are you mellowing out?**

I probably am mellowing. I'm happy about that. I was a pretty angry young man, but if I were angry now, it'd be like, *What the fuck is my problem?* I've got a really terrific life. It's so rare to be an artist in my position. How can I get mad at anything? I get irritated, but I have mellowed. Life's too short. ■

11. An 'Inglourious Basterds' spin-off, first described in 2012, about "black troops [that have] been fucked over by the American military and kind of go apeshit... and kill a bunch of white soldiers."

12. A 'Pulp Fiction'-Reservoir Dogs' crossover spin-off, which would have starred John Travolta and Michael Madsen reprising their characters from those films.

13. An adaptation of the 2014 'Django/Zorro' crossover comic that Tarantino co-authored.

14. "There's no whistling in this score," he says.



† SAM DOLNICK



† ARTHUR GREGG


A THREE-WAY,  
*MOSTLY CIVILIZED*  
FAMILY CONTEST  
TO BECOME THE  
NEXT PUBLISHER  
— OF —

*The Times.*

# The Heirs

BY GABRIEL SHERMAN

*Paintings by* ROBERTO PARADA



THE ISSUE of succession is a difficult matter not just for family-run businesses but for the families that run them. Take the Murdochs, for instance. Or the Bingham, the Kentucky newspaper clan that imploded in the 1980s. Historically speaking, transitions in the Sulzberger family, which has run the New York *Times* for 119 years, have not gone all that smoothly. During the paper's early days, patriarch Adolph Ochs agonized over which heir should follow him: his nephew Julius Ochs Adler or his son-in-law, Arthur Hays Sulzberger. (His daughter, Iphigene, was never considered.) The competition took a toll on all involved. In 1932, Sulzberger suffered a stress-induced heart attack, which crippled his left hand; a year later, Adler had a nervous breakdown and spent six weeks in a mental institution. Ochs clung to the notion that maybe they could share the crown. "There can be only one head to a business," Sulzberger replied. Ultimately, Ochs punted on the decision. When he died in 1935, his will essentially left it to Arthur, Julius, and Iphigene to work it out among themselves. Iphigene, being the deciding vote, supported her husband, thus cleaving a fault line in the family that was never repaired. The Adlers and Sulzbergers stopped speaking. In 1959, the final Adler was forced out of the paper.

Now, three generations and 80 years later, Ochs's descendants are confronting a similar dilemma: Multiple capable family members from different branches want the top job. The House of Sulzberger is made up of four families, all descendants of Ochs's daughter, and each harbors its own ambitions and grievances. The central rivalry is between the two most powerful wings: the Golden and the Sulzbergers. But the outcome is not just a matter of family politics; the next pub-

lisher of the New York *Times* will be responsible for preserving the independence of the country's greatest newspaper in an increasingly challenging media environment.

In recent months, I spoke with more than 65 current and former *Times* executives and journalists, plus Sulzberger-family members, advisers, and friends, to learn how the company is grooming its short list of potential successors. Three finalists have emerged: There's the current chairman and publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Jr.'s 35-year-old son, Arthur Gregg "A.G." Sulzberger, best known for leading the committee that produced the digital wake-up call known as the "Innovation Report"; Sulzberger's nephew David Perpich, 38, a Harvard M.B.A. who successfully launched the paper's digital subscriptions; and Sam Dolnick, 34, the son of Sulzberger's cousin Lynn Golden Dolnick, an influential and outspoken fourth-generation family member. A.G. and Sam have ascended through the newsroom ranks as Perpich climbed the business side. A.G. was promoted to senior editor for strategy in July 2014; two months later, Dolnick was named senior editor for mobile. Then, on July 23, Dolnick was appointed associate editor. A week later, a press release went out announcing A.G. had the same title. Meanwhile, to boost his newsroom experience, Perpich, named senior vice-president in March, has started attending news masthead meetings. "David, Arthur, and Sam were put in jobs that were perceived as essential to the paper when they might be running it," a former senior editor says.

And this does not mean running it in the far-off future. Sulzberger has joked that "there's a mandatory retirement age for everyone except for me." But it's not true. According to the company's guidelines, Sulzberger, who turns 64 this September, may remain chairman of the board until 70. However, he is already three years older than his father, Arthur "Punch" Sulzberger, was when, in January 1987, he named Sulzberger assistant publisher, designating him heir apparent. When Punch turned 65, he gave his son the full title of publisher. Under this precedent, the family is behind schedule.

What's different this time around is that there are three candidates with a legitimate shot at the top job. "I have to say this in a way that doesn't make me sound like a PR guy," says executive editor Dean Baquet, "but they're all really good."

INSIDE THE competitive newsroom of the *Times*, job appointments are forensically dissected by *Times* journalists to determine their institutional significance. So it's not

surprising that handicapping the race between the Sulzberger cousins is a popular pastime at the paper. "Perpich is data-driven. If I had to sum him up in one word, it'd be M.B.A.," a former executive says. Dolnick has written award-winning stories but lacks management experience. "Sam is kind of junior and young and has primarily an editorial background," a source who worked on the business side says. That means A.G.—with management and newsroom experience, not to mention the Sulzberger name—is generally considered to be the front-runner.

The cousins rarely, if ever, acknowledge any suggestion of a rivalry. "They hate the idea of a horse race," a *Times* staffer says. And they mostly refrain from expressing any outward entitlement or ambition. "It's a testament to their personal style and values that you wouldn't know they are part of the family," says Kinsey Wilson, the *Times*' new digital chief. A veteran staffer wonders: "Do they even want it? I have no fucking clue."

But it's hard to think that they wouldn't. All three cousins grew up steeped in *Times* mythology, gathering at Hillandale, the onetime Sulzberger Connecticut estate, where copies of the *Times* were placed on benches in the gardens, and imbibing the belief that the family are stewards of a public trust. This indoctrination is how the Sulzbergers keep each new generation attached to the institution. (A good thing, considering that Michael Bloomberg, long considered the *Times*' white-knight-in-waiting in the event that the Sulzbergers decided to sell, recently told me through a spokesperson that he was not interested in buying.) A total of six (out of 27) fifth-generation cousins currently hold positions at the *Times*. "Our promise to members of the Ochs-Sulzberger family who want to work at the New York *Times* and have the skill set to do so is to give them careers," Sulzberger recently said.

It creates turbulence in the family when one cousin gets attention over another. A couple of years ago, after *Adweek* published a gushing profile of Perpich—headlined "The Heir to the *Times*' Throne?"—Michael Greenspon, another fifth-generation cousin, who has worked at the *Times* since 2007, was said to have walked into the *Times*' public-relations office. "Whose idea was this?" he said. "How could Perpich do this?" An executive responded that Perpich never talked to the reporter. "If the press focuses on certain people and says they've been anointed as the possible successor, that can be very painful for anyone not on the list," a fourth-generation family member told me. (The cousins declined to be interviewed on the record for this story.)

## GREAT-GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN OF THE 'TIMES'

Tracing the candidates' roots.



**ADOLPH SIMON OCHS**

b. 1858, d. 1935  
Purchased the

*New York Times* when he was 38



**IPHIGENE BERTHA OCHS**  
b. 1892, d. 1990  
Sole heiress to the *Times* fortune



**ARTHUR HAYS SULZBERGER**  
b. 1891, d. 1968  
Times publisher until 1961



**MARIAN SULZBERGER**  
b. 1918  
Philanthropist and conservationist



**RUTH SULZBERGER**  
b. 1921  
Former publisher of the *Chattanooga Times*  
m. BEN HALE GOLDEN (div.)



**JUDITH SULZBERGER**  
b. 1923, d. 2011  
Physician  
m. CAROL FOX FUHRMAN (dec'd)



**ARTHUR OCHS "PUNCH" SULZBERGER**  
b. 1926, d. 2012  
Times publisher from 1963 to 1992  
m. BARBARA GRANT (div.)

married  
**ORVIL DRYFOOS**  
Times publisher from 1961 to 1963



**LYNN IPHIGENE GOLDEN**  
b. 1952  
Former director at the *Smithsonian* zoo  
m. EDWARD DOLNICK



**CATHY JEAN SULZBERGER**  
b. 1949  
Real-estate developer  
m. JOE PERPICH



**ARTHUR OCHS SULZBERGER JR.**  
b. 1951  
Chairman and publisher of the *Times*  
m. GAIL GREGG (div.)



**SAMUEL DOLNICK**  
b. 1980  
Associate editor



**DAVID SULZBERGER PERPICH**  
b. 1977  
Senior vice-president



**ARTHUR GREGG SULZBERGER**  
b. 1980  
Associate editor

The selection of the next publisher is perhaps the most critical challenge facing the *Times*. Arthur Sulzberger Jr. steered the paper into the digital age and protected its journalism, but the next publisher can't afford to just be a competent steward; he (and it's almost certain to be a he) must navigate what Wilson called "one of the most turbulent, convulsive periods that media has gone through since Gutenberg." This year, digital subscriptions plateaued at 1 million, a respectable number, certainly, but far below what the paper needs to fund its \$300 million news-gathering budget. Meanwhile, print advertising continues a seemingly inexorable decline, down 13 percent in the last quarter alone. This past winter, the paper suffered a brain drain in a wrenching round of buyouts and layoffs, losing a cadre of top editors and marquee bylines. And there is a widely held view that more layoffs are coming.

The last time power was transferred at the *Times*, "Punch" Sulzberger only had to convince his three sisters before naming his son publisher. Now the decision will involve balancing a complex set of competing interests, including a family that has grown to 40 cousins, who must get along without the benefit of the once-lucrative dividend generated by their *Times* stock. "We've created a very well-thought-through process such that when the time comes for me to announce a successor," Sulzberger told me in June during a public event at Hunter College, "it involves the board of directors, because obviously they have a stake in this; the family, because obviously they have a stake in this; and management, because they have a stake in this."

**L**IKE EARLIER GENERATIONS of Sulzbergers, the fifth-generation contenders were encouraged by their parents to cut their teeth outside the *Times*. A.G.'s first job after graduating from Brown was at the *Providence Journal*. "He wanted to be treated like everyone else. He may have grown up in a famous family, but he truly did not feel confident," recalled former deputy executive editor Carol Young, who was in charge of hiring. "A.G. did not plant his name at all," she said. "If you called his voice-mail, all it said was, 'You've reached Arthur,' not 'This is Arthur Sulzberger.'"

A.G. quickly made friends with a group of junior reporters and even dated one of them, a Harvard grad named Elizabeth Gudrais, who covered state politics. He was eager to become a political writer himself, and, in August 2006, after two years in Rhode Island, he got his break to do that at the *Portland Oregonian*. The paper's then-

PHOTOGRAPHS: NAT ONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY; SM THISON AN; NST TUT ONVART RESOURCE; NY (A. S. OCHS); NANCY R. SCH EFFULTON ARCH VE/GETTY IMAGES (BERTHA OCHS); BETT MANI/CORB S (A. H. SULZBERGER); ROB N PLATZER/TW N MAGES (M. SULZBERGER); COURTESY OF THE UN VERS; TY OF TENNESSEE AT CHATTANOOGA (R. SULZBERGER); MAR NA GARN ER (J. SULZBERGER); FRED R. CONRAD/THE NEW YORK TIMES/REDDUX (PUNCH) SULZBERGER); GREGORY PARTANTIO/MANHATTANSOCIETY.COM (C.J. SULZBERGER); LARRY BUSACCA/GETTY IMAGES FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES (A. G. SULZBERGER); TODD HEISLER/THE NEW YORK TIMES (DOLNICK); A. G. SULZBERGER); EARL WILSON/THE NEW YORK TIMES (PERPICH)

managing editor, Stephen Engelberg, a *Times* veteran, took him under his wing. “I knew his father, and I wanted to keep an eye on him,” Engelberg, now the editor of ProPublica, told me. After a few months, Engelberg teamed A.G. with Les Zaitz, the paper’s most senior investigative reporter, to dig into accusations that a corrupt county sheriff had had an affair with the then-governor’s wife. A.G. didn’t always seem comfortable in the Woodward-and-Bernstein role. After interviewing one particularly chatty woman, he blanched at printing her revelations. “We walked out, and he said he felt bad because the lady was so nice,” Zaitz recalled. He told A.G. to toughen up. “She’s old enough to handle talking to the press,” he said. A.G.’s articles created a splash in Oregon political circles. In May 2008, the sheriff resigned.

At the *Times*, senior editors had been monitoring A.G.’s career, feeding progress reports to his father. That summer, then-managing editor Jill Abramson told Sulzberger it was time for his son to come home. Sulzberger was thrilled. There was, however, one problem: A.G. didn’t agree. “He didn’t think he was talented enough,” a high-placed *Times* source told me. Abramson had to persuade him to take the job.

With his stubble and dark plastic glasses, A.G. looked like any serious young *Times*-man. “We had some curiosity when he first came,” says Metro editor Wendell Jamieson, “but he just turned out to be sort of, I don’t want to say ‘unassuming,’ but just a regular guy.” That’s not the full story, though. “He’s not a patsy at all. Underneath that very affable exterior is a certain amount of ambition,” a prominent *Times* writer says. He is also extremely reserved. “He’s almost willfully not his father,” a former *Times* executive says. “I’ve never heard him crack a joke or laugh. You want him to loosen up.” In private moments, A.G. explains his reserve as a coping strategy. “When they’ve been writing about you since you were 5, you learn to be private,” he told a friend. But it’s a difficult stance from which to run an organization, particularly one so public as the *Times*. “It’s hard to know what he believes,” a former senior executive says. “It’s like if you go see a spiritual guru. He’ll tell you, ‘The answer is within yourself.’”

A.G.’s arrival, in February 2009, inevitably ignited speculation about succession. To many, it seemed that Sulzberger was handing his son a head start—just as his father, Punch, had done a generation earlier. The

unintended casualties of Punch’s favoritism were the four children of his sister Ruth Golden, some of whom harbored hopes of one day running the paper themselves. Their disadvantages began with their birthplace, Tennessee, where the family patriarch, Adolph Ochs, got his start in newspapers as the owner of the Chattanooga *Times*. The Golden kids—Michael, Stephen, Lynn, and Arthur—grew up in a turbulent home rife with resentment toward their New York relatives. Their father, Ben Hale Golden, was a hard drinker prone to bouts of verbal and physical violence. As publisher of the Chattanooga *Times*, he felt inadequate and indebted to the Sulzbergers for employment and social position. One drunken evening, he slashed a Sulzberger family portrait with a knife. Another time, he threatened Ruth with a gun. They divorced in 1965, and Ruth took over as publisher of the Chattanooga *Times*.

When the Golden boys went knocking on the door of the New York *Times* in the 1970s, Punch opened it but sidelined them with second-tier jobs. Stephen started in the regional-newspaper group before transferring to the *Times*’ purchasing department and, later, the forest-products division. Michael was more credentialed: He spoke French, had a journalism degree and an

M.B.A., and had helped his mother run the Chattanooga *Times*. But in 1987, when Punch gave Arthur the newly created job of assistant publisher, Michael was stuck in the magazine marketing division. “The race had started with Michael on second base and Arthur on third,” a former senior editor close to the family said.

“The Golden boys felt slighted by that.”

What kept the Sulzberger-Golden rivalry from boiling over was the firm hand of the family matriarch, Iphigene. “Iphigene had four children. They all agreed,” the family’s longtime trust lawyer, Ted Wagner, told me. Michael may have complained to his mother, Ruth, about not getting equal opportunities, but she wasn’t going to question her mother. “It’s all family dynamics,” Wagner said. But when Iphigene died in 1990, it was suddenly every cousin for himself.

So, for the Golden boys, A.G.’s arrival at the *Times* was a call to action. Sam, the oldest son of Lynn Golden Dolnick, was the same age as A.G. and also a talented journalist. “Lynn is ambitious for her son,” says a former senior *Times* editor who knows the family well. In order to prevent history from repeating itself, Lynn embarked on a behind-the-

scenes campaign to make sure there would be a competition, not a coronation.

**B**EFORE A.G. ARRIVED at the *Times*, Lynn Dolnick lobbied her cousins to formalize the process by which succession would be decided. As a result of these conversations, the board created the “Family Career Development Committee,” a quasi-secret group that included Sulzberger Jr., vice-chairman Michael Golden, the *Times*’ CEO, and the head of HR. Their official mandate was to ensure that family members working for the company received “fair” evaluations and an equal shot at promotion, according to a family member. “There were memos written in the beginning. They wanted the newsroom to be invested in making sure that all members of the family were being exposed to different things,” says a former high-ranking editor. Unofficially, the group was also tasked with making sure A.G. didn’t get too far ahead.

The cousins were inclined to listen to Lynn. By this time, she was a power center in family matters. Like her mother, Ruth, Lynn was forthright and very smart. She attended Brandeis in the ’70s, earning an undergraduate degree and a Ph.D. in biology. There, she met her husband, the journalist and author Edward Dolnick. In 1996, she became the first member of her generation to be named a trustee of the Ochs-Sulzberger Trust, the vehicle through which the family controls the *Times*. In 2005, she joined the *Times*’ board of directors.

She also had well-positioned allies. In January 2008, her brother Michael returned to headquarters from Paris, where he’d been publisher of the *International Herald Tribune*. Michael became a gatekeeper to securing employment for the fifth generation. “If you’re in the family and you want to work at the company, you have to talk to Michael,” a former senior executive says. Michael hosts annual family reunions at his Orange County home, like the ones that used to take place at Hillandale.

After graduating from Columbia, Sam interned for *The Village Voice*’s hard-nosed investigative reporter Wayne Barrett, then moved to the night shift at the Staten Island *Advance*. Like A.G., he worked hard not to flaunt his connections, an effort made easier by the fact that hardly anyone knew that the Dolnick name was *Times* royalty. In fact, colleagues hazed him by dumping the worst assignments on his desk. “When the editor would yell out, ‘Who’s going to take a community-meeting notice?’ we gave him Sam’s extension,” recalled Glenn Nyback, a former reporter. Like A.G., Sam also found love

**“The race had started with Michael on second base and Arthur on third. The Golden boys felt slighted by that.”**





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## TRANSITIONS IN POWER

**BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENT.**

The New-York Times Publishing Company, proprietor of THE NEW-YORK TIMES, has been reorganized. The new organization assumes the ownership today. Mr. ADOLPH S. OCHS of Chattanooga, Tenn., in the interest of the new owners, becomes the publisher and general manager. Mr. CHARLES R. MILLER will continue to be the editor.

New-York, Aug. 18, 1896.

To undertake the management of THE NEW-YORK TIMES, with its great history for right doing, and to attempt to keep bright the lustre which HENRY J. RAMOND and GEORGE JONES have given it is an extraordinary task. But if a sincere

**AUGUST 19, 1896**  
Adolph Simon Ochs

### SULZBERGER NAMED TO HEAD THE TIMES

Elected President of Company and Publisher at Meeting of the Directors.

ADLER GENERAL MANAGER

He is Also Made President of the Times Printing Company of Chattanooga, Tenn.

Arthur Hays Sulzberger, son-in-law of the late Adolph S. Ochs and for several years vice president of The New York Times Company, was elected president of the company and publisher of The New York Times yesterday at a meeting

**MAY 8, 1935**  
Arthur Hays Sulzberger

### Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Named Times Publisher

Son of Board Chairman Is Dryfoos Successor—Bancroft Advanced

Arthur Ochs Sulzberger was named president and publisher of The New York Times yesterday. He succeeds Orvil E. Dryfoos, who died on May 23.

The announcement of Mr. Sulzberger's appointment was made by his father, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who remains chairman of the board of the Times, after a regular meeting of the board.

At the same meeting, the board elected Harding F. Bancroft vice president to succeed Amory H. Bradford, who re-



**JUNE 21, 1963**  
Arthur Ochs "Punch" Sulzberger

### Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Passes Times Publisher's Post to Son



Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Jr. with his father, who he succeeded as publisher of The New York Times. The portrait is by Adolph S. Ochs.

Father Remains as Chairman and Chief Executive

By SLEAS JONES

**JANUARY 17, 1992**  
Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Jr.

in the newsroom. He started dating a reporter named Heidi Shrager, whom he later married.

But whereas A.G. wanted to be a political reporter, Sam's ambitions were more literary. His father was a successful author; Ben, his younger brother, was a novelist. At the *Advance*, editors didn't particularly embrace his writerly sensibility. "Get the fucking information in the lead!" one told him after he read his first story, which began with a four-line sentence. It was a sensitive point. Months later, the editor regaled staffers about it over drinks at the local watering hole. Sam pulled him aside afterward. "I wish you would have talked to me about this and not to my colleagues," he said.

In 2004, Sam joined the Associated Press. He spent three years as a metro reporter, covering everything from the GOP convention to Bill Clinton's quadruple bypass. Then he left for New Delhi to be a foreign correspondent. Editors were keenly aware that they were grooming a potential *Times* publisher and made sure he secured plum assignments. "It was always understood that we needed to give him a wide range of experience," a former senior AP editor said.

**I**N AUGUST 2009, seven months after A.G. joined the Metro desk, Sam came aboard as a Metro reporter. Having two cousins working so closely together could have presented challenges. But A.G. soon shipped out to Kansas City to open a Midwest bureau. There, he wrote human-interest stories about a retired postman

who built a replica of the Golden Gate Bridge over a creek behind his home, and got breaking-news experience covering the catastrophic tornado that ripped through Joplin, Missouri.

Shortly before A.G. left for the Midwest, David Perpich, the son of Sulzberger's half-sister Cathy, joined the paper's business staff. His recruitment was another plank in the Golden's plan to position challengers to A.G. "Michael Golden brought Perpich back," with Sulzberger's blessing, said a former senior executive.

It wasn't easy convincing Perpich to come. For years, he resisted the gravitational pull of the family business. After graduating from Duke during the dot-com bubble, he dived into the start-up world. In the spring of 2002, he bumped into a Duke alumnus named Rob Principe, who mentioned he was starting a company called Scratch DJ Academy with Jam Master Jay of Run-DMC that would teach spinning records to the masses. "That is so simple. And I love it," Perpich told Principe. The business soon grew to several million dollars in revenue. "Dave was proud of his family, but he also wanted to build his own experience, initially, independent of his family," Principe told me. After three years at Scratch, Perpich went to Harvard Business School, then landed at the consulting firm Booz Allen.

When Perpich finally did come to the *Times*, he got an assignment with tremendous visibility: launching the paper's digital subscriptions, an attempt to get readers to pay for *Times* content online. "The risk was so high; if we stumbled in the execution, it would have been unforgivable," a

former senior executive told me. Perpich's confidence and competence, combined with the success of the so-called payroll, rapidly raised his profile. He was eventually put in charge of NYT Beta, an in-house incubator with its own investment budget to finance new product launches. In the summer of 2012, Perpich was part of a team that persuaded the board to back a new series of *Times* apps like NYT Now and Cooking, designed to bring in new subscribers at lower price points.

AROUND THIS TIME, according to a high-level source, then-deputy managing editor Bill Schmidt presented a memo to Jill Abramson outlining how A.G. and Sam would rotate through various departments on the business side, following the path Sulzberger had traveled in the early 1980s. But A.G. and Sam wanted to be journalists—not suits—and they rejected the proposal.

Instead, they got promotions that elevated their profiles in the newsroom. In March 2012, A.G. was named an editor on the Metro desk—a job that gave him crucial management experience. Meanwhile, Sam spent more than a year reporting an award-winning investigative project about privatized halfway houses in New Jersey. Lynn often advocated for Sam with *Times* leadership. "She'd come in and say, 'What are you doing about Sam? Is he being treated unfairly because of Arthur Gregg?'" recalls an executive involved in the career-development conversations. "There's nothing subtle about it." Less than a year after A.G. joined the editorial ranks, Sam was named deputy sports editor.

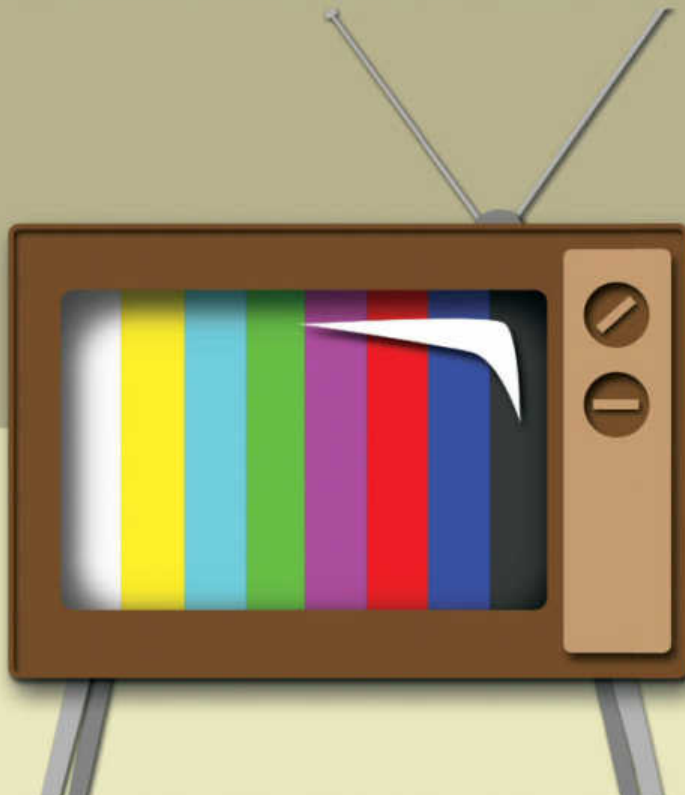
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Keenly aware of history, the fourth generation undertook elaborate measures to bring the three contenders closer together. To foster better relations between them, Abramson and Baquet organized monthly lunches at which they walked them through newsroom decisions, such as publishing the Snowden NSA documents or investigating the vast wealth of China's Communist leadership. The families also hired a family-business consultant and psychologist named Katherine Grady, who met regularly with the cousins and interviewed their colleagues, reporting back to their parents on their progress.

In 2013, Abramson put A.G. in charge of a committee tasked with dreaming up products that could bolster the *Times*' bottom line. It could have been a make-work assignment, like any number of committees the *Times* has convened that have produced earnest reports and memos that collect dust. But the hope was that A.G., who had very little digital experience at that point, might learn a thing or two. A.G. and his team set up shop in a conference room off the third-floor newsroom. They brought in a design expert who had worked for Ideo, the San Francisco design firm, and filled whiteboards with concepts. But after two months, according to a committee member, A.G. reached a startling conclusion: The paper's digital problems ran much, much deeper than the leadership suspected. The Graham family had just sold the *Washington Post*, which lent an additional sense of urgency to the project. If A.G.'s family wanted to avoid the fate of the Grahams, the *Times* would need a lot more than an app.

So A.G. changed his committee's mission to critiquing the *Times*' 164-year-old culture. In clinical detail, the 96-page "Innovation Report" the committee eventually produced documented how the *Times* found itself bogged down by outmoded processes, beset by baroque turf battles, and ultimately in danger of falling behind nimbler competitors like BuzzFeed, Vox, and Vice News. The report called for revolutionary changes, none more extreme than ending the division between the newsroom and business departments that had been all but a religion to an earlier generation of *Times* journalists. "It was a slap in the head," Baquet told me.

By this point, the publisher's relationship with executive editor Abramson had frayed. Sulzberger had been hearing troubling dispatches from A.G. and Sam about her management style. "A.G. and Sam were the publisher's eyes and ears in meetings and did report back it wasn't going well," a former senior *Times* editor says. On Friday, May 9, Sulzberger fired Abramson and promoted Baquet to executive editor

(Abramson declined to comment.)

The week after Abramson's dismissal, the "Innovation Report" was leaked to BuzzFeed. A.G. was exposed to the judgment of the 1,300 *Times* journalists he hoped to one day lead. *Here's the publisher's kid, who doesn't even have a Facebook page or an active Twitter account, telling us to figure out the internet?* "Think about the optics," one *Times* staffer grumbled.

Whether he wanted to or not, the leak pushed A.G. into the public role he'd been avoiding his entire career. In what amounted to a full-fledged political campaign, he barnstormed the paper and defended the report's findings to employees in meeting after meeting. At first, he faced skepticism and disbelief. In one session, senior editors audibly gasped when A.G. displayed a chart that showed traffic to the *Times* homepage had plummeted from 160 million readers per month to 80 million in just two years. "News people were in a state of shock," a veteran *Times* journalist says. But A.G.'s salesmanship was, by all accounts, a success. "He was humble about what he doesn't know," an attendee recalls. After one session, Pulitzer Prize-winning investigative reporter David Barstow gushed: "That was a holy-shit piece of reporting."

On June 19 last year, A.G. presented the report to the board of directors. It was his first audience with the 14 men and women who would help decide whether he would follow his father as publisher.

**O**NE SENIOR EDITOR told me that the next publisher of the New York *Times* will likely be decided in the next couple of years. And a *Times* spokesperson confirmed that Sulzberger will step down before he turns 70. In some ways, A.G. seems to be the most likely to be chosen. After all, his "Innovation Report" is actually changing the way the *Times* operates. His core insight is essentially a matter of distribution: He's fond of telling colleagues that the company historically invested millions of dollars in getting print papers from the plant to people's homes and needs to do the same in a digital context. This push to get *Times* content in front of as many readers as possible has fallen under the rubric of "Audience Development," a goal to which 35 jobs are now dedicated.

Meanwhile, the apps developed by Perpich's product team, while successful with users, have not generated revenue. And Dolnick has struggled to gain the stature A.G. was afforded by the "Innovation Report." Last summer, editors approached him about leading a committee that would study how to improve the print newspaper.

According to a senior *Times* source, the Golden family felt the print project was "looking backwards." So instead Sam was named senior editor for mobile, assigned to work on NYT Now and the relaunch of the *Times* app. (In June, the team Sam worked on persuaded *Times* editors to temporarily shut off desktop access to the homepage so employees could read it only on their phones, a move some felt was a stunt.)

That said, right now, the eight trustees of the Ochs-Sulzberger trust, which elects 70 percent of the company's board of directors, are not automatically lined up in A.G.'s favor; a senior executive with knowledge of the family dynamics told me. The Golden wing has the most votes, with three trustees (Sam's uncle Michael, aunt Trudy, and cousin Hays). Arthur and his brother-in-law Steven Green represent the Sulzbergers. Perpich can count on his father, Joe. The swing votes include Carolyn Greenspon, who's said to back Dolnick or Perpich; and James Cohen, who's said to be undecided. (A *Times* spokesperson said: "Any idea that specific trustees would be voting for their children, nieces, or nephews would be wrong.")

One possible path to avert a family rupture would be to divide the top jobs among the three contenders. "I heard they were intrigued by the all-three deal," a former editor says of the cousins. In this scenario, A.G. could become publisher and chairman, Perpich could eventually become CEO, and Dolnick could eventually take over the running of the newsroom. Such a plan would play to each cousin's respective strengths. And it would bind the family ever tighter to the paper during an era when investing in serious public-spirited journalism requires a long-term view. "I believe, and the board of the company believes, that it's a strategic strength for the company to have family control," CEO Mark Thompson told me.

But there are risks involved in carving up fiefdoms for the three cousins, no matter their talents. If this scenario came to pass, it would be the first time that the positions of CEO and executive editor were held by family members. One senior editor told me it was essential for the *Times*' stature as the paper of record that the newsroom be run by a nonfamily member. Others wonder whether the *Times* would be able to retain top talent if the biggest jobs were monopolized by family members.

In the end, the "all-three deal" is probably less realistic than it is mollifying, another way to soothe anxieties and quiet the talk of horse races. After all, as A.G.'s great-grandfather Arthur Hays Sulzberger told Adolph Ochs some 80 years ago, "There can be only one head to a business." ■



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# JONATHAN FRANZEN'S GREAT EXPECTATIONS

How America's foremost novelist became its leading public moralist.

By **CHRISTIAN LORENTZEN**

LOVE MAY NOT be the first word that comes to mind when you hear the name Jonathan Franzen, but it's a word that's become more and more important to him over the years. "You have to love before you can be relentless." That, whatever it means, is the last of Franzen's rules for writing fiction, published in the *Guardian* in 2010. In 2011, Franzen told the graduating seniors of Kenyon College that "trying to be perfectly likable is incompatible with loving relationships." His point was that it's better to love, say, a spouse or birds than to spend too much

time on Facebook. Franzen has also lamented "the near-perfect absence" in the fiction of his late friend David Foster Wallace "of ordinary love." The paradox was that Wallace's readers felt loved when they read his books, and in turn came to fiercely love their author.

Do you love Jonathan Franzen? Does America? Does the world? These questions sound ridiculous, but they're the ones Franzen has been posing over the past two decades, as he has, against long odds, made himself the kind of public figure about whom they aren't entirely ridiculous

ILLUSTRATION BY MOE DERN



or even unusual. He started asking them in the mid-'90s in a series of essays—most famously, one published in *Harper's* as “Perchance to Dream” in 1996—that lamented the novelist’s diminished role in the culture; the burned-out state of “the inner city of fiction”; and the failure of his first two novels, despite critical acclaim, to connect with a wide readership. Yet he knew that, even if it had been a while since a writer more challenging than Scott Turow or Stephen King had appeared on the cover of *Time*, E. Annie Proulx, Toni Morrison, and Cormac McCarthy were still selling lots of books. Many of their readers, a sociologist informed him, were women; many were people who’d grown up, like Franzen, as social isolates (not necessarily nerds, Franzen took pains to point out); many were people whose lives had turned out to be different from their parents’ lives. These people wanted to read about lives not unlike their own, and to be entertained. Franzen would transform himself from an angry young man into their trusty bard. Or try.

In 2001, Franzen delivered *The Corrections*, a novel that submerged his long-standing postmodernist concerns with systems (e.g., the pharmaceutical industry, the Soviet Union’s aftermath, gender politics) beneath the story of a dispersed midwestern family. A British reviewer observed that, in light of the book, the *Harper's* essay read like “market research,” and Franzen would later admit that the reviewer wasn’t wrong. “The reader is a friend, not an adversary, not a spectator.” That’s his first rule for writing fiction. *The Corrections* brought Franzen lots of new friends. One of them was Oprah Winfrey, which, as he infamously told interviewers, made him uncomfortable: It didn’t fit with his notion of himself as a practitioner of high art, and he worried that the corporate OPRAH insignia on the cover of his books would put off male readers. He wanted to accommodate the pleasure-principle desires, and perhaps the sociological narcissism, of his readers, but he also wanted to make it clear to those readers who now loved him that he wouldn’t always be likable. Loving him meant accepting that he was kind of a prick.

In retrospect, the fiasco that ensued when Oprah disinvited him from her show can now be viewed as an inadvertent masterstroke. It garnered him more ink than a mere appearance would have, turned his ambivalence about his straddling the high- and middlebrows into a national story, and set the table for a reconciliation with Oprah on the publication of his 2010 novel, *Freedom*. By then, Franzen

had appeared on the cover of *Time*, Wallace had died, Philip Roth had published what turned out to be his final novel, and the safe answer to the question “Who’s on top?” in American lit was Franzen. “There are about 20 great American novelists in the generations that follow me,” Roth said in a blurb for Franzen’s 2012 essay collection, *Farther Away*. “The greatest is Jonathan Franzen.”

It’s *The Corrections* that gives Franzen his claim on this title. The novel is a map of the anxieties afflicting two generations of the Lambert family, under the shadow of a pharmaceutical industry that offers some of the book’s many dubious corrections. Here was a systems novel—those bombed-up books of the ’60s and ’70s like *End Zone* and *Gravity’s Rainbow*—sub-



**JONATHAN FRANZEN**  
in 1996.

ordinated to a rich saga of domestic psychological realism. Franzen was operating under the spell of his earliest and still-unabandoned hero Don DeLillo—the illicit drug in *White Noise* that offered relief from the fear of death was a harbinger of the racks of pills available by prescription a decade and a half later. Franzen’s narration was at once majestic, playful, and on most pages very funny. In his first two books, he’d been both too serious and too absurd. Here he’d hit the balance. Think of Caleb Lambert, the boy who wants to put the family kitchen under surveillance, his new “hobby.” The idea frightens his depressed father, Gary, because that’s where the liquor cabinet is. And if any of this seemed too of the moment—the about-to-expire long 1990s—Franzen always had recourse to the archetypal

material from the past: “Lad ... I don’t see you eating your dinner.”

“I could see, already in the late ’90s,” Franzen tells Philip Weinstein in his not-quite biography, *Jonathan Franzen: The Comedy of Rage*, “that there was going to be a dearth of public writers as the previous generation (Mailer, Vidal, Updike, Sontag, Bellow, Roth, etc.) waned.” Wallace wasn’t “temperamentally suited” to fill the gap, he understood. But “I was ambitious enough and ego-driven enough to want that ... It’s nice to know that if I want to bring something to public attention, whether it’s the work of Paula Fox or the environmental havoc wreaked by free-roaming cats, I have some power to do it. Weird, but nice.”

It has been weird watching Franzen become the heir to Mailer and Roth, a role that was never sought by DeLillo. His new phase is marked by his conviction that novels be animated by causes, and oddest of all might be his choice of crusades: against the cats that prey on migratory birds, for example, or the irresistible intrusions and distractions of the internet, which has come to obsess him. His political causes come with a whiff of connoisseurship (and of futility); he rarely raises his voice too loudly in the liberal chorus against outrages like torture or drone killings. His “I’m not a Luddite, but ...” statements, on the other hand, are distinguished by their generic (and also futile) technophobia, mitigated only by his nostalgia for obsolete hardware and software: Whither WordPerfect 5.0? Whenever he surfaces as a critic of the internet, it’s hard to tell whether he’s stumbled into the fight blindly—or whether he’s just trolling. But his complaints are so commonplace they must be from the heart, which isn’t to say he doesn’t take a perverse pleasure in trolling.

In his self-appointment as America’s moralist, Franzen has suffered from the lack of a worthy female foil, as Mailer had in Sontag, Cynthia Ozick, and Germaine Greer. Oprah was too big for him; when he was talking about her, he was talking to himself. Perhaps because he’s lonely at the top, Franzen elevated Jennifer Weiner—the best-selling but subliterary novelist who’s led the #Franzenfreude charge, claiming that he’s sucked up the oxygen of review attention in a sexist literary culture—by accusing her of “freeloading” on a good cause with the aim of self-promotion. It was the best favor he could have given her. With every interview, often with obscure campus magazines, Franzen seems always to forget he has a habit of confusing his mouth with a shoe. Promoting *Purity*, he told an interviewer that he’d entertained the idea of adopting an Iraq War orphan, in part to learn about the way young people think.





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THE AWARD-WINNING BEST MUSICAL

He can't really believe that he'll ever put a stop to online distraction or rein in those pesky cats, but his literary statements do carry weight, especially when he goes to bat for an unknown pen pal like Nell Zink. In *Farther Away*, Franzen says of Roth: "For a while, Philip Roth was my new bitter enemy, but lately, unexpectedly, he has become a friend." Franzen has always conceived of writing as a competition, with all writers everywhere, living or dead, aligned either with him or against him, or both at once. His critical writings often read like peace treaties or declarations of war, or like the posturings of a permanent undergraduate at pains to take a side. They frequently contain eccentric statements about what it means to read a novel, like this one: "My small hope for literary criticism would be to hear less about orchestras and subversion and more about the erotic and culinary arts. Think of the novel as a lover: Let's stay home tonight and have a great time; just because you're touched where you want to be touched, it doesn't mean you're cheap."

It was with this passage that I fell out of love with Jonathan Franzen. His notion of the novel as a lover echoes Sontag's famous call for an "erotics of art" but manages to be less aspirational, less radical, less sexy. It comes from his 2002 essay on William Gaddis, "Mr. Difficult," the story of how Franzen fell out of love with the author of *The Recognitions* halfway through his second novel, *JR*. It was too frustrating of pleasure, it wasn't touching him where he wanted to be touched. I'm no hard-core Gaddisite, but it seemed to me that Franzen was bent on tossing aside the pleasures to be had in reading a difficult writer, dismissing a book like *Carpenter's Gothic* as an "exercise in style" with "paint-by-numbers" content while ignoring the way Gaddis renders a familiar experience like watching an Orson Welles movie on late-night television entirely strange with the power of his style.

Style and strangeness were things missing from Franzen's next novel, *Freedom* (2010). It signaled that Franzen had developed too acute a sense of his own audience and where they wanted to be touched, that he'd hit on a method—observed, if present at all, in *The Corrections*—of absorbing a decade's reading of the *New York Times* and listening to NPR and then dramatizing it in the story of a family that all too perfectly embodied imagined readers of the *New York Times* and NPR. The love between Franzen and his readers is also the love of the mirror image filtered through the prism of the nation's upmarket media. Since *The Corrections*, Franzen's novels have been answers to the question "What's wrong with us?" And they do offer

answers—see the Berglunds in *Freedom* as their neighbors do: "the super-guilty sort of liberals who needed to forgive everybody so their own good fortune could be forgiven; who lacked the courage of their privilege"—but it's the asking, I think, that readers found most appealing. The mirror image isn't always pretty, and there's an element of mutual self-loathing in the writer-reader love affair.

But something had changed between those books, as eager as many critics were to see *Freedom* as *The Corrections*' successor. In his 2011 *Paris Review* interview, Franzen explained a very noticeable, and quite conscious, change in style:

"I said to myself, 'This feels nothing like the writing I did for 20 years—this just feels transparent. I wasn't seeing in the pages any of the signs I'd taken as encouraging when I was writing *The Corrections*. The sentences back then had a pop. They were, you know, serious prose sentences, and I was able to vanquish my doubts simply by rereading them ... [T]he sentences had a level of effulgence that left me totally defended. But here, with *Freedom*, I felt like, *Oh my God, I just wrote however many metaphor-free pages about some weird days in the life of a college student, I have no idea if this is any good. I needed validation in a way I never had before.*'"

It's sad to see a writer of Franzen's talent surrender that pop, even sadder to find it missing in his prose.

"The older I get, the more I'm convinced that a fiction writer's oeuvre is a mirror of the writer's character," Franzen wrote in a 2012 essay on Edith Wharton, in which he argued that a reader needs to sympathize with a novel's author as much as with its characters. I don't subscribe to this logic—I'm perfectly happy to love books without sympathy for their authors, e.g., the Nazi collaborator Knut Hamsun, even if the mirror image is there—but what if we were to apply it to Franzen? He's long been a generous teller of his own life story. Child of prosperous Midwesterners, the father distant and the mother a bit overbearing, the two of them permanently bickering about the thermostat. Never too cool at school, embarrassed to be wearing his band uniform at football games, a late bloomer sexually. Midwestern simpleton among sophisticates at an East Coast college, anticipating that he'll be a perennial loser in the coolness contest, nurturing an ambition to dethrone

them in a way that would redeem his own midwesternness without sacrificing sophistication. Prisoner of a too-early, too-idealistic marriage premised on mutual artistic success, a taste of which he got and she didn't. En route to a divorce colored by his wife's failure to sell a book, confusing the end of love with rage against environmental devastation, trying in vain to sell out with a dud of a screenplay that sublimated his marital crack-up. Depressed and penniless divorcé, coping with writer's block and his own competitive instincts in the face of his friend's magnum opus, *Infinite Jest*, by trying to figure out what it means to be a reader. Resurgent literary champion, reaping the rewards of a decade's struggle but always prone to media gaffes. Advocate and lover of birds, even if it sometimes seemed the ornithologist-novelist was copping a move from the lepidopterist Nabokov. *Time* cover boy with a net worth reported to be in the eight figures, but always generous to younger writers as well as select literary forebears. Failed television writer (when HBO preemptively canceled a series adapted from *The Corrections*) and pained bystander to his brilliant friend's suicide, an awful thing to endure, however muddled Franzen's public response ("suicide as career move"?) has sounded. Scourge of online culture, an endearingly Sisyphian self-appointment. I confess I find Franzen the man sympathetic at every turn. I only wish that next time he returns with a novel that isn't a bad date.



THE EARLIEST REVIEWS OF *Purity*—by Sam Tanenhaus in *The New Republic* and Caleb Crain in the *Atlantic*—have been rapturous. Elaine Blair in *Harper's* has brought some skepticism to the dizzy proceedings, and I'm inclined to apply a bit more. *Purity* reinforces the sense that Franzen is

committed to his method of showing middle-class America itself in the mirror, but this time the execution is shoddier—the novel's topicality is relentless. The Occupy movement, online privacy and state surveillance, predatory banks, radical feminism, agribusiness—Franzen's treatment of them will flatter liberal prejudices: Occupy was well-intentioned but ineffective; the NSA is bad but Google could be worse; radical ideologies can go too far in the service of just causes, etc. Franzen remains a moralist, and those who suspect the moral of a story called *Purity* might be that it's dangerous to be too pure won't be disappointed. Franzen has been praised



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for the way he incorporates contemporary information in his novels, for the way his details paint a convincing now. In *Purity*, the effect is the opposite: Bits of sociology break the spell of a convincing present that they've been dragged in for the sole purpose of shoring up. The result is a kind of elite populism: topical melodramas stuffed with symbols and allusions that are never too difficult to catch, the way prestige TV is just smart enough to remind you it's not trash.

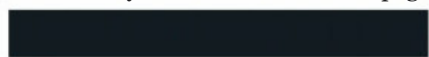
Franzen's lost work of the past decade are the scripts for HBO, which he was developing with Noah Baumbach until the network pulled the plug on it in 2012. Franzen describes the problems with the pilot and the series to Weinstein: There was no showrunner. "It never would have occurred to me that I could be that person. I think if I had seized it ... we might have gotten picked up." Also, he says, the arcs of the backstory and the present action didn't "match up," and "the pilot sucked." Franzen tells Weinstein that he did cartwheels when HBO pulled the plug because the job made him miserable. It's surprising that Franzen's scripts failed at the structural level, because as a novelist he remains a master of structure. In *The Corrections*, Franzen hit on a form—the novel as a series of novellas told from different points of view with backstories linking to an overarching present—that still serves him well, but the risk of a novel in seven parts, as *Purity* has, is that some will be better than others.

The heroine of *Purity* is Pip, a 23-year-old woman living in Oakland with a dead-end job. Pip's connected to Occupy Oakland through its anti-nuke arm and thinks of her relationship with her dotty mother in terms of "moral hazard." The three sections from Pip's point of view are the weakest in the book—she's characterized by her good intentions and naïveté on every page. (Her one almost-saving grace is a sarcastic streak.) After she's launched on an unexpected political odyssey, as an intern for the Sunlight Project, a WikiLeaks-like organization based in Bolivia, Franzen sketches the backstory of its leader, a charismatic middle-aged German named Andreas Wolf. Andreas grows up in East Berlin, the child of a pair of Communist Party hacks, an Oedipal rebel against them and the state. An incendiary student poem gets him thrown out of the house and he becomes a church youth counselor, a position he exploits by sleeping with teenage girls. He's slept with 53 of them, none of them underage, by the time he falls for Annagret, a girl of 15 who tells him of her abuse at the hands of her stepfather, who works for the Stasi. Before

they've even slept together, Andreas and Annagret decide to kill her stepfather. Franzen proves adept at telling an old-fashioned murder story, even if he pounds the notes of guilt and shame a little too hard with his Victorian hammer.

The Big Idea in *Purity* belongs to Andreas: his theory that Google and Facebook constitute the new Stasi. So anti-communism has morphed into technophobia, and the internet is the new totalitarianism. Even if it's put in the head of a lecherous murderer, we know from Franzen's interviews and the rants about Twitter (distracting and antithetical to narrative), Facebook (encourages a bogus cult of likability), and Amazon (bad for authors) in his previous book *The Kraus Project* that it's not too far from what he thinks. That doesn't make it easy to take seriously. He may not be wrong, but most of his opinions on these subjects could be expressed in 140 characters or less.

With the totalitarian internet as its Big Idea and an absurd subplot about sex pics with a nuclear warhead as a prop, *Purity* makes many nods to systems novels. But as in *Freedom*, and even more than was the case in *The Corrections*, his characters' politics can be traced back to parent-child resentments and old grudges between friends, so what often looks like a systems novel, in consistently reducing the political to the personal, is actually the opposite. The reversal is another element of Franzen's popular appeal: It's the impulse to see your politics played out in intimate family squabbles, or to lend your grudges the grandeur of politics. And unlike the systems novelists, and those who share their paranoia, most readers prefer not to imagine their lives are in the hands of forces beyond their control, preferring instead to feel like they're in attendance at the pag-



**He may not be wrong, but most of his opinions on these subjects could be expressed in 140 characters or less.**

eant they read about in the newspaper. In *Purity*, a caricature of a novelist who starts out as "the heir to Barth and Elkin" and ends up an embittered, unloved, alcoholic, and paraplegic failure indicates that Franzen still has it in for his former postmodern heroes. But who are Franzen's allies in *Purity*, aside from Dickens? The novel's strongest section is narrated by Tom Aberant, a journalist and thwarted novelist who cites Bellow as his hero. His confession, about the failure of his marriage to the agribusiness heiress and radical feminist artist Anabel Laird, suggests the equal influence of Roth.

Franzen has never been shy about sex in his novels: There's the abortive blow job between Enid and Alfred Lambert in *The Corrections*, and their children are in various ways captive to their desires; in *Freedom*, we read of one character's "firm little clitoris of discernment and sensitivity" and another's awareness of the "clairvoyance of the dick." In *Purity*, male characters are afflicted with uncontrollable erections at climactic moments; Pip is haunted by the memory of a brief act of cunnilingus; an act of anal sex results in pregnancy. From the male point of view, sex is always attended by feelings of guilt and hypocrisy. For the women, sexual desire, though not without its joys, is never far from feelings of resentment, victimization, entrapment, or defilement. The overall impression is of Roth's project of erotic frankness filtered and rehabilitated through an ethics Franzen seems to conceive of as feminist, in that the moral calculus renders the men the guilty parties: guilty of lechery, porn addiction, and indifference to the imperatives of women's biological clocks. In effect, it's a set of standards, defining sexual encounters as opportunities for abuse by men, that is not altogether empowering to his women. You might even call it Victorian.

Such is Franzen's idea of "ordinary love." The novel's bookend sections have the structure of a comedy of manners, reuniting Pip with a young man she meets at a café, where they both read the Sunday *Times* "actual paper edition," odd for millennials and one of the book's glaring clichés. And if the man who once was to be the future of fiction is retreating to the 19th century, it's all of a piece with his nemesis John Barth's notion that writers are constantly "re-enacting a cyclical correction in the history (and the microhistories) of literature and of art in general." The value of Franzen's books is that they're a theater to watch him swinging, a self-hating acrobat, from Pynchon and Gaddis back to Dickens and Austen. He's a micro-history unto himself. ■



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If 12-year-olds Anissa Weier and Morgan Geyser knew that the internet character they worshipped was a fantasy, why did they want to kill their friend for him?



# Slender Man

BY LISA MILLER

# Is Watching



**P**AYTON HAD BEEN called “Bella” since about the first grade. Morgan had been Bella’s best friend since fourth. Both girls loved cats and playing dress-up. Morgan was obsessed with *Harry Potter*; at least one time at lunch, she and Bella imagined that Voldemort was pursuing them through the cafeteria. Now in sixth grade, they talked on the telephone every night. Morgan’s favorite teacher was Jill Weidenbaum, for reading and writing, and on May 30, 2014, the Friday of Morgan’s 12th-birthday sleepover, both girls hung around Ms. Weidenbaum’s classroom after school, helping her clean up.

There were three girls at the sleepover at Morgan’s house that night: Morgan and Bella and Morgan’s newer friend Anissa, who lived in the same housing complex as Morgan—Sunset Apartments, on Big Bend Road—and rode the school bus with her every day. Anissa and Bella knew each other, but Morgan was what they had in common:

Each would have said that Morgan was her closest friend. At school, Anissa was an outsider, and Morgan a fantasist who made up stories in her head. Bella was the most social of the three; she had a reputation as a pleaser. But as a group, these were not the most popular girls at Horning Middle School. One Horning mother called them “misfits”—not

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**From top:**  
Morgan Geyser being questioned by detective Tom Casey, and Anissa Weier by detective Michelle Trussoni, in the Waukesha police station, May 31, 2014.

“girly girls,” maybe a little immature. They were not much interested in boys, or bands, or in trying out for the prizewinning Waukesha Xtreme Dance Team.

Waukesha is a suburb of Milwaukee, a politically conservative and fairly bleak place, despite its spot on a few “best places to live” lists. Sunset Apartments, on the wrong side of Sunset Drive, consists of 72 units in neat but drab two-story subsidized housing where backyards are fenced and small curtained windows and closed doors look over a parking lot. The rather desolate downtown is marked by endlessly passing freight trains and a biker bar or two, but unless kids play sports, and lots of them do, there are not many obvious gathering places where they can meet.

But there is Skateland—an indoor roller rink, especially popular on Friday nights, where a DJ plays Top-40 hits and a constellation of disco balls lights the floor;



the green-and-purple picnic tables are sticky with spilled Coke. That Friday, Morgan, Bella, and Anissa headed there around dinnertime—chauffeured by Morgan’s father, Matt—and stayed until about 9:30, when Morgan said she wanted to leave. Back at Morgan’s, the girls goofed around on their laptops until they eventually settled down together in Morgan’s loft bed, Anissa and Morgan side by side and Bella horizontal along the head. Later, Anissa remembered that Bella accidentally kicked her in the face and that, in retaliation, she kicked back.

The next morning, someone had the bright idea of crushing granola bars into Silly Putty and flinging the mess at the ceiling, which they did, then worried over how to get it down. Then they played dress-up, each girl acting out her own avatar: Morgan as Data from *Star Trek: the Next Generation*; Bella as a princess in pink; and Anissa as a “prosti-troll,” a character of her own creation and “sort of inappropriate,” Morgan commented later. There were doughnuts and strawberries for breakfast, then Morgan asked her mom if they could go outside and play.

As the girls set out for David’s Park, Bella walked ahead and Morgan and Anissa lagged behind. It was then that Morgan pulled up the left side of her white-and-black plaid jacket to show Anissa what she’d taken from her kitchen—a thin knife, the kind you’d use for cutting vegetables or steak, Anissa said, with a black handle and a gray stripe. Anissa and Morgan gave each other sidelong glances. “I thought, *Dear God, this is really happening,*” Anissa later told police, all the months of fantasizing coming down to this day.

David’s Park is a green, grassy field about the size of a city block, with public restrooms for men and women at its northeastern edge; it was inside this dingy outpost that Anissa and Morgan first attacked Bella. There was a tussle in which Morgan tried to restrain Bella, and another moment when Anissa halfheartedly pushed Bella’s head against the brick wall. But Morgan fell apart just then, pacing and singing, and Anissa, the big-sister type, sent Bella outside to play while she comforted Morgan, petting her, she said later, like a cat. It was Anissa’s idea to go play hide-and-seek in the woods that form the far boundary of the park. Once Morgan was calm, the three girls headed there.

It’s hard to understand Bella’s decision to stick with her friends, why, after having been assaulted by them in the bathroom, she thought hide-and-seek might be a fun thing to do (though she might have interpreted the bathroom attack as just a mean episode of imaginary play—and it’s possible that, at the time, Anissa and Morgan saw it that way, too). Together they proceeded to the end of Big Bend Road, where the asphalt turns to gravel and dead-ends by the woods. These are suburban-type woods, not the state-park variety, scrubby and weedy and thick with brush. The Les Paul Parkway and a Walmart are just on the other side, less than a mile away.

Hide-and-seek was a haphazard affair. Morgan counted first, and Anissa and Bella hid. Anissa tried to tackle Bella, but couldn’t hold her down. It was then that Morgan gave Anissa the knife, but Anissa handed it back, saying she was too squeamish. While they talked, Bella was crouched down in the dirt, playing with flowers.

“I’m not going to until you tell me to,” Morgan said.

Anissa says she started to walk away, and when she had gone about five feet, she stopped. “Kitty now,” she said. “Go ballistic, go crazy.”

Anissa heard Morgan say, “Don’t be afraid, I’m only a little kitty cat.” Then Morgan pushed Bella over and stabbed her 19 times, in her arms and legs but also puncturing her stomach, her liver, and her pancreas and barely missing a major artery near her heart.

“Stabby stab stab stab” is how Morgan recalled it. “It didn’t feel like anything,” she said during her interview with police, making a vague, loose stabbing gesture with her left hand. “It was, like, air.” Bella screamed and screamed: “I hate you! I trusted you!” She tried to get up and walk. She wobbled, though, and that’s when Anissa took her by the arm and steered her deeper into the woods and told her to lie down. Morgan tried to dress Bella’s wounds with a leaf, and then they fled, washing up in the sinks in the Walmart bathroom and filling their water bottles there. Then they wandered around Waukesha for a couple of hours, crying and singing and wilting in the heat, until they were picked up by police as they sat in the grass near an entrance to the interstate.

“Where’s Bella’s body now?” Anissa asked later that afternoon, two and a half hours into her interview with police. Bella was alive, the female detective gently told the girl. According to the complaint filed by the Waukesha County prosecutor’s office, Bella had crawled into the road. She was discovered by a passing cyclist and taken to the hospital, and had enough time, before the anesthesia took effect, to tell police what had happened. Anissa had been crying for most of the interview, but now relief, and something like serenity, washed over her face. “Will I be able to go back to school?” she asked. Since the third grade, she hadn’t missed a day.

OVER THE PAST YEAR, the attack in Waukesha has come to be known as “the Slender Man stabbing.” This is because, during their interviews with police that Saturday, Anissa Weier and Morgan Geysler, who at the time were both 12 years old, said they were trying to kill Payton Leutner to please a mythical internet horror creature named Slender Man—a tall, thin, faceless man in a suit who has tentacles growing out of his back and preys on children. The idea, Anissa carefully explained to the detective, as if giving a book report, was to become proxies, or puppets, of Slender Man through murder—an initiation ritual requiring a blood sacrifice. Anissa and Morgan told officers that, according to this logic, Bella’s death would earn them Slender’s protection. Afterward, they said, they would go to live with him in a mansion in the forest, morphing somehow into mini-monsters, not unlike the way humans who’ve been bitten by

vampires are said to become vampires themselves.

The girls were charged with attempted murder in the first degree—as adults, in accordance with Wisconsin law—and have been held for the past 14 months in a juvenile-detention facility in Washington County, about 30 miles from Waukesha, as their lawyers have attempted to convince the court that they should be tried as juveniles. That effort failed earlier this month when, on August 10, Judge Michael Bohren, citing the particularly vicious nature of the crime, ruled to maintain their status as adults. One of the results of this decision is that their court files remain open, and because the girls’ lawyers declined interview requests, it is from these files, which include transcripts of hearings, exhibits, and hours of their videotaped interrogations, that this account is largely built. Many girls live in dreamworlds, but seldom are those worlds so thoroughly catalogued. The material is heart-stopping.

Slender Man was the most powerful and compelling of the characters that preoccupied Anissa and Morgan, but he was by no means the only one. Each girl was, differently, obsessed with a pantheon of imaginary creatures, and their friendship was built, in part, on a mutual love for tales of demons and supernatural evil. Morgan, in particular, had a rich fantasy life. Voldemort and Snape, villains from the *Harry Potter* series, were especially vivid to her; Voldemort she called “Voldie,” as if he were her pet. She regarded Spock, *Star*

“Dear God,  
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really  
happening.”



*Trek's* Vulcan, as a mentor of sorts, a tutor in how to suppress emotion (one sign, perhaps, that she was aware of the extent to which her outward behavior was in need of editing). On the Facebook-page support group for Morgan, one photograph shows her wearing Spock ears; another shows her wearing a black hoodie emblazoned with the white bones of a human skeleton. Her favorite fashion accessory was a pair of black lace fingerless gloves, which she wore all the time, including during the attack (and which she left on the sink in Walmart, to her lasting regret). But all these gothic, fantastical impulses existed alongside the utterly unremarkable interests of a 12-year-old girl. A catalogue of the contents of her bedroom, made after the attack, includes her school backpack, which on that Saturday afternoon contained five volumes from *The Littles* series, famous children's books about tiny people with tails who live in a human house. Also on that list: volumes of *Mad Libs*, the blanks filled in with a tween's pornographic and scatological sensibility: penis, pooping, urine, horny, crapping, and "vajayjay."

Bella, for her part, frequently went to school dressed up as a cat. According to the mother of a child who was friendly with her, she often drew whiskers on the backs of her hands; after the attack, some of the sixth-grade girls at Horning had the idea of going to school with whiskers painted on their cheeks in tribute to her, but the school nixed the idea. What the sixth-grade girls at Horning probably didn't know was that Morgan liked to imagine herself as a cat as well—the predatory kind. "She said she was going to draw whiskers on her face if she became a proxy," Anissa told police. "Don't be afraid, I'm only a little kitty cat" would be her calling card, her "catchphrase." In their real lives, both Bella and Morgan kept cats as pets and treasured them.

Adults expect a certain amount of fantasy play from children, and for tweens, it can be a useful, if not always healthy, way to cope. Pretending can offer a welcome regression into childhood. It can feed creative urges or provide an escape from stress. Fantasizing can also give an episodic sense of control over one's environment, an effect that may have a narcotic appeal to those just starting to come to terms with their newfound agency in the world, and the fact that that agency has limits. It seems notable that Anissa and Morgan, with one foot still in childhood, fantasized about becoming only proxies of Slender Man, and not, say, vanquishing him: Even as they rejected the constraints of their world, their dream was one of submission to a supernatural authority, not independence.

By the age of 8—and definitely by 12—psychologists agree, most children are as able as adults to sort out what's real from what is not. What sets children and adolescents apart from adults is a mental task psychologists call "discounting"—the rational inner voices that can subdue overheated emotional responses to the imagination's powerful projections and that come with the maturing of the frontal lobe by around age 25. That's why a 50-year-old can finish rinsing her hair even as she recalls the shower scene from *Psycho*, while a 16-year-old will find herself with a racing heart, soapy and dripping on the mat. But the feeling of being in the thrall of a fantasy (even a morbid one) can be seductive as well, as comforting as getting high, as mesmerizing as Minecraft.

In this way, the friendship of Anissa and Morgan, with its shared obsessions and mutually satisfying imaginary play, was the rather unremarkable effort of two bright, alienated kids to build a world

more thrilling than their reality, a private bubble that offered them belonging, excitement, and a sense of their own power. The problem wasn't that Morgan and Anissa didn't know they were living in a fantasy world: Ultimately, when pressed by adults, they acknowledged the difference between fantasy and reality. The problem was that they couldn't—or didn't—extricate themselves from the fantasy. "He does not exist," Anissa told police on the day of the stabbing. "He is a work of fiction." Morgan, the more troubled one, had a more enduring attachment to the fairy tale they had told themselves and that had brought them to the woods. But even she admitted, in her interview, that the attack on Bella was "probably wrong," she said. "I honestly don't know why we did this."

ANISSA SAYS SHE introduced Morgan to Slender Man around October 2013. At the time, all three girls were in their first year at a new middle school; Anissa and Morgan were socially isolated, but Bella was "a social butterfly," according to those who knew her. In her interview, Morgan acknowledged Bella's role as her social lifeline: "She was my only friend for a long time." Even so, she said she found her "gullible."

Teachers regarded Morgan as odd; she referred to herself as "creepy," and in one of the notes found in her room she describes herself as a "mental case." In the time since her arrest, she has been examined by a number of psychiatrists and psychologists, who have concluded that she is mentally ill, likely schizophrenic—an extremely rare diagnosis for a 12-year-old. And though none of the experts who have testified on her behalf in hearings have found evidence of "malingering" (the term psychologists use for "faking it"), there are those in town who wonder if there isn't a theatrical aspect to her strangeness as well. During a court hearing in June, Jill Weidenbaum, the teacher, testified that Morgan sometimes engaged in inappropriate, attention-seeking behavior: She would bark like a dog or catch insects and fling them at classmates. In sixth grade, Weidenbaum was concerned enough to talk to Morgan's mother. In January, Morgan was briefly suspended for bringing a hammer to school. But compared to the kind of misbehavior familiar to middle-school administrators, Morgan's eccentricities seemed benign. She had an above-average IQ. Her grades were fine. She was responsive, curious, and a gifted artist. Sometimes she doodled or appeared distracted, but she did her homework on time.

Morgan's parents have an erratic pattern of employment. Her mother Angie was laid off last November from her job at a hospital; Matt receives government assistance for mental illness. When he was a teenager, he was hospitalized for something like a schizophrenic break himself. Morgan's dark imagination can seem disconcerting, but to tour the Facebook pages of both girls' parents is to find oneself immersed in metal music and fairy paintings, and Morgan's home seems to have had an especially gothic flavor. One of her father's alleged email usernames was "ILOVEEVIL," at least according to the English newspaper the *Daily Mail*; his Instagram handle was Deadboy420, and on that feed he posted (along with family pictures) brass knuckles tipped with skulls and a skull-and-crossbones birthday card he'd sent his wife. Just two months before the stabbing, Matt proudly posted a drawing Morgan made of Slender Man: "Only Mogo draws Slenderman in crayon on a napkin when we are out to dinner."



▲ Morgan Geyser

▲ Anissa Weier

Morgan and Anissa met at the school-bus stop, and their friendship blossomed on the ride to and from school. The previous year, Anissa's parents had gotten divorced, and she was still reeling and feeling depressed. Her extended family is large, and her relationships with the adults in her life—with her father, especially—had been sustaining; she was having a hard time adjusting to the ruptures in her world. Anissa's mother, Kristi, worked the night shift, Anissa told police, and would pick her up at the bus stop after school and keep her until William, Anissa's father, came to get her after work. Psychologists who have testified on Anissa's behalf say her parents are well-meaning but had no idea what kind of trouble she was in.

Morgan could almost seem bullying in her weirdness; Anissa is "thin-skinned," says someone who has met her. She once slapped a classmate for using a racial epithet. Morgan's over-the-top creativity must have appealed to Anissa, but perhaps she also saw in Morgan a vulnerability that gave her a sense of purpose. "I stand up for her every now and then because Morgan's, like, a prime target for bullies at school," she told police. "One time [a boy] got too close to Morgan, and I kind of didn't like it, so I punched him kinda hard. He kind of started crying." In the very first moments of her interview, before she began recounting the events of the day, Anissa warned the detective about Morgan's oddities, like a worried mother giving fair warning to a child's new teacher: "She can be a little dopey and forget what she's saying, in the middle of a sentence, a lot," she said. "Because, like, she says she hears voices, too."

**A**NISSA TOLD POLICE she first encountered Slender Man as a secondary character in a Minecraft video. A friend pointed her to Creepypasta, a collection of user-generated horror fan sites in which written, Photoshopped, and videotaped accounts of encounters with monsters and supernatural evil are presented as "real" in the form of encyclopedia entries, testimonials, and other "documentary" evidence. There, Anissa was drawn to Slender Man, but also to Zalgo, a super-evil entity, and to Jeff the Killer, an ever-smiling ghoul said to be based on an actual child murderer. It was Jeff's "realness"—the "news accounts" on Creepypasta establishing his bona fides—that made her think that Slender Man might really exist. "We got our hopes up," she told police. According to the mythology, Slender Man is a lurker. "He's everywhere," Morgan told police. He is almost always depicted around children, though whether he is merely observing the misfortunes that befall them or causing them to happen can be unclear. Some legends say he's an abductor or a kidnapper; others say he disembowels his victims. Slender Man can invade one's thoughts and can cause "Slender Sickness" (nausea and coughing up blood), insanity, and Scribbling In, an incessant compulsion to draw and write. In Morgan's bedroom, in addition to Mad Libs, investigators found more than 50 drawings referring explicitly to Slender Man, scrawled with slogans in all capital letters like NEVER ALONE and HE STILL SEES YOU, many of them deploying the "Operator Symbol," a circle covered by an X, which is supposed to either fend off Slender Man or draw him near.

In Anissa's account, Morgan proposed that they kill Bella to become proxies sometime around late December or early January. One senses in the background of Anissa's version a chorus of derisive peers challenging their dedication to a fantasy character. "I didn't want to do it," she said. "But later, I didn't want to leave Morgan all by herself out here, because I thought it would be cool to prove the skeptics wrong." In her interview, Morgan speaks far less about Slender Man than Anissa does, and she characterizes Anissa as the architect of the plan to murder Bella. "She made it seem necessary, and I figured that if it was necessary, then I would," Morgan said.

In Anissa's telling, it was Morgan with the vision. "We were going to be like lionesses chasing down a zebra," Anissa told police.

For all its fantastical elements, their plan had the outlines of a familiar mean-girls plot, in which two new friends conspire to discard a third wheel they've outgrown or come to resent. (Anissa "always calls [Bella] a bitch," Morgan told police. For her part, Morgan tormented Bella, who was terrified of Slender Man, sending her links to Creepypasta and warning her that Slender Man would get her as she slept.) According to someone familiar with the case, the relationship between Anissa and Morgan was not sexual, but it was in a way like an affair: dangerous, exciting, wrong. It became a total preoccupation that existed alongside the much more mundane aspects of being 12. "You have no idea," Morgan told police about their plotting, "how difficult it was not to tell anyone." She told police that she went through with the stabbing in part because "I didn't want to make Anissa mad. It's hard enough to make friends. I don't want to lose someone over something like this."

AFTER THE ATTACK, as Bella crawled her way to help, Morgan and Anissa wandered: crossing train tracks, passing a cemetery, resting at a furniture store giving out lemonade. Morgan told Anissa she had a map in her head, but Anissa felt that they were lost. Like children who run away from home with precious belongings tied into bandannas, the girls were serious enough about their plan to have packed, but not enough to have brought anything of particular use. They had a couple of granola bars. They had some water bottles. Morgan was carrying one of her mother's old purses, into which she had stashed the knife. Anissa had even brought along keepsakes in the form of some old family photos. "We were probably going to be spending the rest of our lives [with Slender]," she told police, "and I didn't want to forget my family." Here,



▲ THE ORIGINAL SLENDER MAN IMAGE, which first appeared online in 2009 and inspired endless reinterpretation and repurposing by horror fanatics.

Anissa begins to cry. “You know how distant family members and friends fade away with time.” Anissa had also left two messages on her cell phone, discovered after the fact. Written just days before the stabbing, one was like a will, bequeathing all her possessions to her parents. The other was an overwrought adieu, as though the murder in her mind were a suicide, too. “This is my final wish to those who care, do not grieve my absence, but remember me for who I was. I love and cherish you all and wouldn’t do you harm.”

As they walked and sang to each other, Morgan felt “surprisingly calm ... I actually felt nothing.” Anissa, on the other hand, was super-scared: “I had a total nervous breakdown, and blamed Morgan for everything. I said, ‘You stabbed her. You wanted to do this.’ Morgan is not one to cry very often, but finally she just let go and started crying.”

Right after the attack, Morgan had made a terrible confession to Anissa. She had “kinda sorta” made a side deal with Slender, she told her friend: In private, telepathic conversations, Morgan promised Slender that if they failed to go through with the murder, then Slender could have his way with their families. Anissa fell apart again. “I said, ‘I’ve had enough of this. I want to call my mom. I want to go home.’”

At the police station, the girls were put in separate, identical blank white rooms, furnished with nothing but one table and two chairs, for questioning. Mounted high on the wall of each room is a video camera, which the detectives, by and large, ignore. In the recordings, the girls are disheveled, articulate, 12. As the camera rolls, each girl obediently gives her hands to the bald and jocular forensics guy so he can scrape beneath their fingernails (“Looking forward to sum-

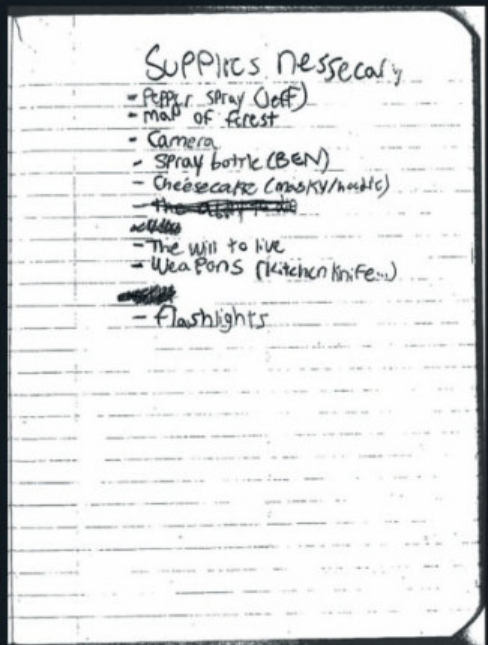
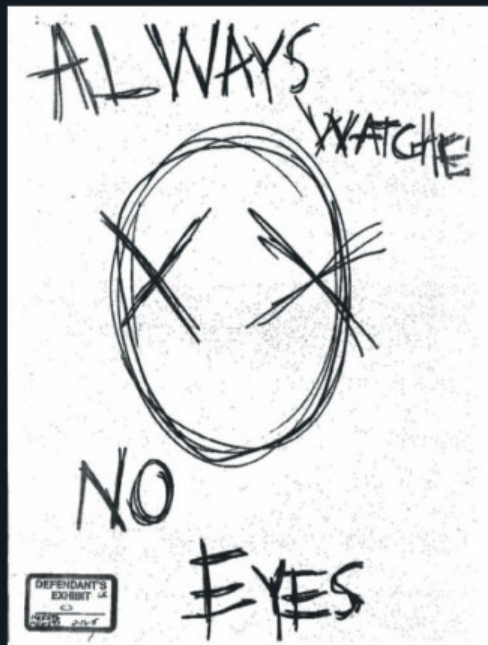
mer break?” he asks Anissa, like a dental hygienist); when they’re asked to disrobe so their clothes can be sent to the lab, the detectives steer the girls away from the lens; when they return to the frame, they’re wearing prison-issue scrubs several sizes too large. Morgan gets little disposable booties, too, like you get in the hospital, and she starts fiddling with them, until, on her left foot, most of her toes have pushed through. Anissa is barefoot. When the detective brings her two big gray blankets, she wraps one around her shoulders and coils the other around her ankles, making a fat covering for her feet.

“I didn’t want to make Anissa mad. It’s hard enough to make friends.”

Anissa spills. The detective questioning her, Michelle Trussoni, is gentle and motherly. Anissa is helpful, detail-oriented, and literal. She wants the detective to understand; she wants to do a good job. She needs tissues. She is shaking. She weeps more or less continuously. But she has a grasp on things—on who Slender Man is, on what Creepypasta is, on the exact route she and Morgan took out of town, on the last names of her relevant friends. You can sense her relief. One of the things she wants to make very clear is that

Morgan did the stabbing, not her. She’s “too squeamish.” She says this over and over. She even gives the detectives a sort of redemption story: “Beforehand, I believed,” she told them about Slender Man. “Now I know it’s just teenagers who really like scaring people and making them believe false things.”

Morgan seems like she is from another planet. When the recording begins, she is sitting on a chair. Her hands are handcuffed behind her back, and she’s still got her coat on. The posture of her arms forces her body forward, but she cranes her face up, toward



▲ PAGES TAKEN FROM MORGAN GEYSER’S NOTEBOOKS, including a packing list for what the girls would need after the attack, featuring tools to use against other Creepypasta characters.

the camera, like a pale and curious turtle. Once the cuffs are off and the questioning begins, Morgan blames the whole thing on Anissa. Anissa told her to do it. Anissa made it seem necessary. She can't remember, exactly, who held the knife. Of the two, Morgan was much more in the grip of the mythical power of Slender Man, but she barely mentions him until Detective Tom Casey, apparently receiving reports from the next room, begins to press the point.

Morgan pulls her bare arms inside her giant shirt; sometimes, she tucks her whole head in there, too. At one point, she asks Casey if she'll rot in jail; at another, she says, "Please don't cut off my head." Morgan is also hostile. "Stabby stab stab stab," probably the most-quoted phrase in the Slender Man canon, is prompted by her growing annoyance with the detective, who gently but firmly keeps asking her to describe the moment of violence again. "Are you trying to do this over and over again and see if I tell the story differently?" And then: "I have the right not to go into detail about it if I don't want to."

Near the end of their interview, Morgan is left alone with a container of takeout food. She approaches the Styrofoam box daintily, like a cat, and removes a single French fry, eating it in tiny nibbles. Slowly, she takes out another three, placing them in a small pile on the table. She eats the fries one by one, crouched in her chair. Once she's done, she takes a lap of the small room, looking beneath the table and in the corners and touching invisible spots on the wall. Then she sits back down and removes a few more, holding one fry upright in one hand and her asthma inhaler in the other, like little dolls, and makes them dance.

**S**INCE MAY 31, 2014, the day of the attack, the girls have been living in a juvenile-detention facility. Their 14-month tenure makes Morgan and Anissa eminences here; for most kids, Washington County is a lay-over, a place where they spend a few days or weeks, awaiting trial after jacking cars or selling drugs or doing something stupid with a gang. Still, it's an intimate place. In hearings, the same prison guard has testified on behalf of both girls. Anissa and Morgan are kept apart—separate living quarters, separate classrooms—but depending on the day, they will glimpse each other as they pass in the hall.

The judge in the case has ruled the girls mentally competent, their crime serious enough to be tried in an adult court. But that is a legal judgment, not a moral one, and each girl's lawyers still plan to argue that on that Saturday morning last May, their clients were still, in every meaningful way, children—not wholly competent to think their actions through, and, as a result, not guilty. On August 21, the judge entered pleas of "not guilty" for both girls, though their lawyers may later revise that plea to reflect a claim of insanity (relevant especially in Morgan's case). In any trial, Morgan's lawyer will probably try to show that at the moment of violence, her schizophrenic client was in the grip of her illness. Anissa's lawyers will likely argue that she was in the throes of a "shared" delusion, an immature thinker in thrall to a powerful friend. As her lawyer Maura McMahon argued at a hearing in May, "Was her behavior good that day? No. Should she have run away and summoned an adult? Certainly. But given what she was dealing with ... she did what she could."

In jail, Anissa has been a model inmate. Compliant, pleasant, an overachiever (she has done the seventh-grade history curriculum twice, and has elected to take a world-geography course), she persists in her "big sister" role with other inmates, though she made clear from the moment she was booked that she wanted nothing to do with Morgan. "She's kind of like a stabilizing force with the other kids," Gary Cross, one of Anissa's teachers, told the court in May. "The mother hen or something." Upon entering prison, each "juvenile," as they're called, is given a list of 39 rules—including no roughhousing, no gang talk, and no putting staples or comb teeth through

piercing holes—and Anissa follows them to the letter. She has been reprimanded only a handful of times: for drawing on herself with colored pencil, for sitting on a table, for braiding another girl's hair—and for swearing, which she did to fit in, she explained.

Anissa is also a mess. She seems unable to retrace her steps and fully understand how she got to this place. In July of last year, after threatening self-harm, Anissa was put on suicide watch and given a straitjacket. She occasionally complains of stomachaches, enough to keep her out of classes in jail. Last March, she fell to pieces after a bunch of girls started taunting her, calling her a "monster" and a "fucking bitch" for what she'd done. She started to cry and refused to leave her room, according to a jail administrator, saying, "That's what I am, exactly what they had called me."

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OR FOUR MONTHS last fall, Morgan was transferred to the Winnebago Mental Health Institute, where she was put under 24-hour surveillance and diagnosed as schizophrenic. She has a "long history of auditory, visual, and tactile hallucinations," Dr. Kenneth Casimir testified in June. Since the age of 3, she has been haunted by "vivid dreams which she wished she could change." By third grade, "she was seeing images pop up on the wall in different colors." Also, she could see and feel ghosts hugging her. Morgan was also diagnosed with "oppositional defiant disorder," a tendency to be antisocial and break the rules. Casimir also found Morgan to be at continued risk for harming others. "If [Slender Man] told me to break into someone's house and stab them, I would have to do it," she told him.

In her police interview, Morgan is not quite willing, or able, to release Slender Man entirely to the realm of acknowledged fantasy—"It was weird. I felt no remorse ... I still have this idea that it was necessary," she tells the detective—and, in jail, Morgan seems to be unraveling further. According to testimony from guards and other people who have observed her, she is frequently seen in conversation with people who aren't there. She eats her meals on her knees on the floor with her back to the door, and when someone unexpected comes to see her, she sometimes whirls around and make claws with her hands, like a cat. She regards the ants in her jail cell as her pets, feeding them off her meal tray; sometimes, she will take them to the rec room and throw them on other kids. She doesn't talk much to the other children. She made a dollhouse with minute detail—a tiny CD player and tiny CDs and closets filled with clothes—entirely out of ripped and colored-in paper, because in prison you can't have scissors. During her incarceration, Morgan had a falling-out with her father, ripping him out of all the family pictures in her cell; apparently, the fight was about his disrespect for her imaginary friends.

The September after the stabbing, Bella went back to school, and has done well, according to a family spokesman; she loves music and she's had a few friends over for sleepovers at her house. Still, she and her family attend weekly therapy sessions, and when she grows up, she is expected to need plastic surgery. To that end, the Leutners have established a fund which accepts contributions online and benefits from the occasional fund-raiser, like a recent convocation organized by a female motorcycle club riding from Valparaiso, Indiana, to Waukesha. To date, donations amount to more than \$250,000.

Morgan celebrated her 13th birthday in jail, and around that time she received a visit from Donna Joan Bennett, a social worker. It had been a year since Skateland, since dress-up, since she found herself in the Waukesha police station being questioned by a detective about the stabbing of her best friend. Her dinner tray before her, she spent the session rolling up pieces of bread and stirring them into her soup. When Bennett wished her a happy birthday, Morgan shrugged her off. It's really no big deal, she said, "just one day closer to death." ■

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# THE CUT

*Colorforms*





Five bright, geometric looks for fall.

Photographs by **ERIK MADIGAN HECK** Styling by **REBECCA RAMSEY**

*Junya Watanabe wool-and-nylon cape, \$3,650, and cotton shirt, \$295, at Dover Street Market, 160 Lexington Ave., 646-837-7750.*

Miu Miu bouclé coat,  
\$3,955 at 11 E. 57th St.;  
212-641-2980.

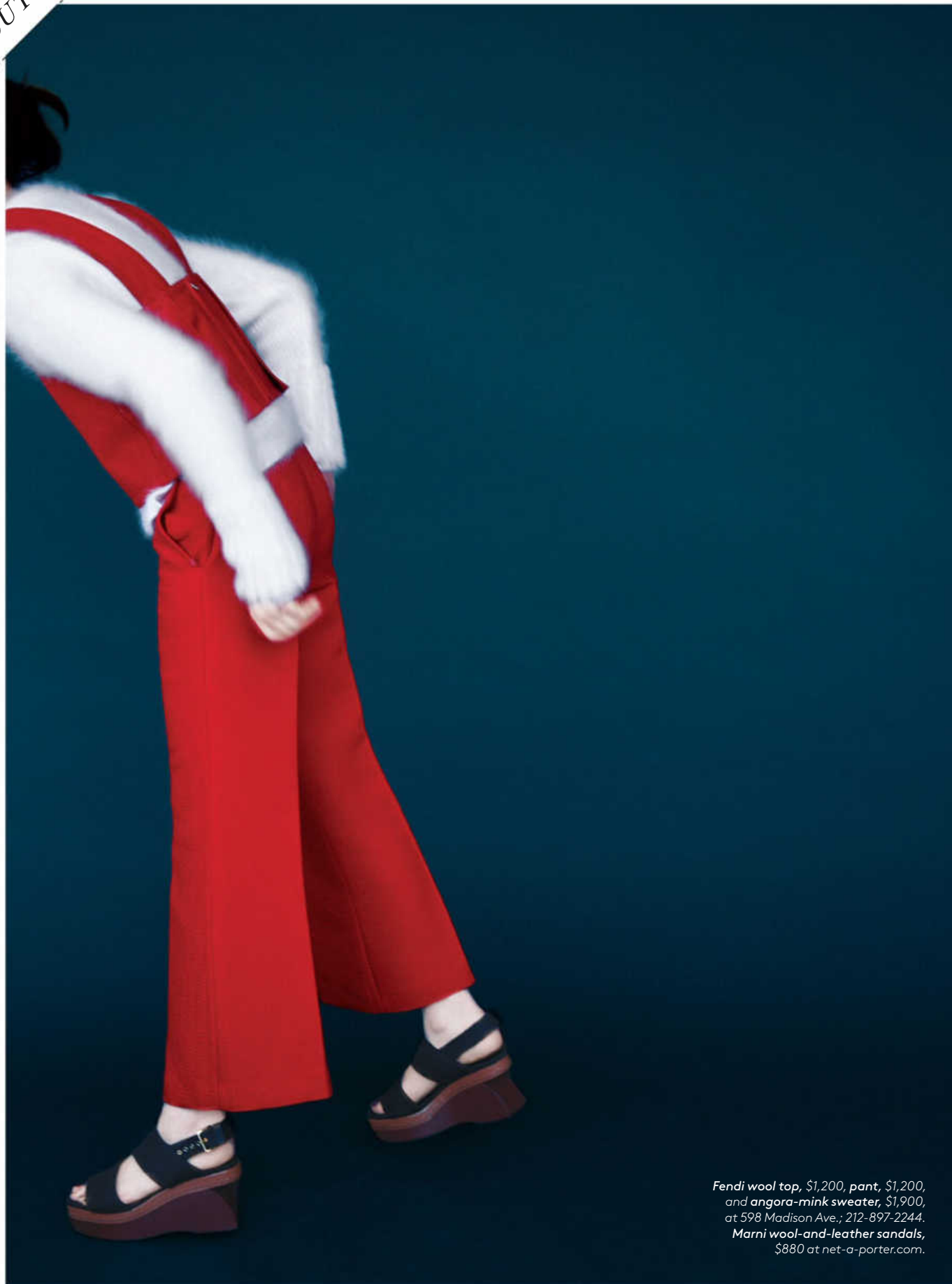


PREVIOUS SPREAD: HAIR BY TOMI KONO/JULIAN WATSON AGENCY; MAKEUP BY AYA KOMATSU FOR BRIDGE ARTISTS USING NARS





*Bottega Veneta wool vest, \$1,100, silk shirt, \$1,350, and wool pant, \$1,350, at 699 Fifth Ave.; 212-371-5511.*



*Fendi wool top, \$1,200, pant, \$1,200, and angora-mink sweater, \$1,900, at 598 Madison Ave., 212-897-2244. Marni wool-and-leather sandals, \$880 at net-a-porter.com.*

THIS SPREAD AND PREVIOUS SPREAD: HAIR BY STACY BENEKE AT DEFACTO FOR KERASTASE; MAKEUP BY AYA KOMATSU FOR BRIDGE ARTISTS USING NARS



*Marc Jacobs wool-gabardine jacket, \$3,200, and skirt, \$3,600, at 163 Mercer St.; 212-343-1490.*



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# STRATEGIST

FALL  
PRE-  
VIEW

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## NEW DESSERTS, DRINKS, AND ALT DEPARTMENT STORES.

THESE DAYS, it can sometimes feel like the only new businesses opening in this city are TD Banks, Soul-Cycles, and Juice Presses. And yet, there are numerous weird and wondrous stores making their New York debuts, including Seattle-born **Totokaelo**, which is taking over five floors in Soho with Yohji Yamamoto sweaters and an art-book lending library, as well as a **Ricky's spinoff** devoted to social-media-popularized grooming products. On the food front, get ready for perfectly fluffy lemon-meringue cake (shown here) and reconceived black-and-white cookies from an ex-Goldman Sachs VP at **Mah-Ze-Dahr** and double cheeseburgers and housemade hot dogs from **April Bloomfield and Ken Friedman at Salvation Burger**. And, yes, a **Señor Frogs** is opening in Times Square, but those who would rather not drink margaritas by the yard with visiting frat boys can find refuge (and sake martinis) at the new spot from **Pegu Club alum Kenta Goto**.

FALL  
PRE-  
VIEW



*Photographs by Bobby Doherty*



THE REVIVALISTS

## Schmear Campaign

*The rebirth of Jewish appetizing  
(and New York's brewing bagel war).*

**F**OR CONNOISSEURS of the Jewish-appetizing tradition, this will be quite a fall. Not only will we have several shiny new shops and restaurants in which to satisfy our bagel-and-lox habits, but some are opening microfactories with the sole intent of flooding the market with their new-breed old-fashioned bagels. There's a bagel war brewing, and New York's shrinking contingent of carnivores is its lucky benefactor.

In one corner is **Black Seed Bagels**, a Montreal-Manhattan hybrid that commits the minor sin of putting honey in the dough and the water, then baking its large-holed, slightly flattened rings in a wood-fired oven, like they do up north. This growing concern has annexed the East Village's historic De Robertis bakery (176 First Ave., nr. 11th St.; no phone yet; Sept.), preserving that relic's original penny-tile floor and tin ceiling while augmenting its own repertoire with more salads, more hot bagel sandwiches, and rainbow cookies, in honor of its predecessor.

In the other corner is **Russ & Daughters**, the grizzled centenarian that this fall, for the very first time, will begin baking its own bagels in a newly leased Bushwick production facility. Owners Niki Russ Federman and Josh Russ Tupper have sought out retired mavens

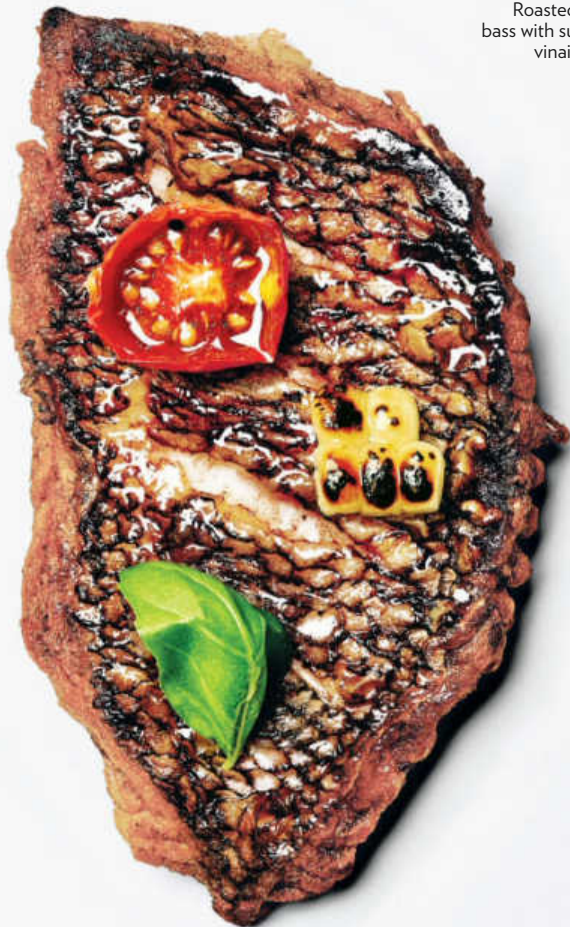
to instruct them in the finer points of shaping, boiling, and baking, and hope to be in full swing by the time they open their Jewish Museum café (1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St.; no phone yet; Nov.).

And in yet another corner (this is more battle royal than bout, after all), the Major Food Group is gearing up to disrupt appetizing with **Sadelle's** (463 W. Broadway, nr. Houston St.; 212-254-3000; Aug.), a mash-up of bagel bakery, next-generation Barney Greengrass, and Balthazar with a Jewish accent. Sadelle's takes the humble schmear into brave new territory, rethinking everything from the bagel itself (deconstructed and reimaged by Per Se and Roberta's veteran Melissa Weller) to how it's served. Where I Tre Merli's pizza oven once stood is now a "bagel theater" showcasing the revolving tray oven where Weller will bake classic flavors like salt (with cracked butcher's pepper in the dough and Icelandic sea salt coating it) and onion (suffused with dehydrated onion, leeks, and chives). There will be salami-wrapped pigs in a blanket, triple-decker sandwiches on caraway rye, and even a large-format latke sliced with a pizza wheel and served by the wedge. The display case will be stocked with cheese danish, chocolate babka, and more, and a Sunset Park commissary means there's already a wholesale plan in place. Lastly, let's not forget Alex Bois's outstanding specimens (and squid-ink bialys!), soon to appear at Philly transplant **High Street on Hudson** (see page 80). No doubt about it: Bagels are back.

Bagels at  
Sadelle's.

BY ROBIN RAISFELD AND ROB PATRONITE

Roasted black bass with summer vinaigrette.



THE INDEPENDENT

## Going Solo

*Former ABC man Dan Kluger's new kitchen is entirely his own.*

**D**an Kluger has yet to settle on a name for his first solo project, slated to open early this winter on a stretch of 8th Street that's been attempting to become a high-low food-and-drink destination (see Neta, Stumptown Coffee, Sticky's Finger Joint). On other points, though, he's more decided: "It is essentially my ABC," he says, referring to ABC Kitchen, the Jean-Georges Vongerichten operation where Kluger made his name as executive chef, garnering a James Beard award for Best New Restaurant and a Best Chef NYC nomination in the process. Like that hot

spot, Kluger's new kitchen will focus on vegetable-forward, protein-light local and seasonal fare. But, freed from his self-imposed 100-mile-sourcing radius at ABC, Kluger's now willing to stretch the boundaries of local in the winter months to Florida and California (persimmons! Pomegranates!) and even to roam as far as India for ingredients and inspiration, a nod to the seven years he spent cooking at Tabla. As a longtime Franny's regular, Kluger knows the value of a neighborhood restaurant, a place that can be relied upon to suit any occasion, from blowing off steam at the bar to celebrating a milestone in

a private dining room (he'll have three). The emphasis will be on sharing, as it so often is these days—whether the dish in question is wood-grilled mackerel or trout, a pizza from the wood-burning oven, or the kind of vibrant, herb-tinged, chile-spiked vegetable composition he's known for. And to put his mark on things, he's commissioned dishware from cult ceramicist Jono Pandolfi and uniforms from customer turned friend Todd Snyder. No question, Kluger's ABC experience was crucial to his career. But this time, it's personal.

→ 21-23 W. 8th St., nr. Fifth Ave.; no phone yet; Dec.

THE SWEET SPOT

## Accidental Baker

*A branding expert invents her own.*

**M**ICHIGAN-BORN, Pakistani by heritage, and banker by trade, UMBER AHMAD came to her culinary profession by a circuitous route. The Wharton MBA left Goldman Sachs and launched a firm that helps luxury-food and consumer-goods brands expand overseas. Tom Colicchio became a client, and once he learned that Ahmad was an avid cook, he asked to try her food. "It was like bringing a prayer book to the Pope," she says. His culinary Holiness was so impressed that he not only encouraged her to turn pro with an online bakery called *Mah-Ze-Dahr* (Urdu for something's signature essence)—he became an equity owner. For the past two years, Ahmad and her partner and co-chef, Shelly Acuña Barbera, have been baking out of Colicchio's 'wichcraft headquarters, delivering locally and shipping nationwide, and this fall, she opens her first bakery-café in the West Village, with enough room to house her own commissary kitchen and host events and baking classes. "It's backwards," she says. "Most businesses start with a retail storefront, then expand outside New York." Instead, she's built a national reputation on the strength of perfectly textured brownies, brioche doughnuts, and a version of magic bars drenched in salted-caramel sauce. But beneath the all-American surface are traces of Ahmad's global upbringing: pistachios and rosewater in a seasonal fruit tart; cardamom in a bread inspired by one her Finnish nanny used to make. Among the new items she plans to introduce are a light and fluffy lemon-meringue cake, a marbled-snickerdoodle take on the classic black-and-white cookie, and buttermilk biscuits she'll serve only from 7 to 10 a.m. "They taste best when they're fresh out of the oven," she says.

→ 28 Greenwich Ave., nr. Charles St.; 212-498-9810; Nov.

Pistachio-raspberry-rose tart.







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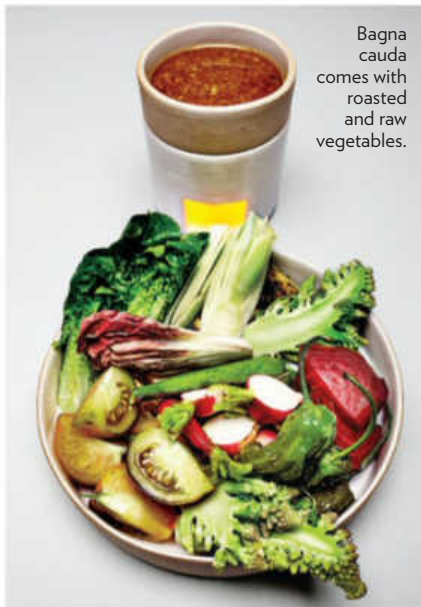
THE NEWEST BROOKLYNITE

## Big Fish, Small Pond

*Lilia explores Italy's lighter side.*

**C**HEFS HAVE a habit of saying, as if programmed during media training, that they want to *have fun cooking and cook the kind of food they like to eat*. In the case of Missy Robbins, who has joined forces with the Smile's Matt Kliegman to open *Lilia* this fall, we're inclined to believe her. Robbins, you see, has recently come off an extended fancy-restaurant jag—first at Spiaggia in Chicago, then running both locations of *A Voce*. She took a year to carefully plot her next steps, none of which initially resembled the casual Italian joint she's poised to open in a former auto-body garage two blocks from McCarren Park in Williamsburg. Robbins might be the solitary New York chef immune to Brooklyn's lure. But once Kliegman took her to see the space—a distinctive one-story building amid a sea of new high-rise condos—she was sold. And their plan to focus on fish and vegetables coincided with Robbins's own recent Weight Watchers–spurred dietary transformation. Which isn't to say, happily, that she's forsaken her first love, pasta. In fact, Robbins seems most excited about the acquisition of her very own extruder and set of bronze dies for making shapes like rigatoni and sauce-catching radiatore, in addition to the fresh egg pastas she's known for. The space is equipped with a wood-burning grill and a small takeout café that will morph at night into a cocktail bar. And the menu will feature not one but two fish sections: Little Fish and Big Fish. "I have a clam fetish these days, and I always have sardines on my menu," says Robbins. If you're the type who naturally recoils from words like *light* and *fish* and *vegetables*, fear not. There will also be soft-serve gelato, in two daily flavors and a twist.

→ 567 Union Ave., at N. 10th St., Williamsburg; no phone yet; Sept.



Bagna cauda comes with roasted and raw vegetables.

THE BURGER QUEEN

**W**E KNOW, we know. We've been writing a lot about cheeseburgers lately. And, yes, we realize that as you read this you are probably making noises like a lovesick moose and saying to yourself, "No, please, not another Pat LaFrieda patty." But before you call the home office to cancel your subscription, consider this: **Salvation Burger**, Ken Friedman and April Bloomfield's second collaboration with the Pod hotel chain (the

## McBloomfield's *Agastropub*

first was *Salvation Taco*), just might be the burger joint to end all burger joints. Here's why: (1) It's generally agreed that April Bloomfield is the reigning burger queen of the city, if not the country. No aficionado has not been to the Spotted Pig to try her Roquefort burger. And her lamb burger at the Breslin is so good it's converted hordes of skeptical beef-patty purists. (2) Still, reprising signature dishes and spinning off restaurants

isn't Bloomfield and Friedman's style, and that strategy, unless you're Danny Meyer, often doesn't end well. So no Spotted Pig or Breslin burger clones here. Instead, Bloomfield's menu is a departure, a delving into, if not exactly all-American fast-casual territory, something close to it. There's a classic double cheeseburger (made with two griddled four-ounce patties, with pickles, special sauce, and, in season, lettuce and tomato), and an eight-ounce burger cooked





Salvation  
Burger's double  
cheeseburger.

*girl tackles American fast food—by making everything from scratch.*

PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF THE RESTAURANTS  
(LLAMA INN; TACOMBI WEST VILLAGE)

on a wood grill and topped with house-smoked short rib or brisket. Veggie burgers, chicken burgers, housemade hot dogs, and even a take on a Filet-O-Fish are in the works. And fries will be of the skinny Mickey D's variety, too. (3) Speaking of departures, Bloomfield isn't sourcing her meat from Pat LaFrieda this time around. She's getting sides of beef from an upstate farm and grinding the meat in house. And that's not all. She isn't just pickling her own pickles, she's also making her own cheese,

a melty Tickler Cheddar-based blend to go on that double burger that would do Wylie Dufresne proud. She's baking her own potato buns, which she says will be squishy but not too: "I like a little structure." And although she knows better than to try to outclass Heinz, she's making her own mustard. In a word, hers is not so much a fast-food approach to burger flipping as it is a fast-from-scratch one. (4) While there will be plenty of beer (plus boozy milkshakes), Friedman thinks the time for pairing

burgers with wine has come. So look for lots of inexpensive vino—in bottles, on tap, from boxes, and by the glass. "We want to demystify the whole wine thing," he says. (5) Last but not least: pie. Take, for instance, banana cream, or grapefruit and sesame, by the slice or the whole seven-inch thing to go. Plus: fried fruit pies in apple, plum, or blueberry—not unlike the McDonald's model, if McDonald's bought its fruit at the Greenmarket. → 230 E. 51st St., nr. Third Ave.; no phone yet.; Oct.



### Jams by Jonathan Waxman

Jonathan Waxman reincarnates his '80s-era Jams, New York's first purveyor of California cuisine, a category the chef defines as "a bit of Italy ... a smattering of Mexico, a solid foot in French cuisine, a touch of Asia," plus some Mediterranean and American thrown in. For some, it all boils down to Waxman's signature chicken and fries. 1414 Sixth Ave., at 58th St.; 212-703-2007.

### Kat & Theo

Queens-born chef Paras Shah did time at Momofuku Noodle Bar and cooked around Spain for a year, ending up, as ambitious young chefs are wont to do, staging at El Bulli. He'll bring that experience to this 70-seat Flatiron restaurant and its New American, Mediterranean-accented menu. Serena Chow, formerly of Pearl & Ash, is the pastry chef. 5 W. 21st St., at Fifth Ave.; 212-380-1950.



### Archestratus Books & Foods

Paige Lipari honors the memory of her grandparents' 1960s Bushwick latteria with this bookstore-café, where she'll sell all manner of food-themed books, plus housemade Sicilian sweet and savory snacks from arancini to cannoli. Also on the menu: cooking classes, poetry readings, and dinner theater. 160 Huron St., nr. Manhattan Ave., Greenpoint; 718-349-7711.

### El Atoradero Brooklyn

Denisse Lina Chavez is

like an aspiring Lidia Bastianich of home-style Mexican cooking—a talented, energetic chef with a boundless desire to share a culture through food. She brings her antojitos, cemitas, carnitas, mole poblano, and more to a Brooklyn space that is practically palatial compared to her recently shuttered South Bronx storefront. 708 Washington Ave., nr. Prospect Pl., Prospect Heights; no phone yet.



### Llama Inn

Erik Ramirez (late of Raymi and Eleven Madison Park) mines his Peruvian heritage and stints in some of Lima's top kitchens for a menu that takes a refined New York approach to Peruvian flavors. Some dishes will be served family style (beef tenderloin stir-fry with scallion pancakes), others by the piece (skewered sweetbreads with chimichurri). 50 Withers St., nr. Lorimer St., Williamsburg; 718-387-3434.

### Sushi Seki

There is always a call for good-quality late-night sushi, which is this brand's forte. The third location inhabits the Theater District's former Firebird space with two bars, two dining rooms, three tatami rooms, and a six-seat, reservation-only chef's counter soon to be occupied by the sushi cognoscenti and big-spending tourists. 365 W. 46th St., nr. Ninth Ave.; no phone yet.



### Tacombi

The proliferating Mexican chainlet alights on a South Village corner with a small

menu showcasing the Yucatecan specialties panuchos and salbutes—two versions of variously topped fried tortillas. If you're partial to unfried tortillas, there are entrées like banana-leaf-wrapped grouper served with fresh tortillas and Rancho Gordo beans. 255 Bleecker St., at Cornelia St.; no phone yet.

**Vaucluse**  
Michael White named his brasserie in the *département* in the South of France, and menu sections are dedicated to “Le Potager” (cucumber-and-zucchini gaspacho vert), “Les Viandes” (filet of veal with seared foie gras and caramelized-onion tartine), and “Pour Deux” (canard à l'orange). 100 E. 63rd St., at Park Ave.; 212-677-0425.

**Werkstatt**  
Thomas Ferlesch has been a proud ambassador of his native Austria since his days at Vienna 79, and now he'll be serving up pretzels and Wiener schnitzels (plus whatever else he feels like cooking in his Werkstatt, or workshop) in his own Brooklyn backyard. 509 Coney Island Ave., at Turner Pl., Prospect Park South; 718-284-5800.



**Breads Bakery**  
The new Upper West Side branch of Danish-Israeli baker Uri Scheft's excellent bakery-café has everything the downtown original has, plus outdoor seating for alfresco babka munching. 1890 Broadway, nr. 63rd St.; 212-633-2253.

**BYGGYZ**  
Owing to unforeseen delays, it's taken Dewey Dufresne (a.k.a. Wylie's dad) four years to open this sandwich shop. On the bright side: All that

downtime has afforded him the opportunity to brainstorm intriguing combinations like peanut butter and sardines. Imagine what four more years could yield. 37-39 Clinton St., nr. Stanton St.; no phone yet.

**Carla Hall's Southern Kitchen**  
The *Top Chef* contestant, *Chef* co-host, and Nashville native moves into the old Pok Pok Whiskey Soda Lounge space, where she will fry up her hometown's spicy specialty, hot chicken, and offer it, as custom dictates, in a variety of lip-numbing levels of heat. 115 Columbia St., at Kane St., Columbia Street Waterfront District; no phone yet.

**Chuko Bushwick**  
The buzzing Prospect Heights ramen-ya will replicate its signature soups and half-fried kale salad in another Brooklyn neighborhood,

with the addition of outdoor dining in season and a full liquor license year-round. 144 Evergreen Ave., at Jefferson St., Bushwick; no phone yet.



**Court Street Grocers**  
The madcap grocers and sandwich-makers of Carroll Gardens bring their regional American pantry obsession to Manhattan, where they'll stock the shelves with all sorts of gourmet staples and delicious oddities. The signature sandwiches get a new stage, too—an old-fashioned lunch counter—where they'll be joined by novel concoctions like the Dirty Turkey (roasted breast, giblet-and-andouille pâté, slaw, mayo, and Creole-spice

vinaigrette on a Caputo's hero roll). Plus beer, wine, and cider on tap. 540 La Guardia Pl., nr. W. 3rd St.; 212-582-7946.

**David's Cafe**  
Chef David Malbequi, who emigrated from France to work for Daniel Boulud several years back, shows his casual side with Franco-American comfort food like duck confit and mac 'n' cheese. His partners are longtime East Villagers Daniel Rivera (of the Crooked Tree next door) and the Summit Bar's Hamid Rashidzada. 110 St. Marks Pl., nr. First Ave.; no phone yet.

**High Street on Hudson**  
Eli Kulp's sandwiches at Philadelphia's High Street on Market are legendary, and so are the kaiser rolls and roasted-potato loaves (baked by Sullivan St Bakery alum Alex Bois) they're served on. The New York outpost will reprise the original's breakfast-to-(eventually) late-night service hours, its retail bakery component, and its open kitchen—but this time, the oven's front and center. 637 Hudson St., at Horatio St.; 917-388-3944.

**Kingsley**  
Roxanne Spruance has cooked under some of the greats, including Christian Delouvrier, Wylie Dufresne, and Dan Barber, and at her remake of the old Back Forty space she'll apply modern and traditional techniques to dishes like chawanmushi with escargot and black garlic, and popcorn crème brûlée. 190 Ave. B, nr. 12th St.; 212-674-4500.

**La Sirena**  
Mario Batali and Joe Bastianich's reinvention of the Maritime Hotel's restaurant space features a 40-foot glass-enclosed bar, plus “elevated trattoria” fare like baby octopus Siracusa style and grilled swordfish Messinese. Also, this being B&B's first foray into New York hotels, there will be breakfast (Sardinian fritters with Pecorino and honey)

and room service. 88 Ninth Ave., at 17th St.; no phone yet.



**Le Coq Rico**  
This Paris transplant, courtesy of three-Michelin-starred Antoine Westermann, comes with a subtitle: “The Bistro of Beautiful Birds.” The chickens in question include Jersey Giants, cooked in more ways than you ever imagined. There is baeckeoffe, there are giblets, and there's an entire section dedicated to eggs. 32 W. 20th St., nr. Sixth Ave.; no phone yet.

**Momosan Ramen & Sake**  
The Iron Chef Morimoto's first full-fledged ramen shop will specialize in two types of soup broth: the long-simmered pork-bone tonkotsu, and chicken, plus a roster of side dishes meant to go with sake. “Momosan” is what his non-Japanese staff started calling him when “Morimoto-san” proved too cumbersome. 342 Lexington Ave., nr. 39th St.; no phone yet.



**Supercrown Coffee Roasters**  
Having co-founded (and since sold) Gorilla Coffee, Darleen Scherer knows as much about branding as she does about third-wave coffee roasting and brewing. Her new operation combines a roastery with a café dedicated to single-origin espresso and coffee served in drinks like an almond-and-cashew-milk latte and the Swedish-inspired “Kaffeledonad.” 8 Wilson Ave., nr. Flushing Ave., Bushwick; no phone yet.



**Yet-to-be-named Fredrik Berselius restaurant**  
Fredrik Berselius's post-Aska project has a 25-seat dining room (for multicourse tasting menus), a 40-seat basement bar serving à la carte, and a courtyard equipped with charcoal grills. But the biggest upgrade is the kitchen, built to facilitate the various techniques (preserving, smoking, curing, baking) that characterize his Scandinavian-rooted, locally sourced cuisine. 47 S. 5th St., nr. Wythe Ave., Williamsburg; no phone yet.

**Grave Fishbar**  
Todd Mitgang's Midtown East seafood restaurant is one of those quietly excellent neighborhood spots you don't hear enough about. With an Upper West Side expansion, that might change. 428 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 81st St.; no phone yet.

**Indian Accent**  
This modern Indian restaurant and its chef, Manish Mehrotra, are to international culinary awards what Meryl Streep is to Oscars. A New York branch of the New Delhi original takes over the old Seppi's space in Le Parker Meridien hotel. 123 W. 56th St., nr. Sixth Ave.; no phone yet.

**Insa**  
Eighteen tables equipped with Korean barbecue grills plus five private themed karaoke rooms (from Jungle to Vegas) sounds like about as much fun as you can have in Gowanus without breaking the law. It's the sophomore project of the Good Fork's Sohui Kim, who'll also serve a separate street-food-inspired menu at the bar. 328 Douglass St., nr. Fourth Ave., Gowanus; 718-855-2620.

**Le Pizzaiolo**  
*Suddenly, the classically trained French chef Laurent Tourondel is a pizza contender.*

LAURENT TOURONDEL has stealthily been fine-tuning the dishes for **L'Amico**, his Italian-accented restaurant at the Eventi hotel, for a while now, trying them out on unsuspecting revelers who gather at the hotel's bar, the Vine, and who probably have no idea the man roasting their wood-oven chicken and smoking their gnudi got his start cooking for the admiral of the French navy. Based on a couple of Vine visits, we can already tell you that we're impressed. And judging by the soppressata picante pie, you'd think that Tourondel, who's making his New York pizza debut, had been stretching dough and moving Margheritas around the oven's hot spot all his life. → *L'Amico*, 849 Sixth Ave., at 30th St.; 212-201-4065; Sept.

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# STORES

BY LAUREN SCHWARTZBERG

FIRST LOOK

## Domenico Vacca

15 W. 55th St.

This September, Italian designer Domenico Vacca, known for making Ari Gold's suits on *Entourage*, will open an 11-floor complex, complete with a store, café, barbershop, salon, members-only club, and long-term-stay residences.

**Residences:** Eight floors of long-term-stay apartments (one-month minimum; pricing TBD), furnished by Domenico Vacca.

**Hair salon:** Six chairs for women's haircuts (from \$120), blow-dries (\$50), and highlights (\$180).

**Men's outerwear:** Gray-and-blue sport jackets (\$2,600); double-breasted suits (\$2,900).

**Video:** Two-story-tall video screens playing the most recent fashion shows.

**Handbags:** Two-story-tall wood-paneled shelves displaying the signature Julie bag (from \$2,400) in 35 colors.

**Café:** A cappuccino specialist from Italy serves coffee, breakfast, lunch, and evening aperitivi; 25-person seating area.

**Live music:** Italian singers like Umberto Smaila play one week per month.

**Open bar:** A \$20,000 yearly membership fee includes light food and an open bar for you and three guests.

**Outdoor space:** A 2,000-square-foot terrace with a retractable roof and fire pit; 4,000-square-foot rooftop.

**VIP shopping:** A bespoke shopping experience with a Domenico Vacca specialist.

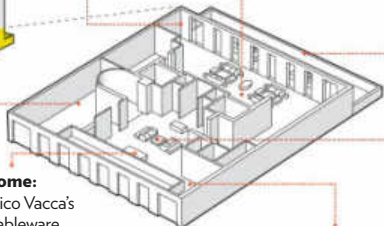
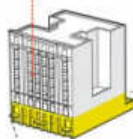
**Barber:** Three chairs for men's shaves (\$25) and cuts (\$30).

**Men's handmade shirts:** 300 varieties (\$360).

**Men's accessories:** Domenico Vacca's first collection of watches (\$7,900) and Uomo fragrance (\$240).

**Women's eveningwear:** Sheer cocktail dresses (from \$900); sequined gowns (\$1,900).

**Home:** Domenico Vacca's first tableware collection.



2x2

## Ernest

255 Fifth Ave.

Founded by a Belgian-born designer, the European furniture distributor d'Apostrophe will open a storefront named Ernest with a strong selection of sleek chairs (mid-October).

TWO LEGS

FOUR LEGS

ARMS



**Pub & Club**, by Bulo. Designed by Luc Vincent. \$1,987.



**Ciell**, by Tabisso. Designed by Noé Duchaufour-Lawrance. \$3,218.

NO ARMS



**Visa**, by Wildspirit. Designed by Anita Nevens. From \$2,650.



**Mosquito**, by Wildspirit. Designed by Michael Bihain. From \$985.

THREE-IN-ONE

## Zazen Bear

497 Broome St.

A Korean-Japanese concept shop offering plush sleep cushions and meditation jewelry, a downstairs art gallery, and yoga classes (September).



**STORE:** The Zazen Bear's shape, according to the company, represents peace and tranquility and acts as a reminder to "stop, breathe deeply, and embrace the inner self." Apparently, hugging a Zazen Bear plush cushion (\$50) helps create a feeling of calm; pink sapphire necklaces (\$475) are meant to evoke a "feminine sense of eternal peace of mind."

**GALLERY:** A live-plant wall spans the store's two floors, and the downstairs space displays Japanese artist Seiho's Zen paintings and calligraphy (from \$14,000). **WELLNESS:** The word zazen translates to "sitting in the lotus position," so the downstairs gallery will double as a yoga and meditation studio, with Zen-related classes by guest speakers.

SIDE BY SIDE

Opening just five blocks apart, two very different menswear brands encourage in-store lounging.



**Diamond Supply Co.**  
286 Lafayette St.;  
end of August



**The Slowear Store**  
116 Prince St.;  
mid-August

WHO

Readers of *Thrasher* who might otherwise shop at Supreme, which is a few doors down.

Readers of *A Continuous Lean* who prefer their virgin wool knit in Northern Italy.

WHAT

**Limited-edition printed-in-the-USA tees**, designed in collaboration with New York-based UXA (\$38) and DJ legends Stretch and Bobbito (\$38); purple or cream logo skateboard decks (\$50).

**Handmade, in-store-exclusive designs** from four Italian brands: Incotex slim-fit chinos (\$350), Zanone knit sweaters (from \$295), Glangshirt button-downs (from \$225), Montedoro blazers (from \$950).

HANG

Two Barcelona loungers sit next to a coffee table covered with skateboard magazines; an outdoor bench on a sidewalk wide enough to skate; **scheduled appearances from skaters and artists.**

A 1930s curved sofa and velvet armchairs next to art-book-stacked shelves; a record player for classic-rock vinyls; **visiting Italian barbers and tailors for haircuts and made-to-order trousers.**

FIRST LOOK

Printed Matter

231 11th Ave.

This October, the independent art-book seller will move into a much bigger space in Chelsea, with two floors and a gallery.

**Photography:** *The Family Acid*, by Roger Steffens (\$65).

**Comics:** *Here Comes Kitty: A Comic Opera*, by Richard Kraft (\$32).

**Novels:** *The Book Lovers Publication: Artist Novels*, edited by David Maroto and Joanna Zielinska (\$34).

**Architecture:** *Architecture/Astrology*, by Jessica Russell, Mieko Meguro, and Dan Graham (\$40).

**Feminism and Gender:** *A Feminist Publication on Art and Politics*, by the Heresies Collective (\$15).

**Gallery:** Two smaller exhibition rooms can convert into one big space depending on the show.

**Out-of-print:** *Inserts*: advertising supplements to the Sunday New York Times, by Group Material (\$65).

**Special editions:** *Acid.gif*, by Paper Rad (\$10); *100 Tiles*, by Thomas Mailaender (\$250).

**Small and miniature:** *Different Notions of Time*, by Athena Tacha (\$10).

**Community bulletin board:** Local services, events, and workshop announcements.

**Reading room:** The publisher's first since its Soho store closed in 2001.

**Posters:** "A Kind in Glass," by Eve Fowler (\$250).

**VHS:** ESP TV boxed set (\$250).

**Cassettes and LPs:** *A Sheep on the Bus, Vol. 3* (\$6).

**Zines:** *Phantasia IV*, by Beni Bischof (\$15).

TOP FIVE

HAY Mini Market

81 Spring St.

Mette Hay, co-founder of the Danish design firm, picks her favorites from the first New York HAY Mini Market, taking over the lower level of the MoMA Design Store now through January.



"I asked the Dutch couple Scholten & Baijings to design these **tea towels** (\$18) for us. All of the furniture they sell is very expensive, but my idea was to create an object that anyone could buy."



"This **wooden hand** (from \$18) is usually sold in art-supply stores for people to learn how to draw hands. We display it as a decoration piece. It's one of our most popular products."



"People buy these **spine binders** (\$15) from us because of the colors. They want everyday objects that are more beautiful to look at. We've sold them to everyone from 7-year-old girls to architects."



"This **tree-trunk vase** (from \$45) by Richard Woods is my favorite product from the Wrong for Hay collection, because it looks a bit odd. The concept was translated from a large tree trunk that Woods showed in London."



"Inga Sempé designed this **letter box** (from \$18) so you could archive papers while holding a cup of coffee. Normally, you need to open the box with the other hand, but because of the little slip here, you don't need to."

## FIRST LOOK

### Totokaelo

54 Crosby St.

The Seattle-founded den for designers like Rachel Comey and Haider Ackermann arrives in Soho with five floors, outdoor gardens, and a hidden shoppable stockroom (September 12).

**Outdoor space:** 400 square feet with chairs, couches, and free Wi-Fi.

**Library:** Phaidon-sponsored community library.

**White clothes:** Rachel Comey dresses (\$598).

**VIP fitting room:** By-appointment private shopping for top clients will include beer, Champagne, and lunch.

**Colorful clothes:** Blue Dries Van Noten boots (\$785).

**Jewelry:** Nikos Koulis geometric cutout earrings (\$4,860).

**Statement designers:** Acne Studios robe coats (\$1,550).

**Men's clothes:** Yohji Yamamoto sweaters (\$877).

**Smoking section:** Six-foot-wide outdoor courtyard with benches and a mural by Margot Bird.

**Women's shoes:** Y's by Yohji Yamamoto jumper dresses (\$1,172).

**Dark clothes:** Y's by Yohji Yamamoto jumper dresses (\$1,172).

**Home objects:** Julie Thevenot wall hanging (\$836).

**Shoppable stockroom:** Upon request, shop clerks take clients into the stockroom for exclusive products.

**Men's shoes:** Rick Owens Creeper ankle boots (\$1,792).

## ASK A SHOP CLERK

### #

(pronounced "hashtag")  
489 Broadway

Ricky's NYC president **Richard Parrott** (@RPNYC) opens #, selling beauty products he discovers through Instagram, in a boudoir-size space bowing at the end of August.



**What's your search process?** I open Instagram in the morning and fall down the rabbit hole. Say I'm following NYX Cosmetics, and they post a picture of a girl wearing incredible lipstick. If the caption says, "Thanks to so-and-so ...," I'll click on that person. Then I start looking through their posts and find a picture of a lipstick that's even better than the one they posted of NYX. I click on that one and see who liked it and just keep going. You click through ten different people and 20 different comments until you're like, *What is this brand? I've never even heard of them!*

**Safe to say you'll be carrying many Kardashian-endorsed products?** Yeah. One example is this self-tanner Cocoa Brown (\$14), out of Ireland. I was already carrying it in Ricky's before Kylie Jenner posted about it, but when she did, I sold out.

**How many brands are you selling?** We're starting out with about 20, but we're also treating # as an incubator. Beauty-product creators can send me their bios, and I'll see what they can do with three feet of space. If they get traction, I'll open them up into all of the Ricky's stores. My secret wish is that someone picks that up as a show, like *Shark Tank*.

## Incoming!

Store proprietors pick their most anticipated fall arrivals.

### ABC HOME

Co-create x Catellani & Smith  
Cosmos Star LED light,  
\$4,000.  
888 Broadway.

**Paulette Cole, CEO and creative director:** "The colors are inspired by chakras—the yellow light can spark the energy of intention; the blue can deepen a sense of intuition."



### CITE

Karim Rashid hookah for  
Gaia & Gino, \$2,025.  
32 Greene St.

**Travis Decker, sales director:** "The world's most high-end hookah, designed by renowned Arab designer Karim Rashid."

### MCNALLY JACKSON, GOODS FOR THE STUDY

Stálogy translucent  
sticky notes, \$7.  
234 Mulberry St.

**Sandeep Salter, partner and director:** "Put these Japanese sticky notes on top of something and annotate a text that's underneath. They're really useful."



### THE LINE

Blackcreek Mercantile &  
Trading Co. cutting board,  
\$175.  
76 Greene St.

**Vanessa Traina Snow, executive creative director:** "There's a fabulously modern dark finish on this white oak, from upstate."

### ABODE

Stephen's Stovetop BBQ Grill,  
\$95.  
179 Grand St., Williamsburg.

**Tony Wong and Brian Sahd, co-owners:** "You can continue grilling all your favorite summer-cookout food—juicy hamburgers, charred vegetables—but inside, right on top of your gas stove."



### STILL HOUSE

Fredericks and Mae pumice-  
stone brushes, \$36 each.  
117 E. 7th St.

**Utre Tylaite, founder:** "They're made with volcanic stone and boar bristle, which you can use to file down foot calluses and sweep away the dust."

### BEAM

Luca Nichetto for Seletti  
Inception desk organizer-  
dish rack, \$125.  
240 Kent Ave., Williamsburg.

**Ali Arain, owner and buyer:** "This silicone desk organizer-dish rack was inspired by the scene in *Inception* where the city of Paris folds onto itself, as if made of rubber."



### COMING SOON

Exclusive Concrete Cat  
Incense Holder, \$80.  
37 Orchard St.

**Helena Barquet and Fabiana Faria, co-founders:** "Burning incense and sage gets you in the mood for spending more time indoors at home."





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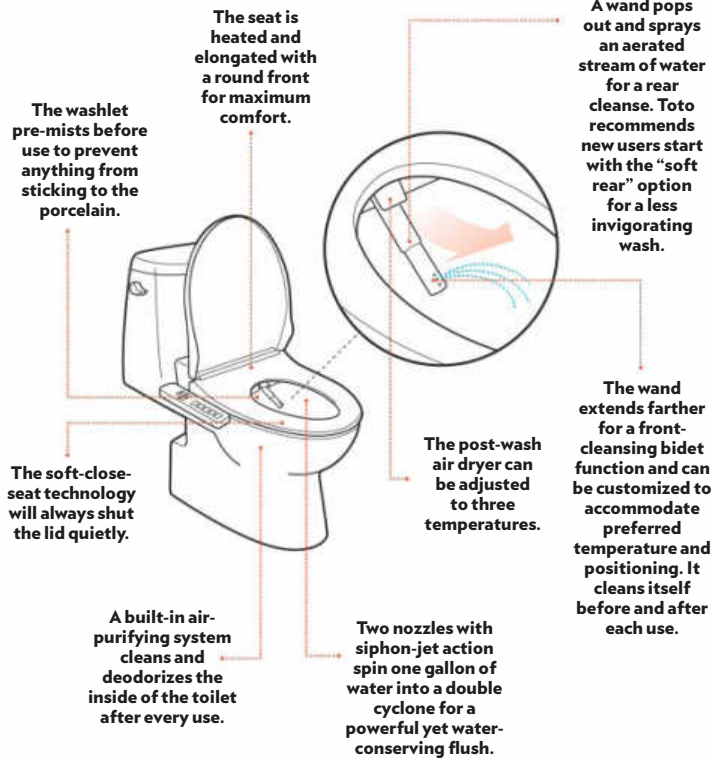
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## DECONSTRUCTION

### Toto

20 W. 22nd St.

Toto's new **Carlyle II 1G toilet with C100 washlet (\$1,493)** will be available at its forthcoming showroom (December).



## SIDE BY SIDE

Two new instant-makeover salons, one uptown, one down.



**M.A.C Studio**  
825 Lexington Ave.;  
soft-opened in July,  
grand opening in September



**Joli Beauty Bar**  
44 E. 1st St.;  
September

### SETUP

Six makeover chairs in the front room have attached iPads featuring looks like "neutral face with winged liner and bold bright lips"; two back rooms are for parties and VIP clients.

Six chairs in a 400-square-foot room decorated with subway tiles reminiscent of Paris Métro stations, one private-party room, and a changing area with storage lockers.

### SERVICES

Full makeovers, including a face chart to re-create the look at home (\$60); **tattoo cover-ups** (\$10); and contouring and smoky-eye lessons (\$30).

Express eye masks (\$25), full-face makeovers (from \$60), and lash extensions (\$150), which **all come with a glass of wine or espresso.**

### PRODUCTS

**All of M.A.C's 1,200 products**, including new additions like Cremesheen Pearl lipsticks (\$17) and cult favorites like Ruby Woo lipstick (\$17) and Extreme Dimension Lash (\$22).

Makeup artists will use **hard-to-find brands like Shien Cosmetics**, which Joli plans on eventually selling in-store.

## Also Opening



**Lowe's**  
The home-improvement chain debuts in Manhattan with two smaller-scale (but still 30,000-square-foot) stores on the Upper West Side and in Chelsea. In addition to the appliances and storage products, there are throw pillows, vases, and other décor curated by New York interior designer Nicole Gibbons. Apartment-friendly vignettes include one kitchen setup that squeezes a dishwasher, stove, and cooktop within an eight-foot countertop. 2008 Broadway and 635-641 Sixth Ave.



**Tory Sport**  
Ahead of a stand-alone storefront expected in March, this pop-up version inside Tory Burch's original boutique is a *Royal Tenenbaums* take on athleisure, with navy-and-red Lycra leggings (\$125) and tennis sweaters made in breathable cotton (\$195). 257 Elizabeth St.

**Givenchy**  
Following a seven-year absence, the brand helmed by Riccardo Tisci returns to New York with a zebra-print-accented, 4,600-square-foot Upper East Side flagship and the



launch of its first-ever denim collection. 747 Madison Ave.

**Porcelanosa**  
A Spanish transplant, this fancy kitchen-and-bath showroom features an interactive wall with life-size images of its porcelain tiles and brushed-wood laminate flooring—plus a café, bar, library, and rooftop. 202 Fifth Ave.

**Dylan's Candy Bar**  
Think of it as a nightclub version of the original Dylan's—shiny black

walls, color-changing ceilings, oversize-lollipop trees—in a building once home to Andy Warhol's Factory. 33 Union Square W.



**Artists & Revolutionaries**  
Based in the Hudson Valley, this ecofriendly womenswear label will offer linen jumpers (\$198), *shibori*-dyed dresses (\$368), and recycled-leather belts (\$148) in a cabinlike space. 120 Thompson St.

**Cire Trudon**  
After closing its Bond Street location a few years ago, the Parisian



candle shop returns with burgundy lacquered furniture, antique mirrors, leather- and glazed-chestnut-scented natural wax candles (from \$55), and kitschy wax busts. 248 Elizabeth St.



**Larsson & Jennings**  
Net-a-Porter shoppers may recognize the very

British details—vegetable-tanned leather straps, brushed-metal bezels, round faces with Roman numerals—of these Swiss-made watches (priced around \$350). The first Stateside store will also offer free coffee from South London's Alchemy. 335 Bleecker St.

**Bloomingdale's: The Outlet Store**  
Expect "all the usual players" at Manhattan's first-ever Bloomie's outlet, says company senior vice-president Michelle Israel: a robust denim section with brands like Paige, basics from Vince, and Converse sneakers, all for as much as 70 percent off the department store's prices, with new deliveries coming in every few days. 2085 Broadway

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# MOJITO



Bar Goto

## Fig cocktails in Flushing and beer pong in Times Square.



### BAR GOTO

Try the Sakura Martini (made with sake, gin, Maraschino, and cherry blossom) at this Japanese bar from Kenta Goto—the American Bartender of the Year winner at 2011's Tales of the Cocktail, formerly of Pegu Club. Snacks such as grilled cheese okonomiyaki are by Bohemian's Kiyo Shinoki.  
 → 245 Eldridge St., nr. Houston St.; 212-475-4411. Open now.

### LEAF BAR AND LOUNGE

Most likely, you think of noodle-slurping, not craft-cocktail-swilling, when it comes to Flushing. But co-owner Todd Leong (Lucky Rice) hopes to change that with this rooftop *izakaya* serving drinks like Sweet Dreams (bourbon, chamomile, honey, fig) and Taiwanese-night-market-inspired food like popcorn chicken.  
 → 133-42 39th Ave., Flushing; 718-865-8158. Open now.

### DREXLER'S

In a bilevel space (complete with an upright piano and old church pews as seating), Darin Rubell, the owner of next-door Boulton &

Watt, will serve cocktails like a milk punch (for which his Bushwick bar Forrest Point has become well known) and an on-tap Mojito while DJs spin vinyl downstairs.  
 → 9 Ave. A, nr. Houston St.; 646-524-5226. Late Aug.

### THE BENNETT

A 1,600-square-foot space courtesy of the team behind Dear Irving and Raines Law Room. Drinks, designed by Meaghan Dorman, will be divided into Original House Creations and Audience Awards—cocktails that have been hits at the team's other locations.  
 → 134 W. Broadway, nr. Duane St.; no phone yet. Sept.



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- The Huffington Post

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TICKETMASTER.COM 877-250-2929 [OnYourFeetMusical.com](http://OnYourFeetMusical.com)

## HAYMAKER BAR & KITCHEN

Always in short supply: a decent Penn Station-area bar. Haymaker's 18 beers on tap, which include IPA-forward brews from Other Half and out-of-town selections like Westbrook and Stillwater, complement the kitchen's gastropub menu. → 252 W. 29th St., nr. Eighth Ave.; 646-429-8237. Sept.

## CALLE 23

Food options include truffle-infused duck breast Wellington. → 1641 Second Ave., at 85th St.; 212-989-2100. Sept.

## SUFFOLK ARMS

While Suffolk Arms was supposed to take over the onetime Meow Mix space in fall 2014, it is finally on track to open before the end of September.

## THE BAD OLD DAYS

Two bartenders who met while working at Rockwood Music Hall teamed up to open this 700-square-foot spot catering to their neighbors in Ridgewood. Expect mid-century couches, a cozy library, classic cocktails, and a six-tap beer list. → 1684 Woodbine St., nr. Cypress Ave., Ridgewood; 347-696-0612; Sept.

## SEÑOR FROGS

After multiple delays, spring break is finally coming to Times Square. The northernmost location of this notorious party spot (which has outposts in Cancun, Aruba, and other frat-boy-friendly locales) will offer frozen margaritas by the yard, nachos, conga lines, karaoke, booty-shaking

## GARFUNKEL'S

Second Floor on Clinton and Barramundi's will close to make way for this new bilevel spot. The plan's to close at 4 a.m. seven nights a week. Downstairs is casual, serving drinks and a Pat La Frieda burger; upstairs is a speakeasy with cocktails overseen by Lucinda Sterling. → 67 Clinton St., nr. Rivington St.; 212-529-6900. Oct.

## BIRDY'S

The three high-school friends behind Old Stanley's and King Noodle have designed their latest bar to emulate the mid-'80s Bowery dives where they used to underage drink. They'll serve \$6 mixed drinks and beers, while table shuffleboard and four pinball machines take up the back. → 1215 Myrtle Ave., nr. Bushwick Ave., Bushwick; no phone yet. Oct.

## FLASH FACTORY

Underground techno and experimental-rock fans can dance till the wee hours at this 10,000-square-foot club courtesy of Provocateur's Michael Satsky, who will also program the music. While his lavish Provocateur is famously exclusive, here you'll only need to purchase a ticket to get in. → 229 W. 28th St., nr. Seventh Ave.; 212-929-9070. Oct./Nov.

## UNTITLED PROJECT

Operators are tight-lipped except to confirm that Chris Santos (the Stanton Social, Beauty and Essex) will pair with the Tao Group to open this massive venue. Community-board questionnaires show there's plans for a clubbier venue downstairs and a restaurant-style space with outdoor seating upstairs. → 199 Bowery, nr. Spring St.; no phone yet. Fall.

By Joshua M. Bernstein, Rachel Felder, Matthew Giles, Vanity Salisbury, Lauren Schwartzberg, and Mary Jane Weedman.



Señor Frogs

## BIEROCRACY

Inspired by Central Europe's grand beer halls, the 4,000-square-foot spot will dispense brews both local and imported, served according to Czech tradition. (Try the milky mlíko pour.) To eat, *Chopped* champ James Gillespie's menu includes duck bacon with blanched cabbage and fruit dumplings. → 12-23 Jackson Ave., nr. 47th Rd., Long Island City; no phone yet. Sept.

## THE DAISY

From the owners of the West Village mainstay Agave comes an "agave gastropub" specializing in cocktails prepared using obscure, small-batch spirits like Sophie Decobecq's

There'll be décor celebrating "notorious" New Yorkers and drinks from bar vet Giuseppe Gonzalez (Pegu Club). → 269 E. Houston St., at Suffolk St.; no phone yet. Sept.

## ROBERT

Building on Bond—which regulars call Bob—spawns a more grown-up brother bar next door. As the owners are the team behind the Hecho design-build firm, there will be a lot of repurposed décor: a ceiling covered in nearly 50,000 domino tiles and a 1970s jukebox, with music curated by head bartender Josh White. → 112 Bond St., nr. Pacific St., Boerum Hill; no phone yet. Sept.



## STRONG ROPE BREWERY

Medal-winning homebrewer Jason Sahler turns pro with a small Gowanus facility (Brooklyn Brine's former home, which holds 50 people). He'll use New York ingredients to craft American-style brown ales, stouts, and IPAs, eight of which will be available by the pint in the taproom (the bar is made from a black-walnut tree felled by Sandy) and can be toted home in a growler. → 574A President St., nr. Fourth Ave., Gowanus; no phone yet. Oct./Nov.

contests, beer-pong tournaments, staff flash mobs, and blind-folded dating games. An elevated stage will host the Rolling Frogs Band every night. → 11 Times Sq., nr. 42nd St.; 212-221-3833. Sept.

## MR. PURPLE

This sure-to-be-sceney spot on the 15th floor of the Hotel Indigo is from the Gerber Group (Irvington, Kingside). Things shut down nightly at 4 a.m., and there are two terraces, one of which houses a pool and its own bar. Bites will likely be provided by Russ & Daughters and Katz's. → 180 Orchard St., nr. Stanton St.; no phone yet. Oct./Nov.

# WHITNEY

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Robert Morris (b. 1931), *Untitled* (3 Ls), 1965 (refabricated 1970), Stainless steel, Whitney Museum of American Art, New York; gift of Howard and Jean Lipman. Installation view: *America Is Hard to See*, Whitney Museum of American Art, 2015. © 2015 Robert Morris / Artists Rights Society (ARS)

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# The CULTURE PAGES



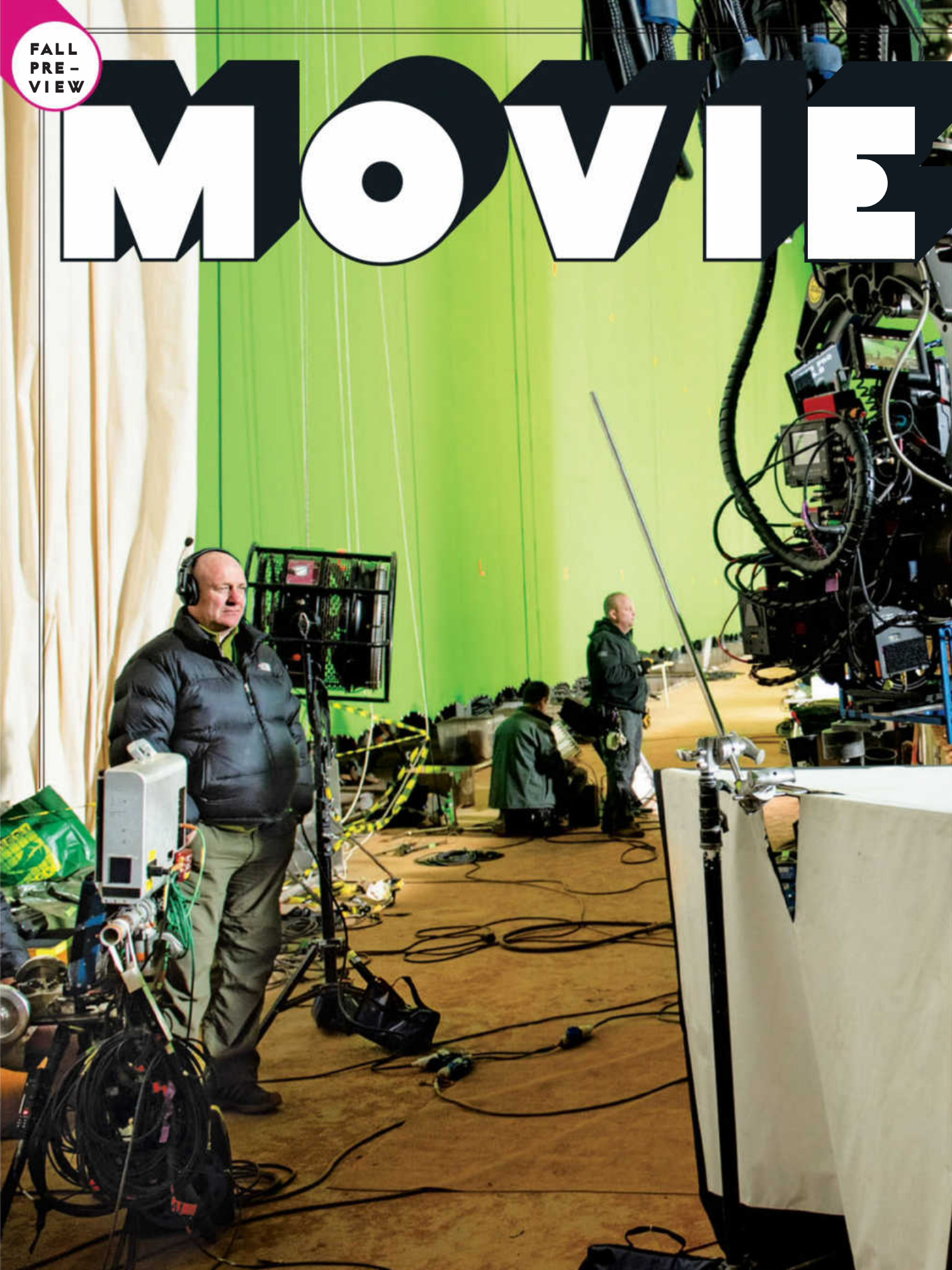
## EVERYTHING IS HAPPENING

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PHOTOGRAPHS: PATRICK MCMULLAN (KANYE, LANA DEL REY); COURTESY OF THE DISTRIBUTORS (REMAINING)

FALL  
PRE-  
VIEW

# MOVIE





**B**EFORE YOU ASK: Yes, Ridley Scott knows that his new movie, *The Martian*, which opens on October 2 and stars Matt Damon as an astronaut left behind on Mars, has something in common with 2014's *Interstellar*; in which Damon played another astronaut stranded on another extraterrestrial planet. "These movies are coming out 12 months apart, so who cares?" says Scott. "If it were six months, I'd have told Matt not to do it. But 12 months? What the hell!"

Unlike *Interstellar*, which burdened him with co-stars, *The Martian* allowed Damon some extreme alone time. "He only spent about four days on the set with the other actors"—who include Jessica Chastain, Kate Mara, and Michael Peña—"and then the rest of the shoot all by himself," says Scott. Without anyone for Damon to talk to, Scott and screenwriter Drew Goddard (whose script is adapted from Andy Weir's novel *The Martian*) worried about having too much voice-over narration in their movie. "But Matt and I came up with a solution," says the director: "GoPro cameras, which were in his every vehicle. He talks into them and eventually started treating them like companions. They really helped vary the tonality of his performance."

While Damon is presumably happy to be back among earthlings—he's currently making the next film in the Bourne series—Scott is planning a return visit to outer space: "I'm already deep into *Prometheus 2*, and we start shooting soon."



9/2

**A Walk in the Woods**

Robert Redford ambles down the Appalachian Trail as travel writer Bill Bryson in Ken Kwapis's coming-of-old-age comedy.

9/4

**The Transporter Refueled**

Time to tank up on Russian kingpins, bank heists, femme fatales, and *Game of Thrones* vet Ed Skrein as a special-ops mercenary turned trafficker.

**Dragon Blade**

John Cusack is a Roman general (*veni?*), Adrian Brody a corrupt and patricidal consul (*vidi...*), and Jackie Chan a jacked warrior (*vici!*) in this Silk Road era globalization battle epic that pits ancient China against the West.

**Break Point**

Jeremy Sisto and David Walton are estranged brothers—and former doubles-tennis



Tom Hardy as twin brothers in *Legend*.

partners—brought back together by an 11-year-old.

**Heroes of Dirt**

Joel Moody plays an aspiring BMX stunt rider who must mentor a wayward teen.

**Steve Jobs: The Man in the Machine**

Both Apple and Jobs's widow, Laurene Powell, declined to participate in Alex Gibney's latest behind-the-tech-curtain doc.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, then, it turns out to be a searing take on Jobs's personal and professional life.

9/9

**Time out of Mind**

Expect depressing but very serious acting in the latest from Oscar nominee Oren Moverman, with Richard Gere as a homeless and mentally ill man, Jena Malone as his estranged daughter, and Ben Vereen as a faded jazz musician.

9/11

**The Perfect Guy**

Gorgeous career woman (Sanaa Lathan) gets distracted by gorgeous, creepily perfect guy (Michael Ealy): violence, chaos, and stalking ensue.

**The Visit**

M. Night Shyamalan's self-financed comeback was filmed in and around his Pennsylvania home. Kathryn Hahn, a single mother, leaves her children with her parents, who become straight-up creepy after dark.

**Sleeping With Other People**

Jason Sudeikis and

Alison Brie are New Yorkers who meet 12 years after a college hookup in Leslye Headland's follow-up to the deliciously foul *Bachelorette*.

9/16

**Pawn Sacrifice**

Tobey Maguire plays anti-Semitic chess champ Bobby Fischer.

9/18

**Scorch Trials**

The second installment in the *Maze Runner* saga, with Aidan Gillen as Rat-Man. This time, will he get the cheese?

**Sicario**

Emily Blunt plays an FBI agent undergoing an existential crisis while tracking a Mexican drug lord; thank goodness Benicio Del Toro is around to mumble intriguingly.

**Everest**

Because it's there: Icelandic filmmaker Baltasar Kormákur has Jake Gyllenhaal and Jason Clarke leading expedition groups up the mountainside. Then, there are obstacles to overcome.

**Captive**

Based on a true story. Kate Mara stars as

a single mother who turns to self-help lit when she's held hostage in her own home (but not by her kids, or her bad life decisions, or the banality of self-help lit itself).

**Black Mass**

Get ready for Johnny Depp in another wig, lots of silly-sexy '70s getups, and many attempts at Boston accents in Scott

Cooper's long-awaited Whitey Bulger drama.

**Cooties**

Elijah Wood is the hero of this gory comedy about an elementary school where the kids turn savage after a mysterious virus spreads.

9/25

**Stonewall**

Can the master of CGI catastrophe, Roland Emmerich, tell the story of the gay-rights

Whoopi Goldberg in *Big Stone Gap*.



**EARLY REVIEWS FROM THE SONY-HACK EMAILS**

**HOTEL PENNSYLVANIA 2 AND GOOSEBUMPS**  
 "Either big hits or big fuck ups."

**SPECTRE**  
 "The scenes with Madeline and Bond are sexy and really well done."

**THE NIGHT BEFORE**  
 "Liked it. Funny. Doesn't break any new ground I don't think."

**CONCUSSION**  
 "Still feel like ending is a touch loose."

PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF UNIVERSAL PICTURES (LEGEND); ANTONY PLATT/COURTESY OF PICTUREHOUSE (BIG STONE GAP)



**AL  
PACINO**

**CHINA  
DOLL**

**A NEW PLAY BY**

**DAVID  
MAMET**

**DIRECTED BY**

**PAM  
MACKINNON**

**10 PERFORMANCES ADDED!**

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AL PACINO in CHINA DOLL Written by DAVID MAMET with CHRISTOPHER DENHAM  
Set Design DEREK MCLANE Costume Design JESS GOLDSTEIN Lighting Design RUSSELL H. CHAMPA  
Casting by TELSEY & COMPANY, WILLIAM CANTLER, CSA Directed by PAM MACKINNON

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rebellion that started in a small bar in the Village with only mascara and a few wigs at his disposal?

**Mississippi Grind**

Ryan Reynolds gambles his way down the Mississippi River in Anna Boden and Ryan Fleck's road-trip film.

**Hotel Transylvania 2**

The animated monster romp returns with the voices of Mel Brooks, Selena Gomez, Steve Buscemi, and Adam Sandler.

**The Intern**

Robert De Niro stars

as a 70-year-old widower interning for Anne Hathaway's fashion-website founder in Nancy Meyers's latest.

**The Green Inferno**

Eli Roth's version of the '80s Italian cult classic *Cannibal Holocaust* sounds appropriately bloody: In the Amazon jungle, New York activists are set upon by the natives they planned to "save."

**99 Homes**

Andrew Garfield evicts families from their houses in this 2008-financial-crisis pic.



## KATE WINSLET

*How she won a role in Steve Jobs and managed to remember all of her lines.*



**S**TEVE JOBS, Aaron Sorkin and Danny Boyle's selective biopic, ran a painfully public gauntlet to production, riddled with false starts, jettisoned stars, and even a supporting role in the Sony-hack saga. Among its most interesting and salutary turns was Kate Winslet's 11th-hour casting as Joanna Hoffman, the brunette Eastern European-born marketing guru who speaks truth to Jobs's charismatic power. After lobbying producer Scott Rudin with an emailed photo of herself in a wig, Winslet disappeared into Hoffman, opposite Michael Fassbender's Jobs, over the course of a whirlwind series of long, intricate scenes. She regaled *New York* with the backstory and more during preparations for another chaotic production, a dinner party at home in England.

**NED ROCKNROLL, WINSLET'S HUSBAND:** Hello. Who am I talking to?

**New York Magazine.**

**NED:** She's just pouring herself a glass of wine. *(To Winslet)* Am I not allowed to tell the gentleman that you've had a glass of wine? You're going to share her with a glass of wine. All right, enjoy.

**WINSLET:** Hi. Actually, hold on. I have a little bit of an issue with the wine. *(Long pause.)* It tastes like cider, that's the bad news. I don't know why, it's a nice enough bottle of rosé. I'll just open another one and try again. I promise I don't start all my interviews like this. I've got to get the 11-year-old babysitter now to take care of a 1-and-a-half-year-old. I've fed the baby and I'm about to feed the 11-year-old, and we have people coming over for supper, so I've checked on the chicken. I've taken the bread out of the oven that I was baking, and it's all systems go, just another day at the office. I am cooking everything, which is not remotely unusual. Now I'm going

upstairs by myself with the phone to conduct the best interview of my entire life, I swear it.

**So, then, you'll be in Steve Jobs. How did you get the part?**

Let me enlighten you if I may, because I'm very aware that this film has been so talked about for such a long time, with it having been David Fincher and then it was Leo and then it was Christian Bale and then it moved on to Danny with Michael, and all the Sony hacks, et cetera. This film came to me through incredibly unconventional channels. I was filming *The Dressmaker* in Australia in the middle of absolutely nowhere. And the hair-and-makeup artist was someone who I'd known for a while. And we were chatting one day in the trailer about what we were doing next.

I was coming up on a break, which I was actually quite looking forward to. And this lovely woman, she said to me, "It's quite exciting actually, because I've had a phone call through Scott Rudin and Danny Boyle that they'd quite like

### OUR MOVIE CRITIC'S FIVE MOST ANTICIPATED

*The films David Edelstein can't wait to see.*

**EXPERIMENTER**

Peter Sarsgaard as Stanley Milgram, the Yale researcher who ordered test subjects to deliver shocks to a stranger, their semi-blind obedience suggesting the worst in human nature—as depicted by indie stalwart Michael Almereyda (*Hamlet*).

**OUR BRAND IS CRISIS**

David Gordon Green directs a fictionalized version of one of the most penetrating docs of the aughts, Rachel Boynton's tragicomedy of a South American election warped by newfangled Yankee image manipulation.

**BROOKLYN**

Saoirse Ronan as an Irish immigrant in what's rumored to be an emotionally transporting portrait of a time and place—the Brooklyn of the '50s.

**SNOWDEN**

Visionary-thug-maverick-ironclad Oliver Stone will likely make up his own rules in telling the story of Edward Snowden (Joseph Gordon-Levitt), the traitor/savior who showed us the inner workings of our modern surveillance state.

**JOY**

The title is the name of the heroine, who rises to become the matriarch of a family business in this dark, tumultuous comedy—and also my response on hearing that Jennifer Lawrence would reunite with writer-director David O. Russell.

me to go and work on this movie about Steve Jobs. They're just trying to firm up their dates and they've got to really pull it together fast"—because there was a specific window in which Michael was available, which began in January and ended in April, and we are at this moment in the first week in December. She said it was written by Aaron Sorkin, so I'm, like, all ears, and she said it's just brilliant, the script. It's written in three acts, and each act focuses on the launch of a different product. And finally, I say, "So, what's the girl part?" And she says, "Oh, my God, she's brilliant, it's this fantastic woman, this feisty Polish-Armenian immigrant." And I'm going, "Holy shit, who's playing that part?" And we both kind of looked at each other, and she went, "Oh, my God!" We set off on this very strange mission to get me this job. I connected with my agent. She said it's been offered elsewhere, but rumor has it that person isn't going to be available. Lo and behold, that person was unavailable. I could feel that the powers that be weren't overly intrigued by the idea of me playing this role, maybe because physically, facially, I didn't look like a Polish-Armenian immigrant. But sometimes you have to convince people, so my wonderful husband, Ned, I said to him, "Okay, honey, please, while I'm at work, would you mind awfully going to a wig shop and, please, get for me three dark-haired wigs, one short, one shoulder-length, and one long—and we will Google what this woman looks like." There are very few actual images of her online, and I said, "Of course, I look absolutely nothing like her, perfect." So I put a wig on my head and scrubbed my face of all makeup. I took one photograph of myself, and, lucky me, I have an email address of one Mr. Scott Rudin, and I just sent him the photo with no subject. Soon there's this call saying, okay, okay, can Danny come and meet with Kate in Australia? And I'm like, "Holy fuck, what have I started?" They sent me the script, and immediately I thought, *This is amazing, I really want to play this part.* I had the meeting with Danny, and I just said, "This is how I would play this part, this is who I believe that she is," and he said, "I want you to play this part." So then cut to three and a half weeks later, I'm in a rehearsal room in San Francisco. We rehearsed each act like a play and then filmed it in order from start to finish. Michael and I were able to develop as

literally co-workers. I do believe it was very similar to the relationship that Steve and Joanna had. She was like his work wife. She was head of marketing for the Macintosh, and then she stayed with him for his working life. She was an extraordinary, feisty Eastern European person who was pretty much the only person who could actually knock sense into Steve, and she was also kind of an emotional compass.

**Joanna Hoffman is still around. Did you contact her to prepare?**

I spent a great deal of time with Joanna, and she herself has a softness to her. She came to America as a young woman and achieved a great deal. One thing that was unique about her as a figure in Steve's life was that she didn't need anything from him. She just needed for him to be the best version of himself. And that's what really set their relationship apart from any relationship with all his other colleagues.

**Did you base your performance on meeting her?**

I just wanted to please her as much as I could. How she sounds, and her accent, is fairly complicated. She grew up largely in Armenia, spent some time in Poland, and has Russians in her family, so she has all three accents, but she's been in America since she was a teenager, so she had American rhythms. You know, she *really* has this *accent* that goes *way* up and *down*. It's almost impossible to copy because of just how singsongy it becomes. So I had to put it into my own register. But we were all doing accents. I mean, Michael's Irish, and he's playing Steve Jobs, for God's sake.

**Fassbender is known to be quite Method. Was he always in character on set?**

No, not in character. But he's on every single page of over 182 pages of dialogue. When you're playing a character who's talking and talking, pages and pages of dialogue without stopping, you have to be very respectful of how the other person works. If we had a very difficult scene to do, we would often find ourselves gravitating toward quiet corners of the set, and I would almost be the hovering henchman, making sure that we had as much space as we needed.

**The movie has some long tracking shots, which means the chosen take has to be perfect. Were you constantly worried about being the one to—**

Fuck it up, yeah. You sure as hell don't want to. But I can still remember all of it, everything. If we have to go and perform it tomorrow onstage, I'll bet you anything we could still remember our lines. With Sorkin dialogue, by the way, if you drop a word, the whole thing unravels and just turns to dog shit.

**What did you learn about Apple and Jobs before and during the shoot?**

Sorkin makes it almost not about Steve Jobs at all. It's about how that man has 100 percent dictated how we all live our lives today and how we function as people. The film is about all of us, and all of us today, not in '84 or '88 or '98. I mean, look at us all—how we function. You look at a lot of toddlers today, they'll pick up any screen of any kind, and they don't push a button, they swipe. It's horrifying but kind of extraordinary, and that is Steve Jobs. As a parent of a small child, it's

Michael Stuhlbarg, Michael Fassbender, and Kate Winslet in Steve Jobs.



PHOTOGRAPH: FRANÇOIS DUHAMEL/COURTESY OF UNIVERSAL PICTURES

alarming. I remember the days of rotary phones. I'm 39 years old, so it wasn't that long ago.

**Are you looking forward to 40?**

To be honest, being in *Steve Jobs* is a big part of the closing chapter of my 30s. Holy Christ, what a way to end my 30s! I really do feel that way because of that film. The last two years for me have been incredibly busy, because I want to go rocketing to 40. I want to get to that day and feel just so excited about the next chapter. It's been a pretty punchy decade for me in many ways. A lot has happened in my 30s, in great ways, and I genuinely, as a woman, really do feel excited. It's fun watching your face change, especially for an actor. All my lines, they're hard-won, I'm proud of them. When I was 21, shooting *Titanic*, I would think about being 40 and think, *Oh, my God, old people*. But I can probably say I feel younger than I did in my 20s, and I know myself now in an utterly unquestionable way that I think in your 20s you sort of think you do, but you haven't got a fucking clue.

**It occurs to me that all you need for the EGOT is a Tony. Yet, surprisingly, you've never tried Broadway.**

Wouldn't that be something? People often say to me, "What's your dream, what's your goal?" Maybe that's one. I've never really had a goal or a specific ambition. Maybe I should have that for my 40s. I've got to do a play first, hell.

**What about Shakespeare? You did Ophelia in a movie Hamlet.**

Not Shakespeare. Do I have to? You're saying that because I'm British and you think it would be second nature. Come on, admit it. But I don't go to bed reading Shakespeare sonnets, I swear to God. I fall asleep reading cookbooks. Actually, on that subject, I have to go, because I have to go check on the chicken. I'm not kidding, I really do.

BORIS KACHKA



François Truffaut and Alfred Hitchcock in *Hitchcock*/Truffaut.

**Drunk, Stoned, Brilliant, Dead: The Story of the National Lampoon**

A documentary about the 40-year history of the magazine and film company, with commentary from the likes of Judd Apatow, Kevin Bacon, and Chevy Chase.

**9/30**

**The Walk**  
See page 102.



**10/2**

**Legend**  
Tom Hardy stars in this costume epic as both Ronnie and Reggie Kray, the notorious and charismatic Swinging '60s London-playboy-gangster twins.

**The Martian**  
See page 95.

**Freeheld**  
Based on a true story. Julianne Moore plays a New Jersey cop whose domestic partner is denied pension benefits.

**10/9**

**Pan**  
Clap if you believe we

need another *Peter Pan* reboot! Rooney Mara is Tiger Lily, Garrett Hedlund is a young and very dashing Captain Hook, and Hugh Jackman is a walking twirly-mustache (a.k.a. Blackbeard).

**Big Stone Gap**  
Ashley Judd plays a sassy single lady in Appalachia. Set to Rosanne Cash's music.

**Steve Jobs**  
See page 98.

**10/16**

**Goosebumps**  
The iconic children's-book series comes to the screen: A teenage boy moves from the city to the country and falls in love with the neighbor girl, whose father just so happens to be *Goosebumps*

author R.L. Stine (Jack Black).

**Crimson Peak**  
Guillermo del Toro's gothic romance set in a creepy U.K. country house. Tom Hiddleston, Jessica Chastain, and Mia Wasikowska are on hand, to be creepy or creeped out.

**Experimenter**  
See critic's picks (page 98).

**Bridge of Spies**  
Steven Spielberg directs this Cold War drama (written by the Coen brothers) based on the true story of a Brooklyn insurance lawyer (played by Tom Hanks) who helped negotiate a spy swap with the Soviets; notorious pinko Mark Rylance plays said Soviet spy.

Bill Murray in *Rock the Kasbah*.



**THE FALL'S BUSIEST ACTORS**

**FOUR MOVIES**

**Ethan Hawke**  
*The Phenom, Maggie's Plan, Born to Be Blue, Regression*

**Alicia Vikander**  
*Tulip Fever, The Light Between Oceans, The Danish Girl, Burnt*

**THREE MOVIES**

**Michael Fassbender**  
*Steve Jobs, The Light Between Oceans, Macbeth*

**Domhnall Gleeson**  
*Brooklyn, Star Wars: Episode VII—The Force Awakens, The Revenant*

**Room**  
The always quietly excellent Brie Larson gets her chance at stardom in this drama, written by novelist Emma Donoghue and based on her best seller about a young mom held in captivity with her 5-year-old son.

**Trumbo**  
Bryan Cranston plays



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—The New York Times

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blacklisted screenwriter Dalton Trumbo.

## 10/23

### **Burnt**

Remember *Kitchen Confidential*? It was good! Bradley Cooper plays a debauched chef (again) who tries to regain his former glory in London.

### **Paranormal Activity: The Ghost Dimension**

Take five in the undying franchise, involving the usual host of scary shadow figures, spooky chanting children, and, now, "spirit photography."

### **The Last Witch Hunter**

Vin Diesel, donning furs and a dreadlocked beard, is joined by Elijah Wood and Michael Caine in Breck Eisner's bombastic witch-hunting fest.

### **Jem and the Holograms**

The cult '80s girl-power animated series is back: A quartet of small-town sisters are catapulted from underground-video fame into global stardom. Adding to the retro flavor, Juliette Lewis and Molly Ringwald star in it, with *Nashville*'s Aubrey Peeples as Jem.

### **Rock the Kasbah**

A bandanna-clad Bill Murray plays a music manager whose client

(Zoey Deschanel) strands him, passportless and penniless, in Kabul—where he stumbles upon a teenage Afghan Next Big Thing.

### **Suffragette**

Carey Mulligan, Meryl Streep, and Helena Bonham Carter fight for their rights in early-20th-century Britain.

## 10/30

### **Scouts Guide to the Zombie Apocalypse**

Three Boy Scouts and a cocktail waitress against the world, with Patrick Schwarzenegger as a quarterback.

### **Collide**

Badass old Brits in action: Anthony Hopkins is a drug lord and Ben Kingsley a gangster in Eran Creevy's drug-smuggler action thriller.

### **Our Brand Is Crisis**

See critic's picks.

## 11/6

### **Brooklyn**

See critic's picks.

### **Spectre**

The 24th Bond film, with dashing, deady Daniel Craig in a no-doubt-delightful array of snug suits and shades.

### **The Peanuts Movie**

Snoopy and Charlie



# JOSEPH GORDON-LEVITT

*On meeting Edward Snowden and learning to walk a tightrope.*

**A**ND THE OSCAR for Actor Most Likely to Be Detained by Airport Security goes to Joseph Gordon-Levitt, who plays two real-life anarchist-heroes this fall: In Robert Zemeckis's *The Walk*, which opens the New York Film Festival on September 26, he stars as Philippe Petit, the French daredevil who walked a wire between the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center in 1974. And in Oliver Stone's *Snowden*, out on December 25, Gordon-Levitt will play the exiled NSA whistle-blower. If all that wasn't enough to get him on a watch list, he'll also reteam with Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg, who produced last year's *The Interview*, for *The Night Before*, about three best friends (Rogen, Gordon-Levitt, and Anthony Mackie) who spend a wild Christmas Eve in New York.

### **Did you really learn to walk on a wire for *The Walk*?**

Some of it is me, and some is a double. But I did learn how to walk on a wire—it was actually Philippe himself who taught me. He set up this elaborate eight-day workshop and he said, "By the end, you will be able to walk on a wire." It sounded ambitious, but he was right.

### **You shot the World Trade Center scenes on a soundstage. How high up were you?**

We were 12 feet up in the air, which sounds measly next to 110 stories. But it still feels high. I had a safety line, and, just to clarify—this is my pride kicking in—it doesn't help you balance. It just catches you if you fall. Luckily, I never had to get caught. But it doesn't matter that it's only 12 feet. Your body is like, *Oh, fuck!* All your muscles tighten up and your heart starts racing.

### **Did meeting Philippe help you play him?**

The thing that really speaks to what Philippe is like was, when he was teaching me how to walk on the wire, he had this bell, called the victory bell. Whenever he would spot a little bit of progress, he'd say, "That was a victory! Go ring the bell!" You'd have to run across the room and ring the bell in victory. It seemed ridiculous, but it's about focusing on the positives, and that's right at the core of who Philippe is and why he was able to accomplish such great things.

### **You're also playing Edward Snowden. Did you meet him?**

Yes. Um. Let's talk about that another time.

### **Are you trying to re-create his mannerisms in *Snowden*?**

For sure, but I never wanted it to feel like an impersonation. I'm not really a great impersonator. It would be distracting if I went all the way into an impersonation with Philippe Petit or Edward Snowden. But I still did want to

Jennifer Lawrence and Robert De Niro in *Joy*.



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Spectrum Dance Theater. Photo: Timo Tran

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***APPOMATTOX*** with PHILIP GLASS  
Oct 5

**BALLETCOLLECTIVE**  
Oct 19

***HAGOROMO*** with  
**WENDY WHELAN & JOCK SOTO**  
Oct 26

**DONALD BYRD & CHARLES WUORINEN**  
Nov 2

**DANIIL SIMKIN'S *INTENSIO***  
Nov 8

**PLAYWRIGHTS HORIZONS**  
***MARJORIE PRIME*** with JORDAN HARRISON  
Nov 9

**BROADWAY DANCE LAB**  
Nov 14

**JUILLIARD DANCE**  
Nov 15

**PAUL TAYLOR COMMISSIONS**  
**DOUG ELKINS & LARRY KEIGWIN**  
Nov 21, 22

**INSPIRED COLLABORATIONS**  
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look and sound like them. I wanted to have the basic air of who they are.

**What are your own feelings about Snowden?**

I really didn't know anything about Snowden when Oliver Stone called me, because I just had not been up on the news. But I believe what he did was done very sincerely out of his love for the United States. He has a strong belief in the system and wants it to work. He showed that the government was lying, breaking the law, and violating the Constitution. It's debatable whether mass surveillance is an effective method of counterterrorism. But his point is not that it is or it isn't; it's that we have a democracy, with a government of, by, and for the people. Whether you think he's right or he's wrong, he's certainly got a lot of balls.

**Rian Johnson, your frequent collaborator, is directing *Star Wars VIII*, and there are rumors you'll have a role. Do you hope that they're true?**

That's the best way to say it: I hope that they're true.

LANE BROWN

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**Spotlight**

Thomas McCarthy (*Win Win*) directs the story of the Boston *Globe's* Pulitzer-winning exposé of the Catholic Church's sexual-abuse cover-up. With Michael Keaton, Mark Ruffalo, Billy Crudup, and Rachel McAdams.

**11/13**

**The 33**

Antonio Banderas stars in the miraculous story of the 2010 Chilean mining disaster.

**By the Sea**

Angelina Jolie directs herself and Brad Pitt as a slinky married couple on the rocks in 1970s France.

**Entertainment**

Gregg Turkington is a scruffy, washed-up comedian touring the desert: dark motel rooms, John C. Reilly

as an enthusiastic farmer, and a Michael Cera cameo in a toilet scene you might wish you hadn't seen.

**Rings**

You would have thought it impossible, in the age of Netflix, to make another sequel to 2002's *The Ring*, a movie about a killer video tape, but no.

**11/20**

**The Hunger Games: Mockingjay, Part 2**

The series' bifurcated finale will burn through the box-office receipts, even in the corrupt, cynical Capitol, with the final showdown between Katniss and President Snow!

**Secret in Their Eyes**

Julia Roberts is an FBI investigator whose daughter is brutally murdered in this multilayered mystery based on the Argentine Oscar winner *El Secreto de Sus Ojos*.

**11/25**

**The Good Dinosaur**

Prepare to weep big, digital Pixar tears.



Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie in *By the Sea*.

Here's the setup: Dinosaurs never became extinct—but not in that played-out, corporate-greed *Jurassic World* way—and Arlo the Apatosaurus must learn to face his fears.

**Victor Frankenstein**

James McAvoy is the young Dr. Frankenstein and Daniel Radcliffe his assistant in this boy-band retelling of Mary Shelley's classic.

the lengthy 1962 interview between the auteur's poster boy and the French New Wave maestro, with Martin Scorsese, Wes Anderson, and David Fincher weighing in.



**Creed**

Rocky (Sylvester Stallone) is back (was he ever gone?), training Adonis Johnson (Michael B. Jordan), a young boxer battling the ghost of his dead heavyweight father.

**The Night Before**

See page 102.

**11/27**

**I Saw the Light**

Tom Hiddleston star as doomed country-music legend Hank Williams.

**The Danish Girl**

Eddie Redmayne books himself another ticket to the Oscars playing real-life transgender painter Lili Elbe.

**12/1**

**Hitchcock/Truffaut**

Prepare ye, film geeks: a documentary on

**12/4**

**Krampus**

Adam Scott and Toni Collette try to survive a Christmas plagued by Santa Claus's evil titular counterpart in Michael Dougherty's horror-comedy.

**Youth**

A retired composer, his daughter, and a filmmaker cross paths at a Swiss spa in this star-studded, male-meaning-of-life melodrama (with Michael Caine, Jane Fonda, Rachel Weisz, and Harvey Keitel).

**12/11**

**In the Heart of the Sea**

Is this Ron Howard's white whale? The director's latest explores the aftermath of the New England whaling-

Joseph Gordon Levitt in *The Walk*.



PHOTOGRAPHS: COURTESY OF UNIVERSAL PICTURES (BY THE SEA); COURTESY OF SONY PICTURES ENTERTAINMENT (THE WALK)



KEIRA KNIGHTLEY  
GABRIEL EBERT    MATT RYAN  
AND  
JUDITH LIGHT

# THÉRÈSE RAQUIN

BY HELEN EDMUNDSON  
BASED UPON THE NOVEL BY ÉMILE ZOLA

DIRECTED BY EVAN CABNET

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boat disaster that inspired *Moby-Dick*.

**The Ridiculous Six**  
Netflix's Adam Sandler produced (and starring) *Magnificent Seven* spoof. Despite some early controversy, the master of bad taste has guaranteed it's "100 percent pro American Indian."

## 12/18

**Star Wars: The Force Awakens**  
Harrison Ford, Mark Hamill, and Carrie Fisher are back as Han, Luke, and Leia (along with newcomers like Oscar Isaac and Adam Driver) in J.J. Abrams's continuation of the tireless space epic, set 30 years after *Return of the Jedi*.

**Sisters**  
*Pitch Perfect*'s Jason Moore directs Tina Fey (the wild one) and Amy Poehler (her perfect, albeit recently divorced, sis), who throw the high-school party their parents never allowed when they reunite to clean out their childhood bedrooms.

## 12/25

**The Revenant**  
Alejandro González Iñárritu directs Leonardo DiCaprio as an 1820s fur trapper (and bear-attack survivor) who walks 200 miles to take



Daisy Ridley and Finn John Boyega in *Star Wars: The Force Awakens*.

revenge on three men who robbed him.

**Point Break**  
A remake of the 1991 Kathryn Bigelow extreme-sports-bank-robber original (which

starred then-hunky Patrick Swayze and Keanu Reeves!). Nobody who will see this film was even born in 1991.

**Daddy's Home**  
Uptight stepfather Will Ferrell competes with cool dad Mark Wahlberg to win the affection of his kids; Linda Cardellini is the mom caught between their tomfoolery.

**Joy**  
See critic's picks.

**Snowden**  
See page 102.

**Concussion**  
Will Smith and Alec Baldwin star in this forensic-neuropathology drama (that's a thing now), based on Jeanne Marie Laskas's 2009 *GQ* article about what NFL playing does to your brain.

## SPOILING THIS FALL'S BIOPICS

**PAWN SACRIFICE (Bobby Fischer)**  
In 2008, the famous chess master succumbed to kidney failure in Reykjavík, Iceland.

**STEVE JOBS (Steve Jobs)**  
The Apple founder battled pancreatic cancer for years before dying in 2011.

**THE DANISH GIRL (Lili Elbe)**  
Born a man, Elbe was a successful painter who underwent one of the earliest sex-reassignment surgeries in

1930. At 48, she died when her body rejected a transplanted uterus.

**TRUMBO (Dalton Trumbo)**

Two of Trumbo's pseudonymous screenplays won Oscars while he was blacklisted. The writer outlived the anti-Communist hysteria, though, dying of a heart attack in 1976.

**I SAW THE LIGHT (Hank Williams)**  
At only 29, the country-music legend died of a heart attack in the backseat of

a powder-blue Cadillac.

**LEGEND (Ronnie and Reggie Kray)**  
The British gangsters and twin brothers were in their mid-30s when they were put away for good in 1969. They each lived for decades more before dying in captivity.

**THE REVENANT (Hugh Glass)**  
The frontiersman lived to middle age before being killed by Native Americans in the winter of 1833.

Amy Poehler and Tina Fey in *Sisters*.



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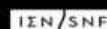
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FALL  
PRE-  
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# TELEVIEW



PHOTOGRAPH: EDDY CHEN/COURTESY OF THE CW



# VISION

## A WHOLE NEW SONG AND DANCE

Viral video star Rachel Bloom arrives on TV.

BY GAZELLE EMAMI

COMEDIAN RACHEL BLOOM'S new CW rom-com musical, *Crazy Ex-Girlfriend*, promises to take the wacky spirit of her popular online videos to its logical conclusion. Bloom plays a Manhattan lawyer, Rebecca Bunch, who drops everything to follow her high-school ex to dreary West Covina, California. As one does, Rebecca pierces the suburban boredom—and signals some disturbing emotional undercurrents—by breaking into song, occasionally while atop a giant pretzel.

Here, the 28-year-old Bloom explains how she came to create one of the most eagerly anticipated shows of the fall season.

"How *Crazy Ex-Girlfriend* got made was a young comedian's dream. I was doing music videos online and they would do well, to varying degrees. [*The Devil Wears Prada* screenwriter] Aline Brosh McKenna saw them, and the next thing I know, I get an email saying, 'Aline Brosh McKenna and CBS would like to meet with you to discuss potentially making a musical TV show.' We started talking, and Aline suggested a concept called 'Crazy Ex-Girlfriend'—the idea of a woman's perspective on how we come to be crazy, why love makes us crazy, and what does the word *crazy* even mean.

"People started to call the show 'My Crazy Ex-Girlfriend,' and I was like, No, no, no. This is not a man saying, Oh, my crazy-bitch ex. It was that little addition of 'my' that made me consider that there's this whole other world where men label women crazy when they're not being crazy. That's not what this show is about. This show is about the idea that love and infatuation take the power of your own mind away from you.

"My humor tends to lie in the juxtaposition of extreme lightness and extreme darkness. Later periods of musical theater did what the show is doing, which is mixing the light and the dark. That's what they do in *Chicago*, in *Cabaret*, and Stephen Sondheim does it all the time. *Crazy Ex-Girlfriend* harkens to those composers who took musical theater and put a darker lens over it. The show is Rodgers and Hammerstein with a *South Park* sensibility."

Rachel Bloom  
and a  
salted pretzel.



**The Civil War**  
(PBS, 9 p.m., 9/7-9/11)  
Ken Burns's groundbreaking documentary celebrates its 25th anniversary with five nights of his trademark grave voice-overs, slow pans over somber photos, and lilting American music.

**Minority Report**  
(Fox, 9 p.m., 9/21)  
Team up with Meagan Good and Stark Sands to solve yet-to-happen crimes, à la Steven Spielberg's 2002 film (see page

112), which failed to predict Tom Cruise's current renaissance.

**Blindspot**  
(NBC, 10 p.m., 9/21)  
Wouldn't *Memento* make a plausible TV show? A Jane Doe covered in nothing but tats emerges from a duffel bag in Times Square, and only her ink will help her discover her identity.

**The Daily Show With Trevor Noah**  
(Comedy Central, 11 p.m., 9/28)  
After 16 years of Jon Stewart—no pressure, Trevor.

**Crazy Ex-Girlfriend**  
(The CW, 8 p.m., 10/12)  
Guy and girl fall in love at summer camp. Ten years later, girl, now a successful law-

yer, ditches New York for Cali to woo back her crush, complete with musical interludes! (See page 109.)

**Supergirl**  
(CBS, 8:30 p.m., 10/26)  
See critic's picks.

**Childhood's End**  
(Syfy, 8 p.m., 12/14-12/16)  
Arthur C. Clarke's sci-fi novel as a three-night mini-series, with Charles Dance leading an alien race's bloodless takeover of Earth.



**Best Time Ever With Neil Patrick Harris**  
(NBC, 10 p.m., 9/15)  
See critic's picks.

**The Bastard Executioner**  
(FX, 10 p.m., 9/15)  
See critic's picks.

**The Grinder**  
(Fox, 8:30 p.m., 9/29)  
Rob Lowe, who's also in NBC's *You, Me & the End of the World*, plays a preening actor who, after his *Law & Order* esque show goes off the air, has to join the family law practice with his younger brother, played by fellow familiar face Fred Savage.

**The Muppets**  
(ABC, 8 p.m., 9/22)  
See critic's picks. (It's shaping up to be a strong Tuesday this fall.)

**Scream Queens**  
(Fox, 8 p.m., 9/22)  
Ryan Murphy's latest, set at a mean-girl sorority besieged by a serial killer; the all-star cast features original scream queen Jamie Lee Curtis, Abigail Breslin, pop starlet Ariana Grande, and Murphy veterans Emma Roberts and Lea Michele, the latter in some serious headgear.

**Limitless**  
(CBS, 10 p.m., 9/22)  
What happens when you take a pill that helps you access 100 percent of your brain? Perhaps you create a TV-show



Ariana Grande, Emma Roberts, Abigail Breslin, and Billie Lourd in *Scream Queens*.

reboot of a surprisingly well-remembered movie. (See page 112.)

**Grandfathered**  
(Fox, 8 p.m., 9/29)  
Another full house for star John Stamos, who plays a perfectly content bachelor and restaurateur who learns he's actually not only a father but, gulp, a grandfather.



**Moonbeam City**  
(Comedy Central, 10:30 p.m., 9/16)  
More Rob Lowe! This animated *Miami Vice* parody—with voices by Lowe and Elizabeth Banks—spoofs everything '80s, from the pastel outfits to the synth-heavy soundtrack.

**Code Black**  
(CBS, 10 p.m., 9/30)  
Marcia Gay Harden does her part to keep CBS prime time out of intensive care with this drama set in a busy ER unit.

**Casual**  
(Hulu, 10/7)  
A comedy for cord-cutters involving online dating, intrafamily role reversals, and Jason Reitman (who'll executive-produce the show and directed its pilot).



**Heroes Reborn**  
(NBC, 8 p.m., 9/24)  
NBC returns to its *Heroes* well, hoping that this time their superpowers can boost the network's ratings, if not save mankind.

**The Player**  
(NBC, 10 p.m., 9/24)  
Wesley Snipes's network debut. (See page 112.)

**SuperMansion**  
(Crackle, 10/8)  
Bryan Cranston heads up an over-the-hill superhero collective in stop-motion.

**Angel From Hell**  
(CBS, 9:30 p.m., 11/5)  
Jane Lynch and Maggie Lawson are complete opposites who form an unlikely friendship when Lynch reveals she's Lawson's guardian angel.

**Saints and Strangers**  
(National Geographic, Thanksgiving)  
Vincent Kartheiser serves up the heart-warming tale of the first Thanksgiving. (Presumably, nobody was eager to eat the cranberry sauce that came from a can that year either.)

**The Wiz Live!**  
(NBC, 8 p.m., 12/3)

This one-night adaptation of the 1978 film, featuring Mary J. Blige, Queen Latifah, David Alan Grier, and newcomer Shanice Williams as Dorothy, follows in the divisive footsteps of Allison Williams's *Peter Pan Live!* extravaganza.



**Hand of God**  
(Amazon, 9/4)  
The charismatically ruffled Ron Perlman plays a grizzled, cursing judge who, when he isn't doing such wholesome, law-abiding things as visiting prostitutes, believes his recent visions will help bring his daughter-in-law's rapist to justice.

**Dr. Ken**  
(ABC, 8:30 p.m., 10/2)  
See critic's picks.

**Master of None**  
(Netflix, 11/6)  
Aziz Ansari stars in this quasi-autobiographical (his real dad will play his fictional dad) comedy about a man in his 30s who, as these things often go, suddenly realizes he's got some growing up to do.

## OUR TV CRITIC'S FIVE MOST ANTICIPATED

Here's what will be on Matt Zoller Seitz's DVR.

**THE BASTARD EXECUTIONER** (FX)  
From Kurt Sutter, the creator of *Sons of Anarchy*, comes this story of a warrior (Lee Jones) who swears off killing only to pick up a sword again when he's forced to become an executioner. Sutter's muse Katey Sagal co-stars as Annora of the Elders. To no one's surprise, the show is reputed to be astoundingly violent.

**BEST TIME EVER WITH NEIL PATRICK HARRIS** (NBC)  
Skits, pranks, musical numbers, all hosted by Harris. And it's live. There's no way this weekly show can fail to be awesome.

**DR. KEN** (ABC)  
Ken Jeong, the scene stealer from *Community*, stars as a House-like doctor. That is, an excellent pathologist with no social skills.

**THE MUPPETS** (ABC)  
The late Jim Henson's beloved troupe of felt actors has undergone an excellent revival in recent years; the process continues on this mockumentary that gives the characters the reality-show treatment.

**SUPERGIRL** (CBS)  
Greg Berlanti of *Arrow* and *The Flash* is executive-producing this one. That's really all I need to know.

**ALFIE BOE**  
BRINGS IT HOME  
TO BROADWAY

A promotional poster for the Broadway production of Les Misérables. The central figure is Alfie Boe as Valjean, depicted with a weathered, bearded face and a dark, tattered coat. He has a serious, intense expression and a visible wound on his forehead. The background is a dramatic, atmospheric scene of a Gothic cathedral with crosses on its spires, set against a hazy, blue-tinted sky. A large, vibrant red flag or banner is draped across the right side of the image. The title 'M. Les Misérables' is written in large, golden, 3D block letters across the middle of the image.

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**The Last Kingdom**  
(BBC America, 10 p.m., 10/10)  
England was apparently just a pathetic damp backwater, constantly being invaded by Vikings—until an unknown warrior-knight set it on the path to “Rule, Britannia!”



**Project Greenlight**  
(HBO, 10 p.m., 9/13)  
The bromantic duo of Ben Affleck and Matt Damon return, again searching for the next great first-time filmmaker.

**Quantico**  
(ABC, 10 p.m., 9/27)  
FBI recruits train to become agents, but with a twist: One will mastermind the largest terrorist attack since 9/11.

**Ash vs. Evil Dead**  
(Starz, 9 p.m., 10/31)  
Happy Halloween! Bruce Campbell and Sam Raimi reunite for the long-awaited *Evil Dead* series, promising blood, gore, and as much camp as you can stomach.

**Flesh and Bone**  
(Starz, 8 p.m., 11/8)  
*Black Swan* meets *Center Stage* meets real-world accuracy in this ballet-world mini-series, stocked with ABT dancers. *Center Stage*'s Charlie and Cooper—Sascha Radetsky and Ethan Stiefel—act and choreograph, respectively.

**Into the Badlands**  
(AMC, 10 p.m., 11/15)  
A warrior and a young boy seek enlightenment (consider it a helpful psychological reprieve after *The Walking Dead*).

## KNOW YOUR REBOOTS

The latest shows to make the big-to-small-screen leap.

### LIMITLESS (CBS)

**Based on:** Neil Burger's 2011 thriller, starring Bradley Cooper.

**The Plot:** Brian Finch (Jake McDorman) is a slacker musician who stumbles onto mystery drug NZT, making him the smartest man alive and drawing the attention of shady senator Ed Morra (Cooper, recurring in his original role).

#### What If I Haven't Seen the Film?

“There's no burden of prior knowledge at all,” assures executive producer Craig Sweeny. “The procedural's a very sturdy format.”

### MINORITY REPORT (FOX)

**Based on:** Steven Spielberg-Tom Cruise's 2002 sci-fi thriller.

**The Plot:** A decade after Washington, D.C.'s abolished pre-crime policing, telepathic pre-cogs Dash (Stark Sands), Arthur (Nick Zano), and Agatha (Laura Regan) have been relegated to a life in hiding, and killers are having a field day.

#### What If I Haven't Seen the Film?

“The film didn't create a world that is drastically different from our own,” offers executive producer Max Borenstein. “All it did is it said, ‘In 50 years, what are the changes going to be?’ Building that world will set this show apart.” KENNY HERZOG



## WESLEY SNIPES

The erstwhile action star makes his TV pitch.

IT SEEMS LIKE EVERY FALL SEASON, a new network star (who's not really that new) is born. This September, Wesley Snipes is a prime breakout contender for his role as the enigmatic maybe-villain maybe-not Mr. Johnson—the representative of a shadowy consortium that gambles on a former intelligence officer's ability to prevent crimes—in NBC's action-drama *The Player*, premiering September 24. The series represents Snipes's highest-profile gig since finishing off a two-year stint in prison for failing to file income-tax returns, and he's eager to be back in the game—for a variety of reasons.

**You've been away for a while. Were you at all hesitant to jump right into series television?**

Somewhat. With film, I've been able to keep a certain amount of privacy. Film stars still have a little mystery to them. But when you do television, you're in someone's living room. So there were lifestyle changes that had to be considered. We were able to work something out that gives me privacy, and the show itself is intriguing enough to make this experience a worthwhile bet.

**You passed on the role of Lucious Lyon in *Empire*. Did the success of that show have anything to do with TV being more appealing to you than it otherwise might've been?**

No, it didn't affect my situation because we were already in negotiations for this before *Empire* took off. *Empire* wasn't the right fit for what I'm trying to do as an artist and as a businessman. This is a much better arrangement. I can do great business and the schedule makes the acting like being in a great repertory theater. Oh, man, it's fun!

**What are you trying as a businessman? You have a first-look development deal with Sony TV, right?** Well, TV is attractive because it gives you an opportu-

nity to explore concepts that could lend themselves to future business opportunities. You can truly test the market. And there are some stories that are better served in TV than in film—multiple characters and multiple worlds. That's good stuff, and it's what me and my team are developing, mostly via comedies and supernatural action projects. I'm kicking down the doors and taking names, damn it!

**What's the project you most want to get made?**

That would be *Master Daddy*, without question.

#### What's *Master Daddy*?

It's a martial-arts family comedy. It's something that my children will be proud of me for. It's the story of a father who is a martial-arts master, but also was a playboy in his heyday. He ends up marrying a female martial-arts master, and then they have three children, and the daughter turns out to be one of the most beautiful creatures any male has ever seen. The father, Master Daddy, uses his martial-arts skills and the help of his ninja students to sabotage his daughter's relationships. Imagine *Kung Fu Hustle* and *Meet the Parents*. That's my pitch. DAVID MARCHESI

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"I could compare my music to white light, which contains all colors. Only a prism can divide the colors and make them appear; this prism could be the spirit of the listener."  
—Arvo Pärt

## Where Your Favorite Returning Shows Left Off Last Season.

*This contains spoilers!*

BY ADAM RAYMOND



**You're the Worst**  
9/9 (FX) Jimmy and Gretchen decide to cohabitate; Paul wants to divorce Lindsay; Becca and Vernon are having a baby.



**Gotham**  
9/21 (Fox) Bruce Wayne stumbles upon a secret "cave" below Wayne Manor.



**Fresh Off the Boat**  
9/22 (Fox) With the help of Louis and Eddie, Jessica realizes that the Huang family's assimilation isn't such a bad thing.



**Empire** 9/23 (Fox) Lucious is in jail, Jamal is in charge, and the rest of the Lyon pride have set their sights on his throne.



**Nashville** 9/23 (ABC) Flatline! Someone's dead, but is it Deacon or his crabby sister Beverly?



**How to Get Away with Murder** 9/24 (ABC) Rebecca is dead in Annalise's basement, and no one knows who did it. Oh, and Frank killed Lila.



**Scandal** 9/24 (ABC) Fitz boots Cyrus and Mellie from the White House, then celebrates by making out with Olivia.



**Last Man on Earth**  
9/27 (Fox) Phil and Carol move on from Tucson.



**Bob's Burgers** 9/27 (Fox) Bob defeats evil Mr. Fiscoeder and his proposed rent hikes.



**Brooklyn Nine-Nine** 9/27 (Fox) Jake and Amy kiss!



**The Blacklist** 10/1 (ABC) Elizabeth kills Tom Connolly and lands on the FBI's most-wanted list, right alongside Red.



**The Good Wife** 10/4 (CBS) Canning offers Alicia a chance to partner up and start a new firm. But what will she say?



**The Affair** 10/4 (Showtime) Noah finishes his book, but the celebration is short-lived as he's arrested by Detective Jeffries.



**The Leftovers** 10/4 (HBO) The Garveys reunite, and Mapleton burns down.



**Homeland**  
10/4 (Showtime) Carrie and Quinn kiss, too!



**iZombie** 10/6 (CW) Blaine is no longer a zombie, but Liv still is, preventing her from saving her brother with a blood transfusion.



**The Walking Dead**  
10/11 (AMC) Rick has taken over Alexandria.



**Manhattan** 10/13 (WGN) Frank gets himself arrested, saving Charlie and allowing him to ascend to the head of the Manhattan Project.



**Nathan for You**  
10/15 (Comedy Central) Nathan shames snack sharers at a movie theater, among other cringe-worthy gags.



**The Knick** 10/16 (Cinemax) Thackery kills a woman during a procedure and is sent to rehab to recover from a cocaine addiction—with heroin.



**Jane the Virgin**  
10/19 (CW) Jane's had her baby, but didn't keep him for long. Rose kidnapped him!



**Mom** 11/5 (CBS) Roscoe moves in with his dad, leaving Christy and Bonnie. When Christy tries to leave, she finds herself back in Mom's arms.

### LIKELY STREAMING THIS FALL

#### NETFLIX

**F Is for Family**  
Bill Burr's animated sitcom.

**Jessica Jones**  
Krysten Ritter enters Marvel's universe.

**The New Mr. Peabody and Sherman Show**  
Sixties kids' cartoon reboot.

#### AMAZON

**Red Oaks**  
A country-club comedy from David Gordon Green.

**The Man in the High Castle**  
What if the Axis won WWII?

**Mad Dogs**  
American 40-somethings in trouble in Belize.

#### HULU

**The Way**  
Aaron Paul's series return.

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Leonardo Sandoval of Dorrance Dance;  
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## WHICH GRIMES WILL WE HEAR?

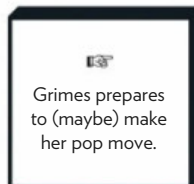
After four years and a series of feints, the internet darling returns IRL.

BY LINDSAY ZOLADZ

**F**OR ABOUT a month in 2011, the then-little-known Montreal-based producer-singer Claire Boucher, a.k.a. Grimes, barely left her apartment. She blacked out the windows and spent a string of sleepless (and allegedly Adderall-fueled) nights recording music alone on the standard-issue Apple software GarageBand—making propulsive beats, crafting hypnotic keyboard loops, and layering her airy falsetto into dense harmonies. As she’s described it since, she entered a kind of self-imposed fugue state. “[After nine days] you have no stimulation,” she told *The Guardian*, “so your subconscious starts filling in the blanks ... I started to feel like I was channeling spirits.” The resulting album was pretty, spooky, personal, and a little hallucinatory. Fittingly, she called it *Visions*.

Despite its unassuming origins, *Visions* became a sensation, and the album’s creation story has turned into a kind of holy writ for any aspiring producer with big dreams, a weird haircut, and an overactive SoundCloud page. A lot of the attention had to do with “Oblivion,” an irresistible puff of sonic cotton candy with incongruously dark lyrics. *Visions* turned Boucher, now 27, into the poster girl for a particularly millennial form of internet-era eclecticism—her genre-agnostic sound consciously celebrated an era in which it’s not so unusual to find Mastodon and Mariah Carey sitting side by side in someone’s iTunes library. But as Boucher’s celebrity began to transition from underground to mainstream—she was a muse for Karl Lagerfeld; she signed with Jay Z’s management company, Roc Nation—she also became an exemplar of that distinctly contemporary phenomenon of the viral pop star, the girl who’s proved it’s possible to go from humble bedroom producer to avant A-lister in a few swift clicks.

At the same time, Boucher was outspoken about the perceived limitations for female musicians, especially in the tech-y, still-male-dominated world of electronic music. “I’m tired of men who aren’t professional or even accomplished



Grimes prepares to (maybe) make her pop move.





musicians continually offering to 'help me out' (without being asked), as if I did this by accident and I'm gonna flounder without them," she wrote in a widely shared 2013 Tumblr post. "Or as if the fact that I'm a woman makes me incapable of using technology." Though she's occasionally pushed back against the pressures of the digital world (and the blogs that treat her social-media updates as breaking news), Boucher's internet persona is key to her appeal. Her Tumblr and Twitter feeds are highly personalized collections of self-penned manifestos, K- and J-pop videos, and unofficial endorsements of vegan ice cream. At a time when more polished pop stars have teams of people maintaining their social media, Grimes's accounts feel comparatively anarchic and unpredictable. She gives off the impression—a crucial virtue in this day and age—that she has #nofilter.

Another great thing about her anything-goes nature: Some days you wake up and, out of nowhere, Grimes has tossed out a brand-new song. It has happened twice this year: The first time, it was a Cocteau Twins-esque reverie called "Realiti"; the other was the more straightforward pop earworm "Entropy," made in collaboration with Jack Antonoff's band Bleachers and prominently featured in an episode of *Girls*. These were two very different songs, and they seemed to represent two possible futures for Boucher: When she releases the follow-up to *Visions* (in 2014, she scrapped recordings intended as her next album), will she stick to her old DIY-and-proud aesthetic, or will she make a break for honest-to-God pop stardom?

We'll finally get an answer in October, with her as-yet-untitled fourth LP. In an August cover story in *The Fader*, Boucher was all over the place when she tried to describe the album's sound: guitars and breakbeats; girl-group and metal influences; a club track that features three female rappers and is about "being too scary to be objectified." Like *Visions*, it's still adamantly independent: Boucher recorded, engineered, and played every instrument herself. If anyone can turn such a hodgepodge of influences and reference points into something cohesive, it's Grimes. In a recent interview, her friend the producer BloodDiamonds summed up her distinctly millennial appeal: "I think she's the patron saint of this generation," he said, "where everything's possible."



9/4

**Dam-Funk, *Invite the Light***

The 21st-century champion of G-funk convenes a wide spectrum of Los Angeles pop royalty on this record, with guest turns from Snoop Dogg, Flea, and Ariel Pink.

**Lou Barlow, *Brace the Wave***

The Dinosaur Jr. and Sebadoh co-founder announced this solo album only in July, after recording its nine tracks in six days. Per a YouTube trailer, it was made "without drums, without regrets."

**Public Image Ltd., *What the World Needs Now***

These days, John Lydon (né Rotten) happily trades on a cartoon version of his image to make some scratch in TV commercials; that



Peaches

doesn't mean he's lost his taste for cartoonishly abrasive punk, screaming, "I want the trouble!" on the first single from his post Sex Pistols band's second album since reuniting.

**The Libertines, *Anthems for Doomed Youth***

Another comeback from a sloppy, stormy British rock icon? Why not! Pete Doherty has once again cleaned up (this time choosing a Thai rehab facility) long enough to get back together with Carl Barât, releasing their first album in 11 years.

**Widowspeak, *All Yours***

Hazy, atmospheric pop for millennials growing up: On bluesy early single "Girls," singer Molly Hamilton reflects, "Further from my wilder years, I get kinder to the younger girls."

9/7

**Prince, *HitNRun***

U can listen 2 His Purpleness's latest on Tidal. The album promises to be a maximalist effort wedding his shredding side and *wub-wub*-heavy EDM.

9/11

**Ben Folds, *So There***

Collaborating with young new-music ensemble yMusic, the piano man embellishes

his usual pop songcraft with dense strings and woodwinds—and, for good measure, a piano concerto too.

**Craig Finn, *Faith in the Future***

The magnetic Hold Steady front man and role model for a generation of Cool Dads releases his second solo album; expect a more melancholy, laid-back take on his usual Springsteenian tales of booze-sodden Americans.

**Beirut, *No No No***

The video for the title track belied its cheery pop melody with a slightly grotesque Day-Glo Dalí touch—instruments were replaced with skunks, bottles were smashed on heads, the trumpet player had some gnarly fake teeth. But stick around for the horn-heavy transcontinental indie rock.

**Gary Clark Jr., *The Story of Sonny Boy Slim***

How can a blues-guitar virtuoso stay cool in 2015? Clark takes cues from hip-hop just as readily as from Hendrix on the follow-up to 2012's *Blak and Blu*.

## VERY BIG GIGS

**DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE**

Madison Square Garden, 9/12.

**MADONNA**

MSG, 9/16 and 9/17, and Barclays Center, 9/19.

**CHARLI XCX AND BLEACHERS**

SummerStage, 9/21.

**A\$AP ROCKY & TYLER, THE CREATOR**

The Theater at MSG, 9/22.

**FATHER JOHN MISTY**

Terminal 5, 9/25.

**R. KELLY**

Barclays, 9/25

**ARIANA GRANDE**

Barclays, 9/26 and 9/27.

**BILLY JOEL**

MSG, 9/26, 10/21, 11/19, and 12/17.

**CHVRCHES**

SummerStage, 9/29.

**TAME IMPALA**

Terminal 5, 10/07.

**BLUR**

MSG, 10/23.

**DISCLOSURE**

MSG, 10/24.

**THE WHO**

MSG, 10/27.

**DEAD & COMPANY**

MSG, 10/31 and 11/1.

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Photo by Nathan Johnson

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**Jewel, *Picking Up the Pieces***

After a few mid-career reinventions (some more compelling than others), Alaska's favorite daughter returns to her heart-on-sleeve acoustic roots.

**Low, *Ones and Sixes***

Indie rock's kings of down-tempo slow burners return for their 11th album.

**Micachu and the Shapes, *Good Sad Happy Bad***

Precocious London indie rocker Mica Levi and her inventive three-piece are back, with an album crafted from jam-session recordings.

**Shannon and the Clams, *Gone by the Dawn***

Blending doo-wop and early-rock influences into a kind of greaser nightmare, Shannon Shaw and her band sound like an early John Waters movie in musical form on this creepy-yet-catchy album.

**Slayer, *Repentless***

Yes, guitarist Jeff Hanneman died in 2013, but that's not stopping the legendary thrash-metal band from continuing to rock out, loudly.

**9/18****CocoRosie, *Heartache City***

The Casady sisters keep it precious and weird even as they explore more expansive pop sounds.

**Darlene Love, *Introducing Darlene Love***

The longtime secret-weapon backup singer, who made the biggest splash in *Twenty Feet From Stardom*, steps out on her own for the first time in recent memory, calling in songwriters Elvis Costello and Bruce Springsteen and covering Joan Jett.

**Duran Duran, *Paper Gods***

The prettiest boys in Brit rock still have



# KEITH RICHARDS

*The Rolling Stones legend steps up to the mike.*

**U**NLIKE MANY SOLO efforts from longtime members of a band, Keith Richards's upcoming *Crosseyed Heart*—his first non-Rolling Stones album in 23 years—wasn't intended as a platform for the elegantly grizzled guitarist to do much experimenting. "The most unique thing about it," Richards, 71, says wryly, "is that there was no deadline for me to make it."

**On the cover of your first solo album, 1988's *Talk Is Cheap*, you're smoking a cigarette and looking defiant. The same goes for 1992's *Main Offender*. On the cover of *Crosseyed Heart*, there's no cigarette and you're smiling. What gives?** I didn't quit smoking, mate. I blame the photographers for those other ones. I'd go through a pack just for them to be able to get the smoke right for the photos. The photographers are a bad influence on me.

**You've written a few hundred songs and recorded more than 40 albums. Does all that experience make it harder to write a great song rather than just a good one?** Oh, man, isn't that true for everybody that does anything in the artistic line? I groan about my own writing. There are times when I wonder if what I've done is any good. So what I do in that situation, and did a lot on the new album, is throw the song out to the other musicians. You watch their eyes and see what the reaction is. And if it's not good, you break a string on your guitar and say, "Well, forget that one."

**What itch can you scratch by recording a solo album that you can't scratch with your regular band?**

It's the challenge. You're thinking about whether or not you can carry the weight of the project. Are you biting off more than you can chew? And did you want to chew that much in the first place? Wrestling with the different context and doing all the singing is something I enjoy immensely.

**Do you ever get tired of the Rolling Stones machine? Is it possible for you to do anything spontaneous with the band?**

If I really feel like doing something, then I just do it. But I understand what you mean. I live in Connecticut, and I'll think, *Aw, I'm gonna go into the city*, and, before I know it, I have a driver and a bodyguard and I just wanted to go to dinner, you know? It's the insurance people's fault. They're always getting in the way.

**Aside from the new album, what do you have coming up that you're most excited about?** I'm most excited about another new day. That's a happy thing. I couldn't always count on another one of those. DAVID MARCHESE

## OUR POP CRITIC'S FIVE MOST ANTICIPATED

*Lindsay Zoladz will be listening to these if they all actually come out.*

**JANET JACKSON, *UNBREAKABLE* DATE TBA**

From Tinashe to FKA Twigs, the Queen of Pop's influence is all over R&B right now—and her first album in seven years will show the upstarts how it's done.

**LANA DEL REY, *HONEYMOON* 9/18**

The high priestess of Americana returns with her third album, which she's described as "surrealist" and inspired by "late-night Miles Davis drives."

**DISCLOSURE, *CARACAL* 9/25**

The neo-house producers' second album is even more star-studded than their first, featuring vocals from Lorde and the Weeknd, and a reunion with their "Latch" pal Sam Smith.

**FRANK OCEAN, *BOYS DON'T CRY* DATE TBA**

The low-key crooner's mysterious follow-up to his masterful *Channel Orange* will come with its very own magazine, edited by Ocean himself.

**JOANNA NEWSOM, *DIVERS* 10/23**

It was a thrill to hear Newsom's good-witch voice narrating Paul Thomas Anderson's *Inherent Vice*, but her single "Sapokanikan" proves how much we've missed her strange, freewheeling tunes.



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## THE MAYBES

What we know about big albums that could be out at some point this fall. Or in 2016.

### KANYE WEST, *Swish*

The album that was once called *So Help Me God* is now called *Swish*, but Yezezy reserves the right to change that.

### COLDPLAY, *A Head Full of Dreams*

The band's seventh album will include highly personal songs that allow you to "shuffle your feet a little bit," says lead singer Chris Martin. With production team Stargate (Beyoncé, Rihanna, Katy Perry), that sounds like a given.

### DRAKE, *View From the 6*

Aubrey Graham's fourth studio album remains largely mysterious, though he has admitted it will be a departure from previous work, a Beyoncé collaboration notwithstanding.

### MACKLEMORE, TBA

On New Year's Day 2015, Macklemore tweeted that a new album from him and collaborator Ryan Lewis would arrive within the calendar year. The world continues to wait, knowing only that the album will likely include a heartfelt tribute to the Seattle rapper's infant daughter and a much bigger budget than 2012's *The Heist*.

### RIHANNA, TBA

It might be called *#R8*, but it also might not. What we do know about Rihanna's follow-up to *Unapologetic* is that it's "soulful and aggressive" according to the singer.

those New Wave cheekbones under their wrinkles, and they're hip to what the kids like on their (egads!) 14th record: Lead single "Pressure Off" features Janelle Monáe and Nile Rodgers.

### Glen Hansard, *Didn't He Ramble*

In the years since *Once*, the Frames and Swell Season songwriter has ventured far beyond the Dublin folk scene where he began. Now he's reeling it in with a set of melancholy, Celtic-tinged tunes, singing in a promotional trailer, "There'll be no more running around for me."

### Keith Richards, *Crosseyed Heart*

Keef hasn't put out a solo

record since the early '90s; maybe settling scores in his blockbuster autobiography rekindled his creative fire. (See page 120.)

### Metric, *Pagans in Vegas*

The most glam band to come out of Canada since ... Rush? Emily Haines and company split the difference between their rock and pop sides here.

### Lana Del Rey, *Honeymoon*

See critic's picks (page 120).

### 9/25

### The Dead Weather, *Dodge and Burn*

Jack White returns

to the heaviest of his various projects, with co-vocalist Alison Mosshart injecting some soul into the proceedings.

### Chvrches, *Every Open Eye*

The Scottish synth-pop trio follow up 2013's *The Bones of What You Believe* with their winning combination of pop bombast and Lauren Mayberry's delicate vocals.

### Disclosure, *Caracal*

See critic's picks.

### Dungen, *Allas Sak*

You probably won't understand a word on the latest from this Swedish psychedelic band, but that's okay, because they also speak the universal language of chill vibes.

### Kurt Vile, *B'lieve I'm Goin Down*

The drawing Philly indie rocker has become steadily more intelligible since breaking out of the underground in 2011; he downright enunciates on the first single, "Pretty Pimpin'."

### New Order, *Music Complete*

The paragons of gloomy British synth and New Wave return after a ten-year wait between albums, with guitarist Bernard Sumner squarely in charge after the 2007 departure of longtime bassist Peter Hook.

### Peaches, *Rub*

Expect a fairly earnest, inspirational LP, but by Peaches standards. Sample lyric: "All humans, free at last / So much beauty coming out of my ass."

### Avicii, *Stories*

The callow young man of EDM has risen to the top of a genre that prides itself on sensory overload and apparently found it wanting for pizzazz; he's employed a parade of stars for this one: Robbie Williams, Jon Bon Jovi, Billie Joe Armstrong,



10/2

### Deafheaven, *New Bermuda*

Neither their latter-day San Francisco origins nor their well-styled hair bespeak metal bona fides, but don't let that keep you from listening to these guys, whose previous effort *Sunbather* was a cross-genre favorite in 2013.

### Wavves, V

Nathan Williams's mellow may be slightly harshed from recent feuds with Warner Bros., so expect some extra punch in his latest release of very SoCal pop-punk.

10/9

### Selena Gomez, *Revival*

Her Disney days long behind her, Gomez looks to still have an appealing hold on PG-13 pop stardom with this record's slinky, raw first single, "Good for You" (it's about sex, and there's a verse from A\$AP Rocky, in which he curses exactly once).

10/16

### Trey Anastasio Band, *Paper Wheels*

The Phish guitar god,

fresh off this summer's Grateful Dead 50th-anniversary tribute concerts.

### Magical Cloudz, *Are You Alone?*

The deeply emotional, musically austere indie duo deliver their sophomore effort.

### Neon Indian, *Vega Intl Night School*

Chillwave (remember chillwave?) pioneer Alan Palomo updates his '80s-influenced synth-pop with modern electronic touches.

### YACHT, *I Thought the Future Would Be Cooler*

The L.A. electro darlings worry "crowdsourced cults" will have us "sipping on a battery" on their bouncy sign-of-the-times title track, and they should know, having indulged in their fair share of new-media PR stunts, like a drone-shot promo video.

10/23

### Joanna Newsom, *Divers*

See critic's picks.

10/30

### El Vy, *Return to the Moon*

The National front man Matt Berninger normally keeps busy pumping out the musical equivalent of a world-weary sigh, but he seems to have

gained a new swagger (and even some catchy beats) in this collaboration with Brent Knopf, formerly of Menomena.

### Sharon Jones & the Dap-Kings, *It's a Holiday Soul Party*

Brooklyn's premier soul revivalists put out their first ecumenical holiday album, with a Hanukkah song likely so funky it could keep you dancing for eight days.



11/6

### Kurt Cobain, TBA

Corporate rock does still suck, but we'll overlook the fact that this decades-in-the-making cross-platform marketing ploy comes care of behemoth Universal if that's what it takes to get this free-ranging album of Kurt's bedroom recordings.

11/13

### Justin Bieber, TBA

Bad boy Biebs most recently collaborated with superstar producers Diplo and Skrillex on the surprisingly great "Where Are Ü Now"; he says he'll offer "summery" fare on this upcoming solo album.

Wavves



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BY

## Annie Baker

DIRECTED BY

## Sam Gold

Georgia Engel, Christopher Abbott, and Lois Smith. Photo by Matthew Murphy.



**Begins October 27!**

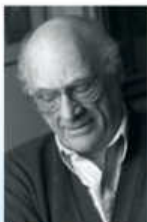


Photo © Susan Jahann.

# INCIDENT AT VICHY

BY Arthur Miller  
DIRECTED BY Michael Wilson

**EXTENDED THROUGH OCT 4!**

# LOVE & MONEY

BY

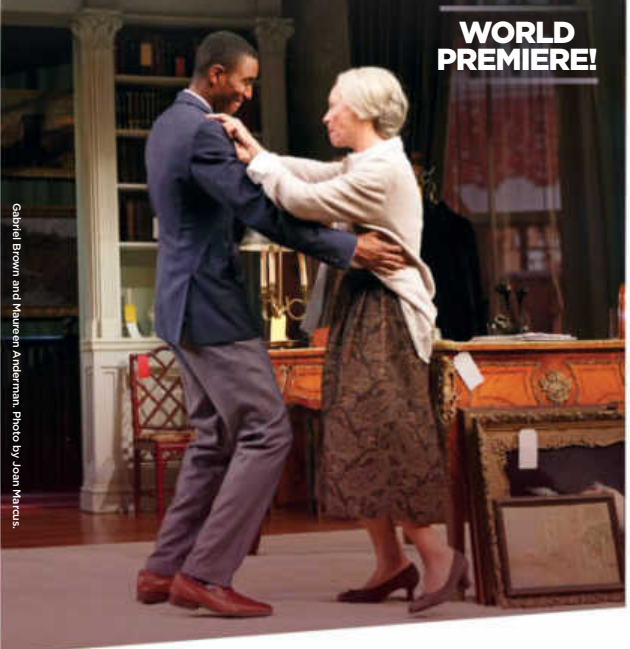
## A.R. Gurney

DIRECTED BY

## Mark Lamos

**WORLD  
PREMIERE!**

Gabriel Byrne and Karen Armstrong. Photo by Joan Marcus.



**Begins November 3!**



Photo by Gregory Costanzo.

# NIGHT IS A ROOM

BY Naomi Wallace  
DIRECTED BY Bill Rauch

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# ART ART ART



**9/2**

**Charles Swedlund**  
Through 10/3,  
Higher Pictures  
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octogenarian  
photographer trained  
with masters of  
abstraction Harry  
Callahan and Aaron  
Siskind.

**9/9**

**"Katherine  
Bernhardt:  
Pablo & Efrain"**  
Through, 10/24,  
Venus Over  
Manhattan  
See critic's picks  
(page 128).

**9/10**

**"Dana Schutz:  
Fight in an  
Elevator"**  
Through 10/24,  
Petzel Gallery  
See critic's picks.

**Mike Kelley**  
Through 10/24,  
Hauser & Wirth  
Kelley's *Kandors*—late  
works that borrow their  
name from the capital  
of Superman's home  
planet and take shape  
as crystalline cast-resin  
figures—get a multi-  
room show.

**Roy Lichtenstein**  
Through 10/17,  
Gagosian West 24th St.  
Featuring a Pop-art  
replica of his early-'80s  
*Guernica*-inflected  
Greene Street mural.

**9/11**

**"For a New World to  
Come: Experiments  
in Japanese Art  
and Photography,  
1968-1979"**  
Through 1/10, Grey  
Art Gallery and Japan  
Society Gallery  
Chock-full of  
never-before-  
seen-in-New York  
photographs and other  
meditative, conceptual  
works about social  
change in '70s Japan.

**Andrew Ross**  
Through 10/4, Signal  
The hip young Cooper  
Union graduate  
promises to hurt your  
head with his kooky  
assemblages  
at the (also) hip young  
Bushwick gallery.

**9/12**

**Caitlin Keogh**  
Through 10/18,  
Maryam Nassir Zadeh  
Botticelli-influenced  
friezelike work  
focused on flowers,  
fabric, and hands.

**"War Games"**  
Through 10/17,  
Marlborough Chelsea  
Inspired by the hollow,

- (1) Francis Bacon,  
*Sand Dune*, 1983; (2)  
Rashid Johnson,  
*Untitled Anxious Men*,  
2015; (3) Daido  
Moriyama, *Lips*, 1970;
- (4) Andrea del  
Sarto, *Saint John the  
Baptist*, ca. 1523; (5)  
Isa Genzken,  
*Schauspieler II*, 13,  
2014; (6) Frank Stella,  
*Eskimo Curlew*,  
1976; (7) Poy Gum  
Lee, *On Leong  
Tong*, 83-85 Mott  
Street, 1948.



1



2





3



4



5



6



7

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haunting figures of Polish sculptor Magdalena Abakanowicz, this group show brings her work together with that of eight artists with similarly searing views of conflict and its costs. Expect distressed textures and unsettling sculptures.

## 9/14

**“Picasso Sculpture”**  
Through 2/7, Museum of Modern Art  
See critic’s picks.

## 9/16

**Isa Genzken**  
Through 10/31, David Zwirner  
The towering, 28-foot rose from the Berlin-based artist decorated the New Museum’s façade for nearly three years; these more human-size sculptures use mannequins and spray-painted leather jackets to thornier effect.

## 9/18

**NY Art Book Fair**  
Through 9/20, MoMA PS1  
First go to Ikea and buy some nice shelves.

**“Kongo: Power and Majesty”**  
Through 1/3, the Metropolitan Museum of Art.  
See critic’s picks.

## 9/24

**“Chinese Style: Rediscovering the Architecture of Poy Gum Lee, 1923-1968”**  
Through 1/31, Museum of Chinese in America  
The first complete look at Lee’s Chinatown vernacular work.



## 10/2

**“Rashid Johnson: Anxious Men”**  
Through 12/20, the Drawing Center



1



2



3



4

A polymath who knows his anxious audience.

## 10/7

**“Andrea del Sarto: The Renaissance Workshop in Action”**  
Through 1/10, the Frick Collection  
A Medici insider who steered the direction of a century of art and was then forgotten for two; works from the Louvre, the Uffizi, the Getty,

and the British Museum, among others.

**“Museum of Stones”**  
Through 1/10, Noguchi Museum  
Noguchi learned from Brancusi how to turn a rock to stone, but time (and weather, and water ...) returns carved stone to rock. In a first for the museum, this two-floor show of 50 works bleeds seamlessly into the museum’s historic and rarely interrupted

## SAVE A SPOT ON YOUR COFFEE TABLE FOR THESE ART BOOKS:

*The Collected Hairy Who Publications 1966-1969*, edited by Dan Nadel (Matthew Marks, September 29); *Pipilotti Rist*, edited by Hans-Peter Wipplinger (Walther König, September 29); *Photography at MoMA: 1960 to Now*, multiple editors (MoMA, October 27); *John Cage: Diary*, edited by Richard Kraft and Joe Biel (Siglio, October 27); *Mary Ellen Mark: Tiny, Streetwise Revisited* (Aperture, October 27); *Hiroshi Sugimoto: Seascapes* (Damiani, October 27); *Edward Burtynsky: China* (Steidl, December 29).

first-floor galleries.

## 10/8

**“Pixar: The Design of Story”** Through 8/7, Cooper Hewitt  
Joy, fear, disgust, and sadness! All of these *Inside Out* emotions could arise in anyone viewing this academic gesture at crowd-pleasing brand-mongering, however innovative Pixar may be as a commercial-film company.



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## 10/9

### “Superheroes in Gotham”

Through 2/21, New York Historical Society  
A look back at the city’s tights-and-capes immigrants.

## 10/11

### “Greater New York 2015”

Through 3/7, MoMA PS1

Can anybody still make art in New York? This pulse-taking event shows you who is.

## 10/18

### Zhang Hongtu

Through 2/28, Queens Museum  
Zen landscapes in van Gogh swirls and Chairman Mao at a Da Vinci-esque long table: just a few of the images showcased in this Chinese-born,

Queens-based artist’s first U.S. survey.

## 10/20

### Jeff Wall and Rineke Dijkstra

Through December, Marian Goodman Gallery  
A doubleheader on 57th Street: Wall’s meticulous compositions in the front, and Dijkstra’s powerfully posed video portraits in the back.

## 10/22

### “The Eye of the Shah: Qajar Court Photography and the Persian Past”

Through 1/17, Institute for the Study of the Ancient World at NYU  
A number of firsts for American eyes here, in about 200 photographs from the moment when Iran began openly engaging

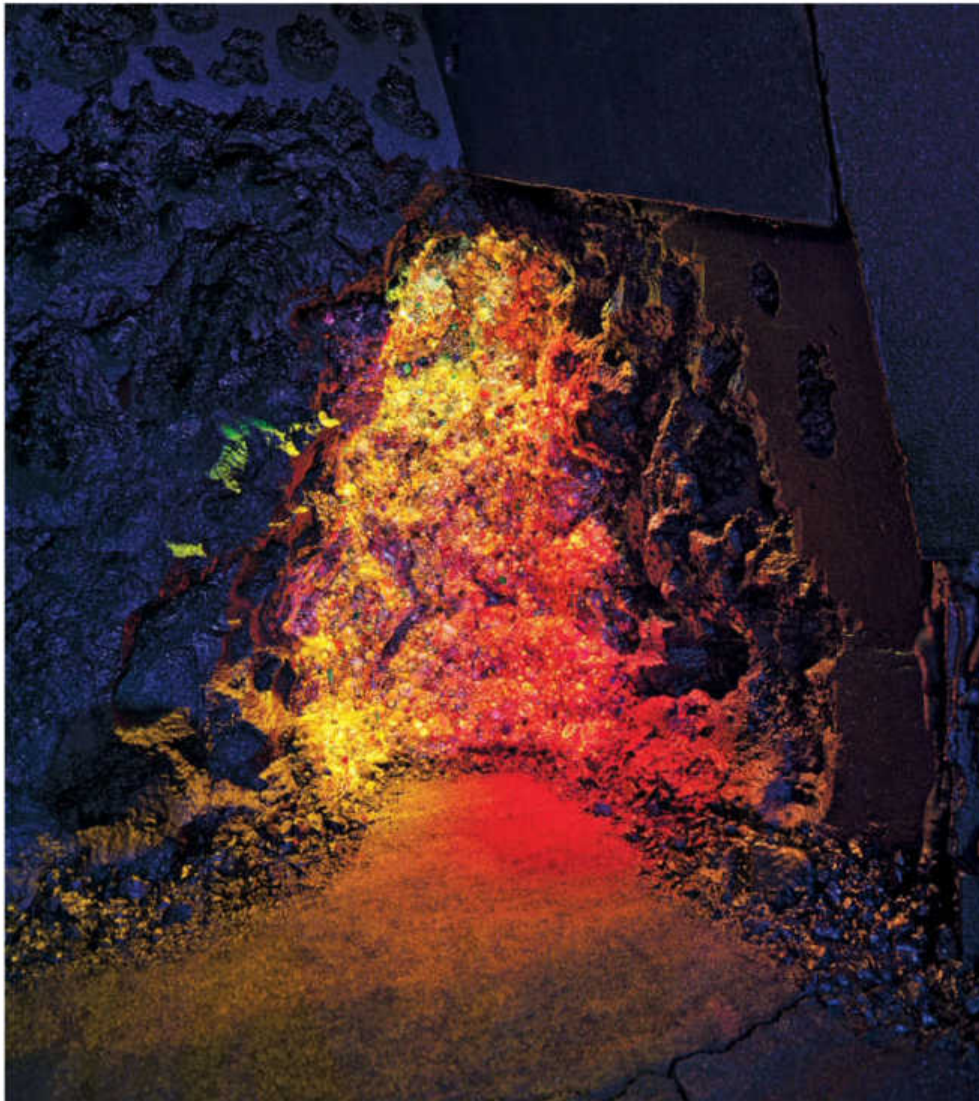
with the West in the mid-19th century.

## 10/29

### Vibha Galhotra

Through 12/5, Jack Shainman Gallery  
Galhotra builds tapestries in subdued, earthy tones from thousands of *ghungroos* (the small metal ankle bells worn by classical Indian and Pakistani dancers); the results mix the

(1) Robert Kondo, *Reny in the Kitchen*, Ratatouille, 2007; (2) Zhang Hongtu, *Mai Dang Lao (McDonald’s)*, 2002; (3) Pablo Picasso, *Bull*, ca. 1958; (4) Herbert Rose Barraud, *Portrait of Naser al-Din Shah Qajar Wearing Formal Attire*, 1889; (5) Keiichi Tanaami, *Commercial War*, 1971; (6) Dana Schutz, *Slow Motion Shower*, 2015; (7) Lucas Blalock, *Strawberries (forever fresh)*, 2014.



Mike Kelley, *Kandor 10B (Exploded Fortress of Solitude)*, 2011.

**OUR ART CRITIC'S FIVE MOST ANTICIPATED**

*Jerry Saltz is eyeing Picasso.*

**"PICASSO SCULPTURE"**

Picasso was a killer sculptor too—some say a better one than he was a painter. Fiendishly clear but cosmically complex.

**"KONGO: POWER AND MAJESTY"**

See where Picasso and much of the 20th century got their ideas about space, scale, and materials.

**"KATHERINE BERNHARDT: PABLO & EFRAIN"**

Sensual color and compositional jam-ups of everyday objects, all rendered with the magical eye of a Berber rug.

**"DANA SCHUTZ: FIGHT IN AN ELEVATOR"**

Schutz's colorful abstracted figural pictorial structure does with space and composition what Brice Marden does with his looping lines.

**QUEER THOUGHTS**

If the recently opened Tribeca iteration of this gallery is as independent as its Chicago predecessor, our scene just got better, fast.

global present and the localized past.

**10/30**

**"Frank Stella: A Retrospective"**

Through 2/7, Whitney Museum of American Art One hundred and twenty works from the controlled painter of Technicolor lines fill the city's largest uninterrupted gallery space in the artist's biggest U.S. retrospective to date.

**"Graphic Passion: Matisse and the Book Arts"**

Though 1/18, Morgan

Library & Museum

Here's where you'll go to get your Matisse fix; the Morgan chronicles his relationship to books with a collection of projects.



**11/1**

**Performa 15**

Through 11/22, various venues The sixth edition of

RoseLee Goldberg's performance-art biennial circus takes the Renaissance as its starting point, kicking off with a collaborative work by Francesco Vezzoli and dancer David Hallberg.

**11/6**

**"Unorthodox"**

Through 3/27, Jewish Museum Over 200 works by more than 50 tradition-bucking artists from around the world that take their inspiration from "the Jewish

tradition of dialogue and debate."

**11/7**

**"Ocean of Images: New Photography 2015"**

Through 3/20, MoMA Nineteen younger artists (some members of collectives) whose work—often made with scanners and Photoshop—challenges conventional notions of photography.

**Francis Bacon**

Through 12/19, Gagosian Madison Avenue Late-period paintings from the master of meaty figures.

**11/20**

**"Come On Daughter Save Me"**

Through 12/20, Invisible-Exports A solo show by Vaginal Davis with irreverent little sculptures and a recorded monologue by the artist.

**12/15**

**"Artistic Furniture of the Gilded Age"**

Through 5/1, the Met America's most lavish decorative period is on display, represented by works from the era's key design firms.



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# THEATER

## A BOLD NEW VIEW

Mark Strong in Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge* (center; see Q&A, page 135). Ivo van Hove's radical reworking of an American classic comes to Broadway.



9/4

***The Odyssey***  
Delacorte Theater;  
through 9/7  
***West Side Story*** Tony  
winner Karen Olivo  
returns from a stint  
in Wisconsin for this  
modern-day Homeric  
musical. With Brandon  
Victor Dixon and  
Andy Grotelueschen.

## 9/10

**Isolde**  
Theater for a New Audience; through 9/27; previews begin 9/6  
Richard Maxwell's update of the Tristan-and-Isolde story features a successful construction executive, his actress wife, and the big-shot architect who threatens their marriage.

## 9/17

**The Christians**  
Playwrights Horizons; previews begin 8/28  
The much-praised young playwright Lucas Hnath brings his good news to godless Manhattan theatergoers—featuring a megachurch, an incendiary preacher, and a live choir.

**Hamlet in Bed**  
Rattlestick Playwrights Theater; previews begin 8/28  
To stalk or not to stalk? An actor obsessed with both playing the doomed prince of Denmark and finding his birth mother casts an actress who might be said mother as Gertrude in Michael Laurence's comic noir.

## 9/27

**Antigone**  
BAM; through 10/4; previews begin 9/24  
Juliette Binoche plays the titular princess in this modernist, feminist version of Sophocles's tragedy, with a new translation by Anne Carson, directed by Ivo van Hove, whom you'll be reading more about.

**Spring Awakening**  
Brooks Atkinson Theatre; previews begin 9/8  
Deaf West Theatre's acclaimed production of the long-running cult rock musical, directed by actor Michael Arden, integrating American Sign Language (if nothing else, you'll learn how to sign "totally fucked").

## 9/28

**Fondly, Collette Richland**  
New York Theatre Workshop; previews begin 9/11  
In its first collaboration with a living playwright, the inventive Elevator Repair Service tackles Sibyl Kempson's fantasia of a middle-aged couple who



King Charles III

discover a new world through a door in their living room.



## 10/5

**Cloud Nine**  
Atlantic Theater Company; previews begin 9/16  
Caryl Churchill's classic, set in colonial Africa, last produced here in 1981.

## 10/6

**Old Times**  
American Airlines Theatre; previews begin 9/17  
Expect Clive Owen to be glowering Pinter-perfect opposite the marvelous Eve Best, as directed by Pinter specialist Douglas Hodge.

## 10/7

**MotherStruck**  
Lynn Redgrave Theatre; previews begin 9/24  
Cynthia Nixon

directs Staceyann Chin's ultrapersonal one-woman show about being a lesbian, activist, and prospective mom.

## 10/8

**Fool for Love**  
Samuel J. Friedman Theatre; previews begin 9/15  
Sam Shepard's pitch-dark romance stars two charismatic, gorgeous weirdos: Sam Rockwell and Nina Arianda. This version won praise at the Williamstown Theatre Festival.

## OUR THEATER CRITIC'S FIVE MOST ANTICIPATED

Jesse Green looks on (and Off) Broadway.

### A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE

Avant avant-gardist Ivo van Hove directing Arthur Miller on Broadway sounds like a spectacular crash of sensibilities.

### ECLIPSED

The Public brings Danai Gurira's play about collateral damage in the Liberian Civil War (i.e., women) to New York, along with Lupita Nyong'o.

### FIRST DAUGHTER SUITE

The most compelling new musicals this fall are Off Broadway, especially Michael John LaChiusa's follow-up to *First Lady Suite*, at the Public Theater.

### HIR

Gender magician Taylor Mac takes off his meta hat for a (somewhat) straight play, at Playwrights Horizons.

### THE HUMANS

Early-mid- (or late-early-) career playwrights are often the most exciting, so I can't wait for Stephen Karam's new drama, from the Roundabout.

Juliette Binoche in *Antigone*.



## 10/13

### **Ugly Lies the Bone**

Harold and Miriam Steinberg Center for Theatre; previews begin 9/10  
Mamie Gummer plays a burn victim using virtual-reality video games to deal with the pain of war in this new play by Lindsey Ferrentino.

## 10/14

### **Eclipsed**

Public Theater; previews begin 9/29  
See critic's picks (page 131).

### **The Gin Game**

(Golden Theatre; previews begin 9/23)  
Cicely Tyson and James Earl Jones, together onstage for the first time in nearly 50 years—and they play nursing-home residents!

## 10/19

### **Kill Floor**

Claire Tow Theater; previews begin 10/3  
In Abe Koogler's meaty first play, a mother returns from prison to a job at a slaughterhouse, which complicates her reconciliation with her vegetarian son.

## 10/20

### **Ripcord**

MTC; previews

begin 9/29

Holland Taylor and Marylouise Burke do battle in an assisted-living facility in David Lindsay-Abaire's latest; David Hyde Pierce directs. One hopes there will be wheelchair jousts.

## 10/21

### **First Daughter Suite**

Public Theater; previews begin 10/6  
See critic's picks.

## 10/22

### **Dames at Sea**

Helen Hayes Theatre; previews begin 9/24  
Director and choreographer Randy Skinner is a natural match for this camp-cheerful, tap-dancing, Busby Berkeley inspired musical about a starry-eyed gal stepping into her first Broadway role.

## 10/25

### **The Humans**

Laura Pels Theatre; previews begin 9/30  
See critic's picks.

## 10/27

### **Sylvia**

Cort Theatre; previews begin 10/2  
A.R. Gurney's warm-and-fuzzy comedy gets an expertly cast revival: Matthew Broderick and Julie



George Takei in *Allegiance*.

White as a middle-aged city couple and a winningly goofy Annaleigh Ashford (a newly minted Tony winner) as, yes, the dog that changes their life.

## 10/29

### **Thérèse Raquin**

Studio 54; previews begin 10/1

Almost three hours of vintage French, *oh, là là!* Keira Knightley makes her Broadway debut opposite Judith Light and *Matilda* Tony winner Gabriel Ebert in Helen Edmundson's adaptation of Zola's tale of lust and deceit. (See page 134.)



## 11/1

### **King Charles III**

Music Box Theatre; previews begin 10/10  
What about Charles? Mike Bartlett's London hit imagines what might happen when the kilted, long-suffering prince finally becomes king; Tim Pigott-Smith stars.

## 11/5

### **On Your Feet!**

Marquis Theatre; previews begin 10/5  
A cast of some Broadway newbies culled from a worldwide search takes on the Gloria and Emilio Estefan story, with presumably hot dancing courtesy of Sergio Trujillo. Conga!

## 11/8

### **Allegiance**

Longacre Theatre; previews begin 10/6

Lea Salonga returns to Broadway, with George Takei, for a musical set partly in a World War II internment camp for Japanese-Americans, based on Takei's own experiences.

### **Hir**

Playwrights Horizons; previews begin 10/16  
See critic's picks.

## 11/9

### **Dada Woof Papa Hot**

Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre; previews begin 10/15  
*The Normal Heart* castmates John Benjamin Hickey and Patrick Breen reunite as an older married couple dealing with the challenges of raising a little girl in this new play from Peter Parnell (a gay dad himself).

### **Lost Girls**

MCC; previews begin 10/22  
Director Jo Bonney and playwright John Pollono reunite after 2013's great *Small Engine Repair*, this time looking at a divorced couple forced to confront each other when their teenage daughter goes missing.

Alex Brightman in *School of Rock*.





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# THEATER

## 11/11

**Henry IV**  
St. Ann's Warehouse; previews begin 11/6  
The stunning new St. Ann's waterfront space opens, grandly, with Phyllida Lloyd's all-female take on Prince Hal's tale (a follow-up to her similarly sensational approach to *Julius Caesar*).

## 11/12

**A View From the Bridge**  
Lyceum Theatre; previews begin 10/21  
See critic's picks.

## 11/15

**Misery**  
Broadhurst Theatre; previews begin 10/22  
Yes, that *Misery*, as adapted from the Stephen King novel by the original screenwriter, William Goldman. Directed

by Will Frears and starring Bruce Willis, in his Broadway debut, and Laurie Metcalf.

**Incident at Vichy**  
Signature Theatre; previews begin 10/27  
The Arthur Miller centennial celebration continues with this haunting work about a group of men (and one boy) who are biding their time after being rounded up at the height of World War II—and are possibly bound for concentration camps.

## 11/18

**Steve**  
The New Group; previews begin 11/3  
Partners Steven and Stephen (the former a onetime Broadway chorus boy) take stock of their lives (and their disappointments) among theater-loving friends in this bittersweet comedy, starring Mario Cantone and Malcolm



© Samantha West

# SEASON

DENNEHY JANE KACZMAREK SHERMAN ALEXIE BRYCE DESSNER FRANK SINATRA AT 100 COLUM MCCA...  
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## REWRITING ZOLA

Helen Edmundson on the challenge of adapting *Thérèse Raquin* for Broadway.

*"I think people quite often do sort of think adapting a novel into a stage play is somehow just like doing an editing job. They have no idea of the completely fresh and new approach you have to take to the story, and how much of yourself you have to put into an adaptation. With adaptations, you don't want to let people down who've loved the novel. I certainly feel a great responsibility to make sure I render it up in a way the author would feel proud to be connected with. It'd be awful if I thought they were looking down and thinking, 'This is atrocious, what has she done?'"*

# 15-16



# MARK STRONG

*Brooklyn is a state of mind for the star of A View From the Bridge.*



LIVIER AWARD-WINNING British actor Mark Strong—square of jaw, piercing of gaze—is known Stateside for playing elegant, slightly sinister supporting characters, but he'll be center stage in his Broadway debut this November, as Red Hook longshoreman Eddie Carbone in the Young Vic's production of Arthur Miller's *A View From the Bridge*. He spoke about finding Eddie, working with suddenly-everywhere director Ivo van Hove, and the British tradition of being a bad guy.

**This is a potentially odd match: a British cast, an experimental Belgian director, and a quintessentially American play. What convinced you to get involved?**

I was at home reading movie scripts, and in the pile was *A View From the Bridge*. It was head and shoulders above everything else. I realized what a fascinating character Eddie is and just thought, *I have to do this*. When I was told it was with a Belgian avant-garde theater director, I thought, *Well, okay, maybe this isn't going to be what I think*.

**What makes van Hove's approach so unique?**

I've learned from him that a lot of time's wasted in the theater by pretending that what we're watching is real. We all know it's not real! So trying to pretend it's real is the wrong path to go down. And that crystallized for me in

a moment in rehearsal when Beatrice asks Eddie, "What time is it?" And he says, "Quarter to nine," and I remember thinking, *Oh, I'll have to have a watch at this point*. I told Ivo that, and he said, "Why? It doesn't matter how you know what the time is; all we're interested in is what the time is."

**So you didn't get hung up on learning any Brooklynes?**

It doesn't matter that the Italians don't have Italian accents—we're not interested in how Italian they can make them seem, we're interested in what they've got to say. That's the success of the production: It doesn't patronize the audience; it's very clean and clear, and, as a consequence, the brutality of it really sings out.

**How did you ultimately prepare for playing Eddie?**

I was making an independent movie in upstate New York about

a guy on his way to Mars, and for five weeks I lived in a little cottage in the Hudson Valley on my own. Every day I would drive to a warehouse and be an astronaut, and in the evening I'd go to my place and learn the play's lines. It was intense. I lived that time with Eddie Carbone.

**The Jaguar "Villains" commercial you starred in with Ben Kingsley and Tom Hiddleston is pretty amazing. Has it changed the kind of roles you get?**

For British actors, there's a path to Hollywood through villainy: Anthony Hopkins, Jeremy Irons, Alan Rickman. Our heroes are Richard the Third and Macbeth and people who may have done unspeakable things. I enjoyed playing villains, but I've been playing some good guys lately. And next up is a comedy with Sacha Baron Cohen, for something completely different.

REBECCA MILZOFF



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## THEATER

Gets and directed by  
Cynthia Nixon.

11/23

### Important Hats of the Twentieth Century

MTC; previews begin 11/10  
*Back to the Future* meets millinery! In Nick Jones's fashion-forward comedy, a 1930s designer does battle with a rival who may be from another dimension.

11/19

### China Doll

Gerald Schoenfeld  
Theatre; previews begin 10/21  
Pacino does Mamet; enough said (but keep an eye on Christopher Denham, the only other guy up there with Al).

11/22

### Nora

Cherry Lane Theatre; previews begin 11/14  
Downtown theater guru Austin Pendleton directs Ingmar Bergman's adaptation of *A Doll's House*—an oft-told but ever-relevant tale of gender and society.

11/29

### New York Animals

The New Ohio; previews begin 11/14  
Raindrops keep fallin' on their heads—21 New Yorkers, that is, whose lives intersect in Steven Sater's new play-with-music by the suavely tuneful Burt Bacharach.

## THEATER GOES TO 11

Three rock-and-roll icons bring their sounds to a different kind of stage.

### DAVID BOWIE

Nearly 40 years after starring in a film version of *The Man Who Fell to Earth*, Bowie has written, with help from *Once* book writer Enda Walsh, songs for *Lazarus*, a new take on the sci-fi yarn. According to director Ivo van Hove, the tunes “sound as if you have heard them forever—like classics.”



### BILLIE JOE ARMSTRONG

The Green Day leader wrote the music for *These Paper Bullets!*—an adaptation of *Much Ado About Nothing*—which follows a young band from Liverpool as they frantically record an album in a week's time. Given the plot, expect Armstrong's compositions to sound much more like *Meet the Beatles!*—era Fabs than his own band's far snottier classic *Dookie*.



### THOM YORKE

The Roundabout Theatre Company's revival of Harold Pinter's *Old Times* will boast a score much more in tune with new times. Written by Radiohead's Thom Yorke, the music is primarily synthesized-based and, according to director Douglas Hodge, “gives an immediacy and a ‘now-ness’ to the show.” *Amnesiac* fans, take note!



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Group Sales: 718.499.9691 • Artists and program subject to change. • S. MacLaine photo by Greg Gorman ©. • ORIGINAL DESIGN BY ERIKA FIORAVANTI © 2014



## 12/2

### **Invisible Thread**

Second Stage; previews begin 10/31  
Matt Gould and Griffin Matthews's new musical about a young New Yorker volunteering in Uganda comes here from Diane Paulus's American Repertory Theatre in Cambridge.

## 12/3

### **Gigantic**

Vineyard Theatre; previews begin 11/11  
Scott Schwartz directs this hungry-for-laughs new musical about "the No. 3 weight-loss camp in Southern Pennsylvania."

## 12/6

### **School of Rock**

Winter Garden Theatre; previews begin 11/9  
"All right, all right! Now, is everybody nice and pissed off?" Sir Andrew Lloyd Webber goes back to his rock-musical roots (remember *Jesus Christ Superstar?*), writing 14 new songs to supplement those in Richard Linklater's fun film; the book is by *Downton Abbey's* Julian Fellowes.

## 12/7

### **Lazarus**

New York Theatre Workshop; previews begin 11/18  
Michael C. Hall—who let us get to know his glam self in *Hedwig*—is the Man Who Fell to Earth in David Bowie's first musical.

## 12/9

### **These Paper Bullets!**

Atlantic Theater Company; previews begin 11/20  
After his grandly ambitious *American Idiot*, Green Day's

Billie Joe Armstrong takes on Shakespeare, lending eminently hummable tunes to this '60s mod-pop take on *Much Ado About Nothing*. (Dates are tentative.)

## 12/10

### **The Color Purple**

Bernard B. Jacobs Theatre; previews begin 11/10  
Minimalist director John Doyle brings his interpretation of the maximalist musical to Broadway with a killer roster of leading ladies: Jennifer Hudson, *Orange Is the New Black's* Danielle Brooks, and Cynthia Erivo as Celie. The production has already had an acclaimed run at the Menier Chocolate Factory in London.

### **Once Upon a Mattress**

Abrons Arts Center; previews begin 11/24  
Lypsinka is Queen Aggravain and Jackie Hoffman is Princess Winnifred in the Transport Group's revival of Mary Rodgers's delightful anti-fairy tale.

## 12/14

### **Marjorie Prime**

Playwrights Horizons; previews begin 11/20  
Jordan Harrison's not-so-futuristic tale of an octogenarian woman (Lois Smith) and the hologram (holograndma?) that knows her better than she knows herself.

## 12/17

### **Fiddler on the Roof**

Broadway Theatre; previews begin 11/12  
The fifth Broadway revival, starring Danny Burstein and Jessica Hecht as Tevye and Golde, helmed by Bart Sher (master of airing out the musty), and featuring an update of Jerome Robbins's dances by Israeli choreographer Hofesh Shechter.

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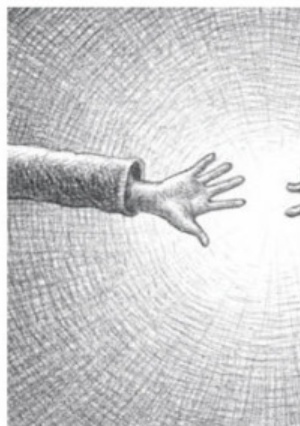
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FALL  
PRE-  
VIEW

# BOOTS





# BRIAN SELZNICK'S LATEST INVENTION

The author-illustrator's new book-as-artifact.

BY BRYAN HOOD

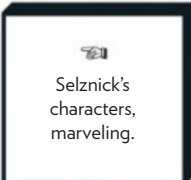
**A**T ONCE A grand adventure story and a self-reflexive mystery, *The Marvels*, the upcoming, lusciously designed book from *The Invention of Hugo Cabret* author Brian Selznick, is made up of two tales. The first is told solely through Selznick's illustrations and focuses on the survivor of a 1766 shipwreck, Billy Marvel, and the five generations of legendary thespians descended from him. The second, told in prose and set 90 years after the final events of the first, presents the story of Joseph, a London runaway. If Selznick's prior work is any indication, the sum total promises to be a feat of both narrative and bookmaking design, gorgeously rendered in gilded pages and a stunning gold-foil cover.

"It's a privilege to work on something like this," said Selznick's longtime editor, Tracy Mack, about the author's three-years-in-the-making effort. "It's a print book that's also a thing of beauty."

**THE CONCEPT:** "The pictures are meant to function as a collective memory for the reader. You've just experienced 400 pages of visuals, and then you fast-forward 90 years, and you slowly realize that you're reading about things that you've just seen."

**THE PROCESS:** "Brian moved to London for three months. He lived right in Piccadilly Circus. He felt like if he was drawing a book about the theater, he needed to be living in the heart of London's theater district."

**THE READER:** "You, the reader, know more than the main character does about what's happening, but not how it adds up. The challenge was how to give enough clues about what was coming, but not too many."



ILLUSTRATIONS: © 2015 BY BRIAN SELZNICK/COURTESY OF SCHOLASTIC PRESS

"A spiked Shirley Temple of a show!"  
- *The New York Times*

★★★★★  
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CRITICS' PICK

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## BOOKS



9/1

**Purity: A Novel**  
By Jonathan Franzen  
FSG

A sprawling saga that follows a young woman named Pip—given name Purity—dealing with student debt and an absentee mom until an internship at the secretive Sunlight Project in South America starts to make things interesting. (See Franzen profile, page 50)

**The Story of the Lost Child**  
By Elena Ferrante  
Europa Editions  
See critic's picks, page 145)

**The Girl in the Spider's Web**  
By David Lagercrantz  
Knopf

After series creator Steig Larsson died suddenly of a heart attack, his publisher turned to Lagercrantz to continue his best-selling "Millennium" saga, and this is the result. Here fans will find Lisbeth and Mikael embroiled in a WikiLeaks-esque web of spies and lies.

9/8

**Two Years Eight Months and Twenty-Eight Nights**  
By Salman Rushdie  
Penguin Random House

In a near-future New York, an enormous storm strikes, and several people who believe they are ordinary turn out to be demigods related to royalty from a parallel world.

**Did You Ever Have a Family**  
By Bill Clegg  
Simon & Schuster

From the formerly crack-addicted memoirist and current literary agent comes a debut work

of fiction (long-listed for the Man Booker prize) about a family shattered the night before a wedding.

**The Lost Landscape: A Writer's Coming of Age**

By Joyce Carol Oates  
Ecco

Oates looks at her childhood spent in New York State's far-west farming counties.

**I Can Give You Anything But Love**  
By Gary Indiana  
Rizzoli Ex Libris

See critic's picks.

**Bream Gives Me Hiccups**  
By Jesse Eisenberg  
Grove

He's a walking ball of neuroses, a fledgling playwright, and now a short-story writer, telling tales covering subjects as varied as Pompeii and ramen.

**Negroland**  
By Margo Jefferson  
Pantheon

A nuanced meditation from a life lived in the upper echelons of Chicago's black bourgeoisie, beginning before the civil-rights era and trailing off in our still-conflicted present.

**Black Earth: The Holocaust As History and Warning**  
By Timothy Snyder  
Tim Duggan Books

A Yale Holocaust historian relates mountains of new research on those who helped Jews survive or escape.

**Beauty Is a Wound**  
By Eka Kurniawan  
New Directions

See critic's picks.

9/15

**Fates and Furies**  
By Lauren Groff  
Riverhead

A meditation on marriage following Lotto and Mathilde for 24 years as they fall in love and keep little secrets that swell as time passes.

**The Blue Guitar**  
By John Banville  
Knopf

A novel about art and theft centers on

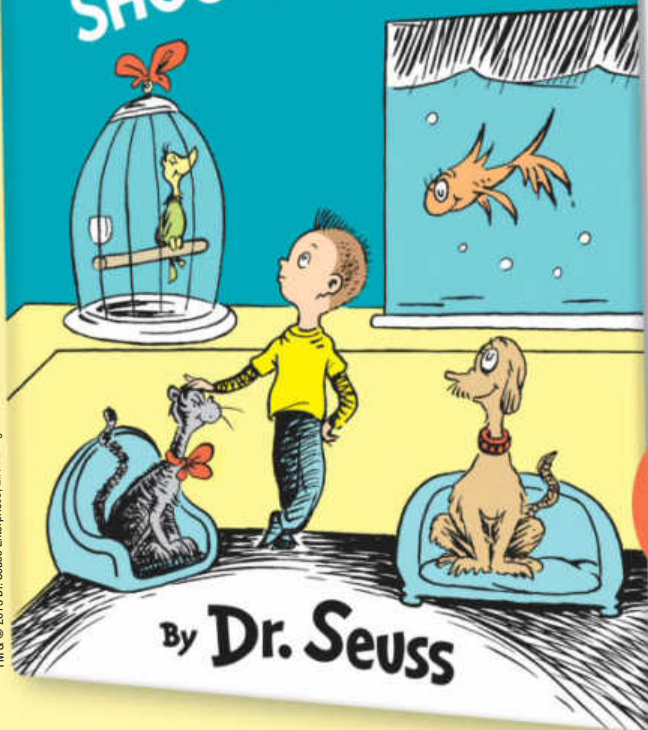


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find a loving forever home.



middle-aged Oliver Otway Orme, who abandons painting, steals his friend's wife, and runs away to his childhood home to figure out where he went wrong.

**Undermajordomo Minor**

By Patrick deWitt  
Ecco

A pipsqueak from a town of giants gets a job at a castle full of dark and terrible secrets.

**Cat Is Art**

**Spelled Wrong**  
By Caroline Casey, Chris Fischbach, and Sarah Schultz  
Coffee House Press

Fourteen writers take on perhaps the most important cultural issue of our time: figuring out what we're talking about when we're talking about cat videos.

**The Marvels**

By Brian Selznick  
Scholastic

An imaginative, intertwined work of prose, pictures, and narrative convergence. (See page 139)

**The Folly**

By Ivan Vladislavic  
Archipelago

A mysterious stranger shows up on an empty plot of South African *veld* adjacent to one owned by a comfortably middle-class man in this rediscovered classic from the press that brought us Knausgaard mania.

**9/22**

**Trans: A Memoir**

By Juliet Jacques  
Verso

*I Am Cait* for the literary set: Jacques lays her transitioning experience bare here, hormones and surgery and all; with an afterword by Sheila Heti.

**9/29**

**The Heart Goes Last**

By Margaret Atwood  
Nan A. Talese

In the latest dystopic metaphor-novel from Atwood, a down-and-out couple get a half-the-year job working for



**MARY GAITSKILL**

*Her first novel in a decade seems awfully sweet. Don't be fooled.*



MARY GAITSKILL's first collection of short stories, 1988's *Bad Behavior*, cemented a reputation for sexy depravity. November's

*The Mare*, though, has a premise that's practically, and deceptively, book-club-ready: A childless, rural couple hosts a Fresh Air Fund girl from Brooklyn, and horseback riding brings them all together. But in classic Gaitskill fashion, alienation, mutual misunderstanding, and pain ensue.

**On paper, *The Mare* feels unexpected for you. Do you think readers will be surprised?**

I'm not honestly sure how people will see it. When I was writing it, I was a little bit worried that it might be a little too heartwarming, but a friend of mine read it and she said, "This is the most depressing thing I've ever read."

**How much did you draw on your own experiences with the Fresh Air Fund and the relationships you've formed with young people through that program?**

I don't want to talk about that much, because it's pretty raw material for me. This book would not have been written had I not met those children, but it's not about them.

**The book is partly about ambivalence toward parenthood. Do you think there's growing interest among women writers**

**in thinking critically about motherhood?**

I've noticed women my age and a little younger, anywhere from 35 to 50, saying, "Who would want to bring kids into a world like this?" Or, "I don't want to spend my life that way. I want to do my artwork." And they're very unapologetically stating this.

**And that's a new thing?**

I remember back in the '90s, I used to feel criticized by women for not having children. Like there must be something wrong with me. People would say, "I don't see how a woman could be happy without children." It was almost like a dogma that was very different from, say, ten years before that. People got a good look and realized it is really hard and it's not always lovable and rosy and everything working out. Maybe reality set in.

MOLLY FISCHER

ILLUSTRATION BY PETE GAWLEN

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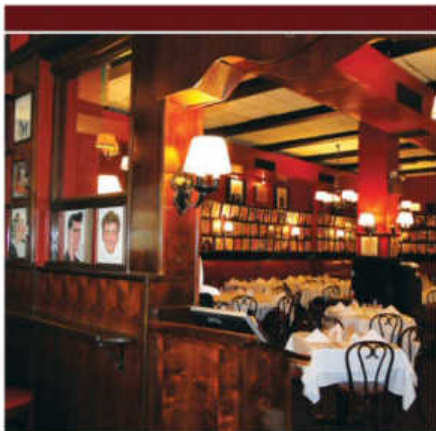
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## BOOKS

the Positron project in the town of Consilience—one month working, then one month in the local prison. Things get complicated.



10/6

### M Train

By Patti Smith

Knopf

After *Just Kids*, Smith grows up and writes about her travels, from Frida Kahlo's Casa Azul to French Guiana to the Rockaways, and her dreams.

### Death by Water

By Kenzaburo Oe

Grove

The Nobel laureate finds a fictional alter ego investigating his father's mysterious death-by-drowning during World War II.

### The Clasp

By Sloane Crosley

FSG

The comic essayist's novelistic essay, about people not unlike her and her friends, of course.

### The Secret Chord

By Geraldine Brooks

Viking

The Pulitzer winner imagines the real story of King David.

### The Tsar of Love and Techno

By Anthony Marra

Hogarth

A collection of short stories following the interconnected lives of Soviet citizens and their descendants.

### Eve's Hollywood

By Eve Babitz

NYRB Classics

Babitz played chess naked with Marcel Duchamp, dated Ed Ruscha, and helped put some literary "there" out there in California. Her romp through '70s L.A. winkingly fulfills the promises of pleasure and delight so often scorched to nil by writers like Joan Didion.

10/13

### City on Fire

By Garth Risk Hallberg

Knopf

A much-awaited debut novel, shining a fictional light on 1977-blackout-era New York.

### Thirteen Ways of Looking

By Colum McCann

Random House

The titular novella in McCann's collection of short fiction follows a reflective judge on an unexpected day.

### Empire of Self:

A Life of Gore Vidal,

By Jay Parini

Doubleday

Insights by way of intimacy: Parini knew Vidal for decades and tells the story of his swirling social life amid Kennedys and Roosevelts, starting each chapter with a personal memory.

10/20

### A Strangeness in My Mind

By Orhan Pamuk

Knopf

From the Nobel laureate, the story of a villager arriving in Istanbul, peddling boozy "boza," eloping with the wrong girl, and wondering as he wanders the vibrant city's streets.

### Submission

By Michel Houellebecq

FSG

See critic's picks.

### The Mark and the Void

By Paul Murray

FSG

A comic novel about the financial crisis, in which a banker, stuck in the damp outback of Ireland, befriends a novelist—perhaps at his peril.

10/27

### Slade House: A Novel

By David Mitchell

Random House

In the latest crazy-ambitious offering from the *Cloud Atlas* author, a brother and sister invite an unwitting stranger into their London home, setting off a decades-

**OUR BOOK  
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*Christian Lorentzen is ready for literary travel.*

**THE STORY  
OF THE  
LOST CHILD**

By Elena Ferrante  
The finale of the Neapolitan tetralogy follows Lila and Elena into the dangerous zone of middle age and beyond.

**THE MARE**

By Mary Gaitskill  
Gaitskill's first novel in ten years is about a poor city girl who goes to the country—but don't expect anything heartwarming.

**SUBMISSION**

By Michel Houellebecq  
The *Charlie Hebdo* attack occurred on the day this novel of France under a Muslim president was first published, and the author took pains to say he hadn't written an Islamophobic book. Judge for yourself.

**I CAN GIVE  
YOU ANYTHING  
BUT LOVE**

By Gary Indiana  
Indiana's memoir returns to his adventures as a boy in New Hampshire, a hippie in San Francisco, and a punk in L.A.

**BEAUTY  
IS  
A WOUND**

By Eka Kurniawan  
The Indonesian master enters the English language for the first time.

long paranormal story that revisits some of the characters from last year's *The Bone Clocks*.

**The Witches:**

**Salem, 1692**

By Stacy Schiff

*Little, Brown*

The Pulitzer-winning historian conjures a big year for witchcraft hysteria and hangings.

**The Givenness of**

**Things: Essays**

By Marilynne Robinson

*FSG*

Seventeen essays on faith, grace, what's wrong with our world and what's right.



**11/3**

**The Mare**

By Mary Gaitskill

*Pantheon*

See critic's picks.

**The Japanese Lover**

By Isabel Allende

*Atria*

Allende's latest is a multigenerational tale of a Polish girl sent to live with rich relatives in San Francisco who falls for a Japanese boy on the eve of World War II.

**Avenue of Mysteries**

By John Irving

*Simon & Schuster*

An old man visiting the Philippines looks back on his maybe-supernaturally talented sister.

**Número Zero**

By Umberto Eco

*Houghton Mifflin Harcourt*

In this 1992-set story, Eco tackles the news media, the body of Mussolini's double, the murder of a Pope, and much more.

**The Day the**

**Renaissance Was**

**Saved**

By Niccolò Capponi

*Melville House*

No shortage of plot in this historian's account. There's Milan clashing with Florence, the Papal States, and Venice; a lost work by the *Mona*

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— Boyd van Hoeij, THE HOLLYWOOD REPORTER

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— Geoff Berkshire, VARIETY

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— Claudia Puig, USA TODAY



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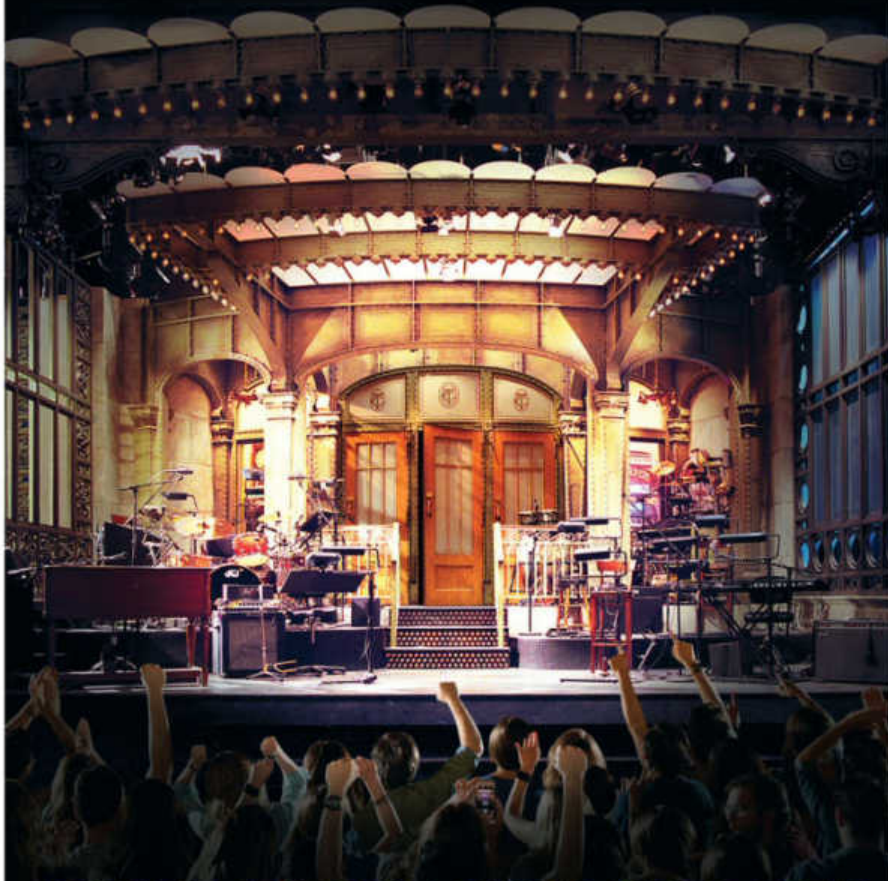
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## BOOKS

### HOW FOUR OF FALL'S BUZZIEST BOOKS BEGIN.

#### M TRAIN

By Patti Smith

"It's not so easy writing about nothing. That's what a cowpoke was saying as I entered the frame of a dream."

#### CITY ON FIRE

By Garth Risk Hallberg

"In New York, you can get anything delivered. Such, anyway, is the principle I'm operating on. It's the middle of summer, the middle of life."

#### THE MARK AND THE VOID

By Paul Murray

"Idea for a novel: we have a banker rob his own bank. He's working alone at first; it'll look like a classic inside job. This man, however, is not what you'd call an insider."

#### FATES AND FURIES

By Lauren Groff

"A thick drizzle from the sky, like a curtain's sudden sweeping."

*Lisa's* master; a tipping point that shifted the course of history, brought the Medicis to power, and might be responsible for the Renaissance itself.

#### Wherever

##### *There Is Light*

By Peter Golden

*Atria*

Julian, a Jewish émigré turned bootlegger, crosses paths with Kendall, an aspiring painter and the granddaughter of a slave, when her mother hosts a dinner that reunites Julian with his parents.

#### *City of Clowns*

By Daniel Alarcón and Sheila Alvarado

*Riverhead*

A graphic novel about a Peruvian tabloid journalist who, mired in a long project about sad street clowns, is shaken up by his father's death.

#### 11/10

##### *Hotels of North America*

By Rick Moody

*Little, Brown*

Moody attempts a novel about a man named Reginald Edward Morse that's basically told in Yelp reviews.

##### *A Wild Swan: And Other Tales*

By Michael Cunningham

*FSG*

The Pulitzer-winning writer of *The Hours* crafts twisted modern-day fairy tales (a beast who buys Slim Jims, Jack living in his mom's basement), with transporting illustrations by Yuko Shimizu.

#### 11/17

##### *The Emperor of Sound*

By Timbaland

*Amistad*

The beat-maker offers behind-the-scenes moments with Pharrell, Madonna, Aaliyah, and more.

#### 12/1

##### *The Age of Reinvention*

By Karine Tuil

*Atria*

When a Tunisian man in the South of France falls for the same woman as his Jewish friend—and she chooses the latter—he flees to New York and assumes a new identity.

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9/15  
7PM

**An Evening with  
Jeannie and Jim Gaffigan**  
Clips and an inside look at the  
making of Gaffigan's new TV show.

9/16  
6PM

FREE

**Pope Francis Comes  
To America: Thoughts on  
the Papal Visit**  
Cardinal Timothy Dolan and Fr. Matt  
Malone, S.J. lead a conversation  
on the man who has captured the  
attention and imagination of the  
whole world. With Fr. Jim Martin, S.J.

9/17  
7PM

FREE

**Life in the Balance:  
Physician-Assisted Suicide**  
The Great Debates Series #1.

9/18  
6PM

FREE

**Art Walk: An Open House  
Of Seven Visual Artists In  
Five Spaces**  
Also on exhibit daily from  
September 15 - 29, 9AM - 6PM.

9/19  
1PM

FREE

**Dorothy's Day: Reaching  
Out To People on the  
Periphery**  
The parallels and connections  
between Dorothy Day and Pope  
Francis; with a panel discussion and  
screening of the documentary *Don't  
Call Me A Saint*.

9/19  
8PM

**Audrey Assad & Vince  
Scheuerman in Concert**  
Contemporary Christian Vocalists.

9/20  
10AM

FREE

**Bubble Do Beatles:  
"All You Need Is Love"**  
Bring the kids to see NY's  
preeminent Beatles tribute band as  
they croon a selection of Fab Four  
songs about love and hope.

9/20  
4PM

FREE

**His Eminence and  
Hizzoner: John Cardinal  
O'Connor and Ed Koch**  
Discussion with former Mayor  
Michael Bloomberg, Rabbi Joseph  
Potasnik, Patricia Harris and Jim Gill.  
1st Annual Edward I. Koch Memorial  
Lecture Series.

Additional events to be announced.  
Visit website for details.

9/21  
7PM

**"Step Into The Light":  
Broadway's Brightest  
Talent Takes Centerstage**  
Featuring Broadway's Kate Baldwin,  
Aaron Lazar and Alysha Umphress.  
Directed by Ted Sperling.

9/23  
7PM

**Divine Movement: An  
Evening of Sacred Dance**  
Companies from four different  
traditions share the stage: Avodah;  
Sakshi; the Trinity Movement Choir;  
and Omega Dance Company.

9/25

**Pope Francis at  
Madison Square Garden**  
Pre-Mass Event at MSG is presented  
by The Archdiocese of NY in  
association with The Sheen Center.  
**\*NO TICKETS AVAILABLE**

9/26  
8PM

**Elaine Kwon and Ryan  
Smith: Savor Your Senses-  
An Evening of Music and  
Chocolate**  
World-renowned pianist Elaine Kwon  
and master chef Ryan Smith present  
their acclaimed music and food/wine  
pairing event.

9/27  
2PM

**Amore Opera:  
The Stars Align**  
Met stars Aprile Milo, Francesco  
Casanova, and Nicholas Tamagna  
join forces with exciting voices from  
Amore's current roster.

9/27  
6PM

FREE

**Early Childhood Education  
In America - A Report Card**  
A panel discussion featuring Carmen  
Fariña, Chancellor of NYC Dept. of  
Education, and others.

10/1-10/2  
8PM

**The Amish Project**  
"Extraordinary" -*NY Times*  
Jessica Dickey's powerful  
one-woman play about  
forgiveness featuring  
Katherine Tanner.

10/3-10/4  
8PM/3PM

**\*mark**  
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Jim Gaffigan



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FALL  
PRE-  
VIEW

# CLASSICAL MUSIC & DANCE



*Tree of Codes*



**9/11**

**"Arvo Pärt at Eighty"**  
The Metropolitan Museum  
The New Juilliard Ensemble will perform his shimmeringly ethereal works, and City Ballet dancers will perform Christopher Wheeldon's *Liturgy*, set to Pärt's *Fratres*.

PHOTOGRAPH BY RAVI DEEPRES





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### 9/14

#### Tree of Codes

Through 9/21, Park Avenue Armory  
How's this for brand extension: Jonathan Safran Foer's novel *Tree of Codes* inspires a dance, with choreography by Wayne McGregor for his own dancers and an original score by Jamie xx, along with an installation by Olafur Eliasson.

### 9/17

#### Run Time Error

Miller Theatre at Columbia University  
See critic's picks (at right).

### 9/18

#### New York Philharmonic

Through 9/19 and 9/21, Avery Fisher Hall  
The Phil plays two movie scores, accompanied by screenings: Film composer David Newman (*Hoffa*, *Matilda*, etc.) conducts Leonard Bernstein's music for *On the Waterfront*, then Justin Freer takes on Nino Rota's music for *The Godfather*.

### 9/21

#### Otello

Through 5/6, the Metropolitan Opera  
The season opens in dramatic fashion: a new production of the Verdi tragedy by Met regular Bartlett Sher, with the vibrant Yannick Nézet-Séguin as maestro.

### 9/22

#### New York City Ballet

Through 10/18, David H. Koch Theater  
The fall-season gala is full of new work, including ballets by Justin Peck and corps member Troy Schumacher; this season is music director Andrew Litton's first in the pit.

### 9/24

#### New York Philharmonic

Through 9/26, Avery Fisher Hall  
Opening night means a heavyweight pro-

gram: Lang Lang on Grieg's Piano Concerto, plus Beethoven's Symphony No. 7; the following nights have Esa-Pekka Salonen's *LA Variations* and Strauss's *Ein Heldenleben*.

### 9/26

#### Anna Bolena

Through 1/9, the Met Opera  
Soprano Sondra Radvanovsky, a great singing actress, will perform as all three Tudor queens in one year, beginning with the doomed spitfire.

### 9/30

#### Fall for Dance Festival

Through 10/11, New York City Center  
The annual celebration teams with the usual vast array of talent. Highlights include a premiere featuring Fang-Yi Sheu and ABT's Herman Cornejo, and a new duet for City Ballet's Tiler Peck and clowning star Bill Irwin.



### 10/1

#### National Sawdust opening night

The 13,000-square-foot Williamsburg clubhouse for new music opens with performances by Nico Muhly, Theo Bleckmann, group-in-residence Acme, and special guests including Chris Thile.

### 10/6

#### David Fray

Through 10/9, Park Avenue Armory  
The thoughtful young pianist starts off the Armory's recital series with Schubert sonatas.

### 10/7

#### New York Philharmonic

## OUR CLASSICAL MUSIC CRITIC'S FIVE MOST ANTICIPATED

Justin Davidson is in a piano kind of mood.

#### RUN TIME ERROR

I'm a sucker for the unpredictable, and the Danish composer Simon Steen-Andersen's project of turning a concert hall into a giant music-and-video gizmo seems irresistibly risky.

#### WINTERREISE FESTIVAL

Composer and impresario Paola Prestini has crammed the inaugural season of her Williamsburg venue National Sawdust with so many concerts that it makes a new-music aficionado want to move in.

#### PAUL LEWIS

Pianist Lewis has matured into excellence by playing Beethoven and Schubert more deeply. This fall, he delivers three versions of his favorite composers: chamber (with Mark Padmore), orchestral (with the Boston Symphony Orchestra), and solo.

#### NEW YORK FESTIVAL OF SONG, "FROM RUSSIA TO RIVERSIDE DRIVE: RACHMANINOFF AND FRIENDS"

Rachmaninoff is best known for keyboard-pummeling piano music, but in his old-country songs he tapped a Russian melancholy that he brought with him to the Jazz Age Upper West Side.

#### LULU AT THE MET

William Kentridge's saturnine worldview, in which figures in charcoal drawings are being constantly erased, should mesh well with the story of a woman who blots herself to survive.

Carnegie Hall  
The Phil opens the season with a robust program: Ravel's *Daphnis et Chloé* Suite No. 2, a new work by Magnus Lindberg, and Evgeny Kissin playing Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 1.

#### Dream'd in a Dream

Through 10/10, BAM  
Harvey Theater  
American and Kyrgyz music and dance styles heat up the melting pot in this Walt Whitman inspired new piece.

### 10/14

#### Paul Lewis with Mark Padmore

Through 10/15 and 10/17  
See critic's picks.

### 10/20

#### Boston Symphony Orchestra

Through 10/21, Carnegie Hall  
Andris Nelsons leads his formidable ensemble in Brahms's Symphony No. 2 and, with Paul Lewis, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3; the following night, the orchestra backs soprano Christine Goerke in a concert performance of Strauss's *Elektra*.



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## SHOULD YOU CLAP FOR GERGIEV?

When **Valery Gergiev** conducts the London Symphony at Lincoln Center, he'll bring controversy to the podium. Earlier this year, activists waved banners in front of the Met Opera criticizing the man who they said plays "Putin's tune." The Moscow-born conductor is under fire for not denouncing his country's anti-gay laws and championing Russia's Crimean aggression. But the maestro sees politics as separate from music. He told the *Times*, "If I know I have to perform in Carnegie Hall ... I just have to know what the music is."

## 10/21

### American Ballet Theatre

Through 11/11, David H. Koch Theater  
Yes, these are Misty Copeland's first post-big-promotion performances, but there are plenty of other reasons to catch ABT's fall season, like a new Mark Morris work and a revival of Twyla Tharp's splendid *Brahms-Haydn Variations*.

## 10/22

**Refuse the Hour**  
Through 10/25, BAM Harvey Theater  
South African artist William Kentridge brings his fantastical visions to this chamber

opera examining the nature of time itself.

## 10/25

**London Symphony Orchestra**  
Great Performers, Avery Fisher Hall  
The magisterial Valery Gergiev leads the equally commanding orchestra in an all-Bartók program honoring the 70th anniversary of the composer's death.

## 10/31

**Les Arts Florissants**  
Great Performers, Alice Tully Hall  
A non-ghoulish way to spend Halloween: with William Christie's French period ensemble, performing Handel's *Theodora* oratorio.



## 11/3

**Evgeny Kissin**  
Carnegie Hall  
The electric performer plays a program ranging from Beethoven's dramatic "Appassionata" to vivid Spanish sketches by Albéniz.

## 11/5

**Lulu**  
Through Dec. 3, the Met Opera  
See critic's picks.

**Hagoromo**  
Through 11/8, BAM Harvey Theater  
Wendy Whelan voraciously continues to take on very-non-ballet projects. She pairs up with one of her former NYCB partners—the magnetic Jock Soto—for this Noh work choreographed by David Neumann.

## 11/10

**Leila Josefowicz**  
Zankel Hall

# CLASSICAL MUSIC & DANCE

One of the most badass violinists around gets an evening to herself (with pianist John Novacek).

**11/10**

**"Rachmaninoff: A Philharmonic Festival"**

Through 11/28, various venues  
See critic's picks.

**11/11**

**You Us We All**

Through 11/14, BAM Harvey Theater  
My Brightest Diamond singer Shara Worden joins with writer-director-designer Andrew Ondrejcek and Belgian Baroque ensemble B.O.X. for a pop opera.

**11/12**

**Isabel Leonard and Sharon Isbin**  
Zankel Hall

Just pretend you've got a glass of sangria when the charismatic mezzo

joins the talented classical guitarist for a night of song from Spain, plus a world premiere by Richard Danielpour.

**11/12**

**"Sylvie Guillem: Life in Progress"**

Through 11/14, New York City Center  
The chameleonic ballerina makes a Stateside appearance in a program of several works created expressly for her.

**11/14**

**Paul Lewis**

Alice Tully Hall  
See critic's picks.

**11/17**

**Twyla Tharp**

Through 11/22, David H. Koch Theater  
For her 50th anniversary, Tharp has created two major new works, performed by a crackerjack ensemble.

**11/17**

**Berliner Philharmoniker**

Through 11/21, Carnegie Hall  
The great Sir Simon Rattle's farewell tour is in high gear as the renowned orchestra runs through the complete Beethoven symphonies.

**11/19**

**Takács Quartet**

Zankel Hall  
There's Haydn and Dvorák to hear, but the real draw is a world premiere by inventive young composer Timo Andres.

**11/20**

**"Concentric Paths"**

Through 11/22, White Light Festival at New York City Center  
Wayne McGregor, Karole Armitage, Alexander Whitley, and Crystal Pite set new work to performances of Thomas Adès's music.

**12/2**

**Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater**

Through 1/3, New York City Center  
The most beautiful dancing bodies around perform in a season jam-packed with classic and new works, including premieres by Ronald K. Brown, Kyle Abraham, and Robert Battle—the latter's first since becoming Ailey's artistic director five years ago.

**12/7**

**"Goldberg"**

Through 12/19, Park Avenue Armory  
Bach's Goldberg Variations are the equivalent of a marathon; fitting, then, that Marina Abramovic places pianist Igor Levit's performance of the piece at the center of her latest durational work.

**12/8**

**Keigwin+Company**

Through 12/13,



Twyla Tharp dance company.

Joyce Theater  
Larry Keigwin dances solo for the first time in a decade.

**12/9**

**"Walking With 'Trane"**

Through 12/12, BAM Harvey Theater

Jawole Willa Jo Zollar's fierce Urban Bush Women take on John Coltrane's 1965 album, *A Love Supreme*, in a new three-chapter dance work.

**Winterreise Festival**

Through 12/17 at National Sawdust  
See critic's picks.

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# PARTY LINES

Edited by Jennifer Vineyard

**GALA OPENING OF HAMILTON**  
RICHARD RODGERS THEATRE AND CHELSEA PIER 60. AUGUST 6.

**“I would love to see Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson debate Donald Trump in a rap battle. Wouldn't you like to see Donald Trump try to rap?”**

—Danielle Brooks



**Would you rather take driving lessons from a cabbie or an Uber driver?**

*“Uber. The Uber guys are kind of younger, more like your brother. Taxi drivers scare me.”*



**Nanette Lepore**



**Bryan Batt**

*“Taxi driver. Much more colorful. You're going to get some good stories, some great accents out of it.”*

*“A London cabbie. They know the streets. Here, I have to draw maps.”*



**Sarita Choudhury**

**PREMIERE OF LEARNING TO DRIVE, HOSTED BY THE PEGGY SIEGAL COMPANY**  
THE PARIS THEATRE AND SOUTHGATE. AUGUST 17.

**TANGENT**

*“The cell-phone camera democratizing what happens on a street corner is a revolution. Police have to figure out how not to overpolice orderly communities as they underpolice minority communities with problems which have to be solved. Law enforcement's going to have to grow up.”*

—David Simon



**SCREENING OF SHOW ME A HERO**  
THE NEW YORK TIMES CENTER. AUGUST 11.

**HOLLYWOOD FOREIGN PRESS ASSOCIATION GRANTS BANQUET**  
BEVERLY WILSHIRE HOTEL, BEVERLY HILLS. AUGUST 13.

**“I snarfed an olive out of my nose when Jamie Lee Curtis said my name, and part of it is still there.”**

—Lady Gaga



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# Fall Escapes

This section's online directory can be found at [nymag.com/fallescapes](http://nymag.com/fallescapes)

Summer fun doesn't have to end in September. Start planning your fall getaway today and enjoy more days in the sun.



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**ORLANDO, FLORIDA** has been a destination for families, couples, and friends since the very first days of Mickey and Minnie at Disney World. But the perennial vacation spot continues to evolve with new and exciting hot spots to discover and explore. After a surge of expansions at Orlando's renowned theme parks over the past few years, the retail, dining, and entertainment scenes have followed suit, making 2015 the perfect time to visit again—or for the first time!

Cruise down International Drive in the heart of Orlando for the best of what's new. The recently opened entertainment complex I-Drive 360 offers a trio of amazing attractions. Climb into one of the air-conditioned glass capsules of the Orlando Eye

and ascend to the top of a 400-foot-tall observation wheel for thrilling 360-degree views of the expanse of the city. Take a stroll down the red carpet at Madame Tussauds, the world-famous celebrity wax attraction, for the chance to mix and mingle with your favorite film, music, and sports stars (in replica, of course!). Catch a new wave of underwater adventures at Sea Life Orlando with astounding displays of colorful fish, sharks, jellyfish, seahorses, and thousands of other sea creatures in the underwater tunnel and touch pool.

For some nourishment after all that activity, choose from a diverse range of delicious cuisine at one of Orlando's new dining establishments. Naru Restaurant

and Sushi Bar blends the best of Japanese and Brazilian cuisine and features Sakerinhas, the perfect fusion of Japan's sake and Brazil's caipirinha drink. Or head to Tin Roof for food, drinks, and live music every night from local and regional rock and country bands.

And what's a vacation without a little (or a lot) of shopping? Orlando International Premium Outlets adds four new stores—DKNY, Citizen, Vera Bradley, and Diesel—to the already incredible retail lineup.

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The vibrant coral reefs and crystal-clear waters make this trio of islands a favorite destination for scuba divers and water enthusiasts. Wander Grand Cayman’s iconic Seven Mile Beach—the crescent-shaped natural wonder with sand stretching as far as the eye can see is well-known as one of the most beautiful beaches in the Caribbean. For some of the best snorkeling, hit Smith’s Cove on the west coast of Grand Cayman; or float in the

electric blue waters off Rum Point. Hop a quick airplane ride to Cayman Brac and Little Cayman; these off-the-beaten-path spots offer private tranquility and beauty.

And the islands are no stranger to luxury. Indulge at the Ritz-Carlton Grand Cayman, featuring the on-site restaurant Blue by Eric Ripert. Relax in the glamour of a world-renowned resort with the comforts of an opulent home at The Caribbean Club overlooking spectacular Seven Mile Beach. Pamper yourself at one of the many spas like La Mer at the Grand Cayman Marriott or the Hibiscus Spa at the Westin. Enjoy fresh fare and a magical ambiance at Morgan’s, Cayman’s iconic ocean-to-table local seafood restaurant. Or sip cocktails and watch the stunning sunset at the Grand Old House, built in 1908 and steeped in island’s cultural history.

The Cayman Islands is an easy trip from New York, and just one hour from Miami by plane. Check out deals on hotels, dining, attractions, and more at [onlyincayman.com](http://onlyincayman.com) and book your stay now.



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## Why New York Magazine smiles on this dentist.

“ His offices have a million-dollar view of the park to go with your new smile. Braverman is not slick or a hipster, but he is a past president of the New York chapter of the American Academy of Cosmetic Dentistry and his fees are substantially less than the top-priced guys. ”



Dr. Braverman was also recognized by *Time Out New York* as one of the leading cosmetic dentists in New York City.

Dr. Braverman is one of two New York City dentists listed in the *Castle Connolly Guide* "America's Cosmetic Doctors and Dentists."

Patients fly in from all over the world to transform their crooked, chipped, spaced and discolored teeth into "extreme smile makeovers."

—*New York Magazine*, "Chasing Beauty – Best Beauty Doctors."

Dr. Braverman has created winning smiles for New York City models, TV and movie personalities and is a smile makeover dentist for the *Maury Povich Show*.

Dr. Braverman was featured in *New York Magazine's*, "Chasing Beauty – Best Beauty Doctors" issue where he was recognized in the "Dr. Lookgood" article as one of New York City's top Cosmetic Dentists.

You can visit [www.drbraverman.com](http://www.drbraverman.com) for more information on Dr. Braverman.

When it comes to the art and science of porcelain laminate veneers, *New York Magazine*, *Time Out New York*, and the *Castle Connolly Guide* "America's Cosmetic Doctors and Dentists" list Dr. Mal Braverman among the city's best.

You might say they recognize him by his smile.

Dr. Braverman maintains a private practice at 30 Central Park South in New York City.

For more information or a complimentary consultation he may be reached at 212-688-3838. [www.drbraverman.com](http://www.drbraverman.com)

# 167 E. 61<sup>ST</sup> ST.



This spectacular four-bedroom home has it all, inside and out. No expense was spared during its recent renovation—everything is the top-of-the-line. Of course, you'd expect no less from V. Sunderland Proctor Design, the world-renowned firm that spearheaded the renovation. Starting with the coffered ceiling living room, a parade of knockout features follows throughout this 2,600-square foot co-op.

The chef's kitchen boasts high-end appliances by Wolf, Miele and Fhiaba. A large dining area with a built-in banquette adjoins the kitchen. An enormous master bedroom includes a large walk-in closet and designer automatic shades, and an ensuite marble

bathroom with radiant heat floors, a heated towel rack, and a bidet. The two additional bedrooms each include a full bath and a fourth bedroom works as a media room.

**Every room in this sumptuous home faces out, taking advantage of beautiful northern, southern, and western exposures.**

Throughout the apartment are brand new ash wood floors, a sophisticated Lutron lighting system, and a state-of-the-art Sonos sound system. The laundry room has a full-sized washer/dryer.

Topping it all is a leafy 1,650-square foot terrace, fully planted, lit, and irrigated. The building, ideally located between Lexington and 3rd Avenues, is pet-friendly and has a concierge, elevator, and doorman. Step outside and you are just a short stroll to smart Upper East Side shopping—including Barneys, Bergdorf Goodman, and Bloomingdale's. Mass transit is also nearby, making the address a perfect pied-a-terre or a full-time home.



Enjoy the features of Trump Plaza: private health club, parking garage, storage and private landscaped courtyard. Additionally, the building is no longer a land-lease building as the owners have paid the assessment for their percentage ownership of the land. All in all, this dream pad is made for the connoisseur of first-class luxury living. Pricing \$6,250,000, IMMEDIATE.

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Written by David Butwin

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## CENTRAL PARK VIEWS

Fifth Ave/74th St. Mint, corner two bedroom and two and a half baths with amazing direct Central Park views from the fifteenth floor. Pied-a-terrrre OK. \$6.5M WEB# 3383703  
Eileen Teich 212.605.9245  
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E 61st St. No expense was spared in the reno of this spectacular & luxurious 2,600 SF apt with a 1,650 SF planted terrace. Large living room, chef's Kit, dining area, MBR/bath, 2 BR & 4th BR/media room & 2 full baths. Must be seen. \$6.25M WEB# 3439293  
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## SOHO LOFT WITH HUDSON VIEWS

481 Washington St, #3S. 3 BRs/3 baths + home office. 2,948 SF. Classic Soho loft with incredible views over the Hudson River. Timber beams, 10' ceilings, storage, virtual doorman, package room, bike room. Low monthlies. \$5.6M WEB# 3480083  
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## BREATHKING PARK VIEW

Central Park West/60s. Enter into triple mint 2-3 bedroom/2-3 bath home with marvelous full park views from 3 rooms. Wonderful detail throughout this recently renovated apartment. Pied-a-terre is allowed. \$4.9M WEB# 3444191  
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## ET VOILA

Nolita/Bleecker St. 2,200 SF 3 bedroom/2 bath home with stunning entertaining space, Bohemian style, north and south exposures and central air conditioning in an intimate fourteen unit co-op. Maint \$2,723/mo. \$3.999M WEB# 3469134  
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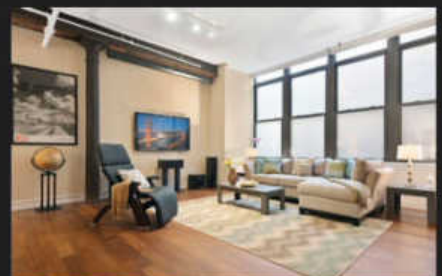
## WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK GEM

E 9th St. Views and location. Sunny high-floor corner 2 BR/2 bath. Open, renovated, windowed kitchen with dining area. Freedom Tower to Empire State unobstructed views. 3 exposures, W/D, gym, garage, roof deck, pets OK. \$3M WEB# 3485072  
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# 550 VANDERBILT AVENUE



In a perfect melding of authentic Brooklyn charm and contemporary urban living, 550 Vanderbilt Avenue in Prospect Heights is in the heart of the borough's most desirable neighborhoods and offers a full-service experience that is a new definition of luxury.

Meticulously designed inside and out by the award-winning architecture firm COOKFOX, the 17-story building—featuring 278 exceptional residences—reflects the feeling of the surrounding communities. The solid masonry exterior suggests the borough's past and the expansive windows provide a view into its bustling future. The design seeks a strong sense of connection with nature including chamfered limestone, organic patterns, and flowering planters surrounding the windows.

**The varied residences feature a range of sophisticated floor plans from one to three-bedrooms, along with exquisite two-story residences, maisonettes (on Dean Street) and penthouses.**

A warm palette of natural finishes, crafted details, and superior quality appliances combine to create a contemporary ease. The light-filled residences bring out the best in Brooklyn's celebrated views—dramatic Manhattan panoramas, harbor vistas, and verdant cityscape and park scenes.

Kitchens, the heart of many homes, are fully integrated into the living spaces of the residences. Polished chrome Grohe fixtures lend a cool edge to the Carrara marble countertops and backsplashes. Continuous, natural wide-plank hardwood flooring unifies the rooms, creating a calm and cohesive experience with a contemporary, streamlined sensibility. Miele stoves, ovens and refrigerators blend in seamlessly with walnut-accented custom grey lacquer cabinetry.



The master bath evokes the serenity of a spa, with marble-topped vanities, walnut millwork, and slim long ceramic tiles that catch the light. Secondary baths are more casual in tone, set off with large format porcelain floors; powder rooms are built around a marble-accent wall with Grohe fixtures throughout.

From the ground up, 550 Vanderbilt stays close to its Brooklyn roots. COOKFOX' founding partner Rick Cook and his team have made sure of that with a deep commitment to authenticity. From the expansive glazed lobby, enjoy the surrounding views of Pacific Park—eight acres of open space, in your own backyard. Just beyond are Brooklyn's beloved landmarks and the borough's largest transportation hub.

Amenities include a resident's dining room, library, lounge, children's playroom, fitness center with private studios, roof deck with communal gardens and gas grill, pet grooming and bike storage. Starting prices from \$830,000 to \$4M+.

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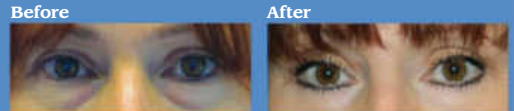
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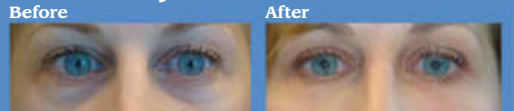


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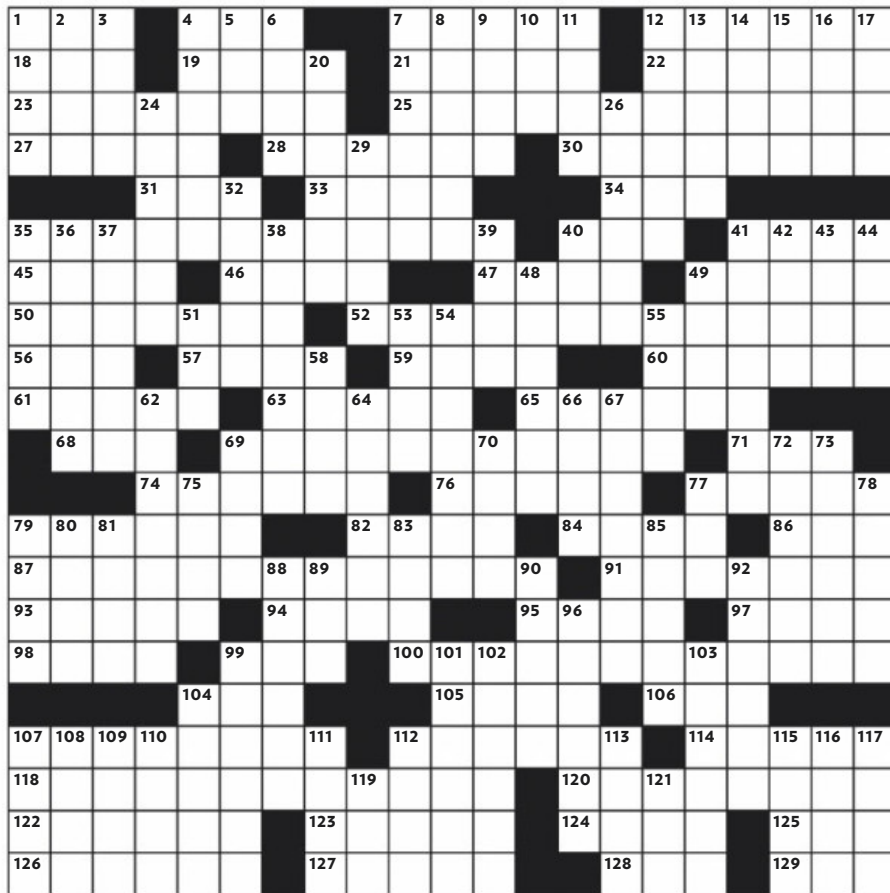
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# Inside ... Out

New York Crossword by Cathy Allis



- 11 Grim fate
- 12 Public spectacles
- 13 "The Creation" composer
- 14 Angel's instrument: It.
- 15 Espy
- 16 Box-office total
- 17 Pub potables
- 20 Not alfresco
- 24 Clothing ensemble
- 26 Big wheel
- 29 Film director Frank
- 32 Retro phone features
- 35 Govt. security
- 36 Some bellybuttons
- 37 Haile Selassie followers, briefly
- 38 Patisserie treats
- 39 Laker Bryant with a "beefy" name
- 40 Huck Finn's raftmate
- 41 Gets prepared (for)
- 42 Sailors' patron saint
- 43 Nightstand item
- 44 Old prayer pronoun
- 48 Modern surgical tools
- 49 Ugly put-down
- 51 Loser to DDE
- 53 Titicaca, por ejemplo
- 54 Surrounded by
- 55 Hunt for
- 58 Faux: abbr.
- 62 Says from memory
- 64 Besiege
- 66 Brooklyn hoopsters
- 67 Area from which programs may be started
- 69 Mexican money
- 70 Quick snack
- 72 \_\_\_ motel (tryst site, slangily)
- 73 Unearths
- 75 Huge birds of myth
- 77 Pt. of EST or PST
- 78 Fine cotton thread
- 79 Decomposes
- 80 River of Leeds
- 81 Letter-shaped fastener
- 83 Sirius, e.g.
- 85 Poetic feet
- 88 '60s Borgnine sitcom role
- 89 Brother of Curly
- 90 Showy display
- 92 Journalist Bly or soprano Melba
- 96 Archaeology finds
- 99 Embroidery type
- 101 Furry aquatic mammals
- 102 Found out, British-style
- 103 Set as a goal
- 104 Earth Day month
- 107 Frame of mind
- 108 Prefix with sphere
- 109 Killed, Biblically
- 110 Zaire dictator Mobutu \_\_\_ Seko
- 111 Eyelid growth
- 112 Manhattan restaurateur "Toots"
- 113 Updo, say
- 115 First name in jeans
- 116 Etching supply
- 117 Bubbe, to some
- 119 Smallest prime number
- 121 Seasonal viral woe

**Across**

- 1 Bar bill
- 4 Overhead RRs
- 7 Troy story
- 12 Daisy type named for a Cascades peak
- 18 Program filename suffix
- 19 Classic fruity soft drink
- 21 Candy-wafer company
- 22 \_\_\_ tunnel (wrist canal)
- 23 It's crossed in Burns's "Tam o' Shanter"
- 25 Novelty circle-dance song
- 27 Matter of concern
- 28 Accompany
- 30 Authoritative orders
- 31 Wee bit
- 33 "Must've been something \_\_\_"
- 34 Clucky lady
- 35 Non-kosher Chinese dish
- 40 French-dip dip
- 41 Moolah
- 45 \_\_\_ B'rith
- 46 Taiwanese computer company
- 47 Lena of "Chocolat"
- 49 Hebrew interjection in Psalms
- 50 Set up, as software
- 52 Cocktail containing Southern Comfort
- 56 Blotto

- 57 Actor Morales
- 59 Iowa State's city
- 60 It's "across the pond"
- 61 Poet Edward and TV producer Norman
- 63 Insect's adult stage
- 65 Crosses the threshold
- 68 Florence-to-Rome dir.
- 69 Former Fox show set in "Fox River", or a hint on how to depict eight answers here
- 71 German conjunction
- 74 Reaches a peak
- 76 Main points
- 77 Turn sour
- 79 Numerical comparisons
- 82 Prof's TA, say
- 84 Short comedy segment
- 86 \_\_\_ Friday's (eatery chain)
- 87 Congressional group with members of both houses
- 91 Depravity
- 93 Makes flush
- 94 Root-beer alternative
- 95 Stuff stuff (into)
- 97 Month after Av
- 98 Music-gig divisions
- 99 "Evita" narrator
- 100 Product from Pilot or Cross
- 104 Notre Dame's Parseghian

- 105 Greenish-blue
- 106 Part of R.S.V.P.
- 107 Write "rite" for "right", e.g.
- 112 Annoying radio noise
- 114 Italian fashion hub
- 118 It's a relief after some summers
- 120 Makeshift cookie container
- 122 Baby's bodysuit
- 123 Bound by oath
- 124 Fodder keeper
- 125 Sportscaster Scully
- 126 Thrive
- 127 \_\_\_ Buchholz of "Life Is Beautiful" ("short" anagram)
- 128 PETA peeve
- 129 Muckraker Tarbell

**Down**

- 1 Polo in films
- 2 Graph's x or y
- 3 Tries for people food
- 4 Make beloved
- 5 Summer sign
- 6 Jimmy Choo creation
- 7 Counting everything
- 8 MacNeil's longtime news partner
- 9 Rap metal singer with Body Count
- 10 Frau's "Yow!"

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Don't Miss the

**New York Times Bestseller!**

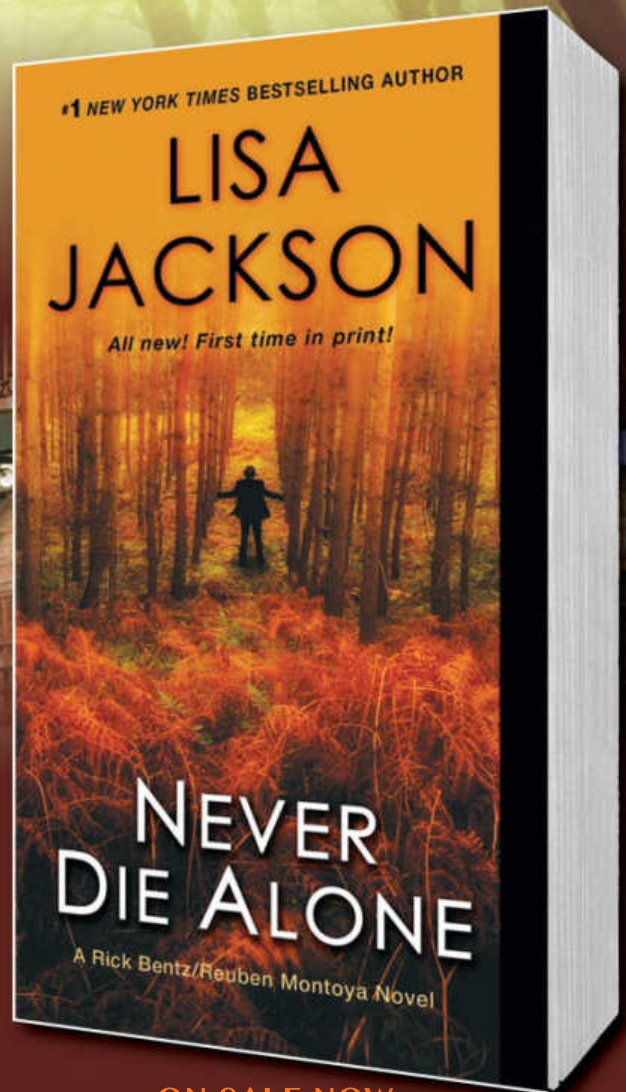
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is one of the best."**

—HARLAN COBEN

*on You Don't Want to Know*

A ritualistic **serial killer** is **murdering twins**, an innocent man is behind bars, and The Big Easy is **gripped with fear...**

Can fan favorite Detectives Bentz and Montoya solve the grisliest case they've ever faced?



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# THE APPROVAL MATRIX

Our deliberately oversimplified guide to who falls where on our taste hierarchies.

## HIGHBROW



ISIS **beheaded** 82-year-old antiquities expert Khalid al-Asaad in Syria after he refused to give up the location of valuable artifacts.



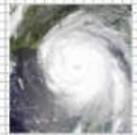
Potheads on Twitter who think that since new evidence suggests that **Shakespeare smoked weed** and they do too, then ... what, exactly?



Hanna Liden's **big-bagel folly**, *Everything*, in Hudson River Park.



There are now, for the first time, **two female Army Rangers** (and the Navy SEALs will likely soon be co-ed).  
Annie Baker's latest carefully observed play, *John*, gets a lift from the **marvelously dippy** Georgia Engel.



The spirit of New Orleans, ten years after **Katrina** almost destroyed it.



Mike Huckabee defended Paraguay's decision to **deny an abortion** to a 10-year-old who was raped by her stepfather.

The "**purposeful Darwinism**" of Amazon corporate culture, according to the *Times* ...



No, seriously, someone has to pay for **new train tunnels** under the Hudson.



The cover of Haruki Murakami's advice book features a **cat eating a doughnut** and a goat holding a record.



Martin Scorsese to make **The Devil in the White City** into a movie.



After a year and a half on Broadway, **Hedwig** is officially more famous than Tommy Gnosis!



... If Amazon CEO Jeff Bezos wants to avoid its being "a soulless, dystopian workplace where no fun is had and no laughter heard," maybe it's time to enforce those **employee-laughter benchmarks**.



**Topless Times Square** tourist-bait tarts as mayoral crisis ...



Betty Buckley as Big Edie in the revival of *Grey Gardens* in Sag Harbor. (Long ago, **actual eccentrics** lived in the Hamptons!)

Can Seth Meyers be the new **Jon Stewart**?



Artist Jason Polan's seven-year project to sketch **Every Person in New York** (volume one, out now).

## DESPICABLE



Morrisey, who is likely quite **white inside**, tells Larry King that President Obama is, to his mind, "probably ... white inside."



**Fat Water**—"a disruptive technology for beverages"—saves you from having to add butter to your water.



Madame Tussauds Las Vegas depicts Nicki Minaj on all fours, is **shocked** by the lewd photo poses it inspires.

... And in response, **shirtless Pat Kiernan!** If this doesn't get him that *Today* gig, nothing will.



Craig Robinson, **rapping teacher**, on his sitcom *Mr. Robinson*.



Saks Fifth Avenue to sell an **Empire clothing line**.



East Village community board votes to **block gay sleaze institution the Cock** from moving to another horny location in the nabe.



**Insufficiently stoned** people who go and steal mile-420 highway markers.



Okilly Dokilly is the name of a metal band that dresses like **Ned Flanders** from *The Simpsons*.

Pastis, that **stage set** for touristic notions of swanky brunch, is officially returning to the Meatpacking District.



A **suicidal Christian Louboutin heel** disabled the escalator at Condé Nast HQ.



**Venti vino!** Starbucks to put the "bar" in barista by selling booze ...



... also will make Pumpkin Spice Lattes out of **actual pumpkin** for the first time. Basic bitches, respect!



FKA Twigs's newest **singular single**, "In Time."



A plague of **super-lice** resistant to most medication has spread to 25 states.

Adultery-enabling website Ashley Madison's user data gets hacked. (Sorry, Josh Duggar.) And to think you **trusted** that website. And then it turned out to be just like all the others.



Nobody expects a contestant on *Bachelor in Paradise* to be a **virtuous** person. But Joe hits a new low.

The female rap supergroup **W.W.A.'s** defiant "Straight Outta Chicago."



The Patrick Stewart-Conan O'Brien **kiss**.

## BRILLIANT

## LOWBROW

PHOTOGRAPHS: MATTHEW MURPHY (ENGEL); JEFF SCHWALTZ/INASA/GETTY IMAGES; COMMONS (KATRINA); PATRICK MULLAN (SCORSSE); HUCKABEE; JOAN MARCUS (HEDWIG); LENNY STUCKER/COURTESY OF BAY STREET THEATER (GREY GARDENS); V. V. A. F. N./COURTESY OF NBC (BORIS); K. TURELI/INSTAGRAM (LOUBOUTIN); EVAN SWARTZ/COMMONS (PUMPKIN); DAVE ASPREY/TWITTER (FAT WATER); PAMUSUP25/TWITTER (MHA); VIA FACEBOOK (THE COCK); WIKICOMMONS (420-MILE); SHAPESPEARE); COGIDR. DENNIS D. JURANEK/WIKICOMMONS (LICE); RICK ROWELL/COURTESY OF ABC (BACHELOR IN PARADISE); DOYLECH/TWITTER (KHALID AL-ASAAD); DASA/INCA/INSTAGRAM (BAGEL)

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LAURIE METCALF**



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BASED ON THE NOVEL BY

**STEPHEN KING**

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